

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN
ISOLATED RECEIVER

BEING

*Letters addressed to a New-Church Family
in England*

BY

MADEMOISELLE KAFFERY

JAMES SPEIRS

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1899

Preface.

WE are induced to publish the following letters and extracts as a testimony to the support and comfort which the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem impart, thinking that the unswerving faith and devoted attachment of an oft-times "isolated receiver" cannot fail to strengthen the belief of those like privileged in possessing such truths, and to awaken interest in a religion which was felt to be the delight of life.

Some of the early letters written during the Civil War in America being of much general interest, our friend's consent was asked to forward them to the newspapers of that time, and she unhesitatingly gave our family full permission to make any use we liked of these and subsequent ones. Various circumstances, however, have hitherto always prevented us from availing ourselves of her consent, and we regret that she has passed away before the opportunity came to bring them out in volume form. Many of the names that occur are fictitious.

These letters of Mademoiselle Kaffery (afterwards Madame Goulaye) are among the treasured relics of the past to us, the only surviving members of the family to whom they were addressed.

Half of the proceeds arising from the sale of this book will be devoted to the New-Church Foreign and Colonial Missions.

M. M. H.

A. D. H.

Memoir.

MADemoiselle ROSALIE WILHELMINA KAFFERY, native of Switzerland, came as governess to England some time between the years 1855 and 1860. While taking a holiday engagement in the neighbourhood where our parents resided, she brought a letter of introduction to them, and a relative of our dear mother also wrote to interest her in Mademoiselle Kaffery's behalf. Feeling for her loneliness as a foreigner, and naturally ever ready to brighten the lives of others, our father and mother invited her to their house occasionally, while she was residing with a neighbouring family, and afterwards to spend her holidays, when a friendship began, resting upon the glad and zealous offering of New-Church truths on the one side, and their delighted acceptance on the other, which proved a life-long regard.

It is, however, necessary to preface these Letters with the fact that Mademoiselle Kaffery was in a very unsettled state of mind as to religion when the acquaintance commenced.

Brought up amidst infidel and atheistic influences in Switzerland, while staying in Paris on her way to England, the Roman Catholic religion attracted her enthusiasm and appealed to her longing for a creed,

but failed to satisfy her reasoning powers: indeed, it was the fact of being unable to accept some trivial superstition in which she was asked to have unreasoning faith, that revealed its fallacies to her, and so in preference she fell back upon infidelity.

From this state she was rescued through taking a situation in an Evangelical Protestant family, when the clergyman of the parish interested himself to convert her to his views. She became a believer in the Sacred Scriptures, but was much perplexed by some of the doctrines of the Church of England, that of the Atonement especially. She read theological works, and argued the various points with all who cared to talk to her, without finding any permanent satisfaction or solid footing.

It was at this critical and truth-seeking time that she became acquainted with members of the New Church in our dear parents, and found her difficulties met and dispersed by the doctrines they so firmly believed.

Mademoiselle Kaffery, however, being unable to speak English except in "broken" language, and finding but limited New-Church literature in French and German, the arguments upon and instruction in the doctrines were carried on under difficulties; but with a yearning that was ever looking for the truth, her heart seemed to bound forward to meet it when presented, while our beloved mother with her clear perception and warm sympathies, met her state, unfolded to her the beauties and truths which quite

satisfied both her doubting mind and longing spirit, as the following extracts evince.

Gladly she exchanged her half-hearted acceptance of the Evangelical doctrines recently presented to her, for a whole-hearted belief in those revealed in the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. The Bible, no longer a book of problems, became her highest treasure, its inspiration firmly established; the doctrine of the Vicarious Sacrifice was replaced by the glorious fact of the Redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ as Jehovah in person; the thought of the Resurrection of the earthly body no longer clung to her, and the Trinity was clearly seen; the other life lost its vagueness to her now, and her religious faith became the light of her eyes and the zest of her life.

The interest of the letters may to some be enhanced by the "broken English" which sometimes gives force to her expressions, while some of the impulsive acts related were such as only a foreigner would have ventured to do.

The lady of whom there is frequent mention in various letters, as C. B., or Clara Barton, is the Miss Clara Barton who has been sometimes called the "Florence Nightingale of America," and the newspapers of April or May, 1898, mentioned her as just starting for the seat of war in Cuba, on the Red Cross Mission. Between this lady and Mademoiselle Kaffery there existed a long and sincere friendship.

Most of the early letters were written to our dear mother; the subsequent ones to ourselves. The long intervals between some of the dates are occasioned by

some of the letters of special interest (such as the account of her baptism into the New Church and her previous emphatic acknowledgment of her faith) having been lent and lost; and also owing to long visits to our family, whenever she was in England.

We have usually omitted the terms of endearment and affectionate messages to each member of the family, with which each letter begins and ends, also various allusions to matters of personal interest only. At the same time, feeling that her thoughts upon bereavement and her hold of the New-Church views of the future life, may be helpful to others, we cannot entirely withhold them, even when touching upon sorrows almost too sacred for publication.

Instead of a long memoir, we think that the incidents, of her life are best told in the letters themselves. It is interesting to note the progress of her regeneration from the self-centred character evidenced in the earlier extracts, to the unselfishness and humility, with the warm sympathy for others, which her later years display.

One morning in August, 1895, we received the announcement of our friend's departure from this world and entrance into the higher life which she seemed ever to have set before her. Our thoughts now turn to her there, in happy assurance that, clinging to the heavenly doctrines as she did through her wandering life, gaining increasing love to her Saviour in each step of the way, she will not fail to realize them with ever-increasing joy in her eternal home.

M. M. H.

A. D. H.

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EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN ISOLATED RECEIVER.

The following extract is from one of the earliest letters written to Mrs. H * * * when Mademoiselle Kaffery was about taking a situation as governess in Philadelphia, United States, America, after varied experiences in different situations in England, both in schools and private families.

Spring of 1860.

AS I have a whole hour to wait before my train starts, I will employ it in writing to you. I just saw M. and A. I wish I could have spoken to them half an hour ; but there was no time. You were rather astonished, I suppose, at my prospect of going to America. I only shall know to-morrow if there is a place for me on board a vessel. I shall embark at Liverpool on Friday next. To-morrow I shall go and see Miss Emma. It would be a very good situation in a family, one girl only, and the travelling expenses paid ; the family is in Philadelphia ; the gentleman only is here ; I have not seen him yet. All the quarter I passed in the greatest suspense, many proposals, many letters to write, but not one would do. I prayed earnestly ; at last I had an invitation for the holidays from Mrs. Searl and then an engagement to Tonbridge Wells, which I accepted about five days ago ; the very same morning I had a letter from Mademoiselle ———

asking me if I would go to America. I said if the situation suited me I would not say "no," and now I am going to London. Everything went so in a hurry that the gentleman could only write yesterday for a place for me on board a ship, as they depart on Friday. I have to risk it and take all my luggage to London, and to-morrow only I shall know. May God grant that I find at last a home in that part of the world. I shall add a few words to-morrow to that letter to tell you *yes* or *no*. Good-bye, my dear, dear Mrs. H * * * Give my love to your daughters and Miss D. Good-bye, God be with you, as I hope He will be with me. It is now Thursday evening, eight o'clock. I went to see Miss Emma to-day, who told me not to go to America; when I came back at seven o'clock the gentleman had been here and it was decided. My heart aches. We shall sleep to-morrow at Liverpool; on Saturday at three o'clock in the afternoon I shall be on board the ship. Good-bye, my head aches, and my heart.

July, 1860.

I FLATTER myself that you will be glad to hear from me how I get on in the New World. Do you remember Dr. Bayley says in one of his sermons, that New York is but another Liverpool? One individual, wishing to escape from his own self, went into the New World, and was quite astonished to find that unchanged "I" in that part of the world; he had hoped to have changed his life and heart in changing place;

he went back into the Old World again, but as a different person, his soul was at rest with himself. What I meant to say is, I have, too, changed place, but here I find myself again ; how shall it be with me when I come back again ? I dare say you would ask me the question, how I like to be here ?

As regards the situation as governess, I like it ; a governess here is somebody, and the treatment which she enjoys is in every way agreeable ; she is always included in everything that is going on. I could scarcely accustom myself to this sociable treatment ; it seemed to me as if I was on a visit. What I forget the most is that I am in a free country, and that even the little children breathe the air of liberty. The most insolent creatures here are the servants, the flies, and the mosquitoes ; the first come from Ireland or Germany, and the latter, the tormentors of men and beasts, must have their birth in the outer darkness. There are some flies which look very pretty, shining or glow-flies ; in the evening the meadows, the gardens, and fields are animated by these insects. I compared them to flying stars, they twinkle as tiny little diamonds, as if the stars, even smaller as we see them by the bodily eye, came down from the firmament and had a merry-making where they dance and play.

Very often I pay you a visit in my imagination, and I hope you think sometimes of me. When I shall see you again, I shall have a long chat with you, as I cannot write such a long letter : it is too warm ; I shall be glad when the summer will be over. One only person I go sometimes to see without being forced to, and

that is a gentleman confined to his bed for these eighteen years; of all his members he has only his head left him in good health; he likes to talk and listen, so I go to read to him, and I am always welcome there.

I went last Sunday with a sermon book, wishing to speak and read to him on religious matters; he took it up very willingly and made many remarks on what I read, then asked me to leave him the book, as he wanted his sister to read to him out of it. Of poor people there are hardly any here; there may be some in the towns, but then there are institutions for them; so one has nothing to do with them. My friend Emma will send this letter to you. I hope it will find you all well. Have you no acquaintances hereabouts? Good-bye, good-bye.

* * * * *

With characteristic thoroughness, Mademoiselle Kaffery, having embraced the views, wished to identify herself with the New Church, and it was about this time (1860) that she was baptized into the faith of the New Jerusalem, by the Rev. W. H. Benade, pastor of the Philadelphia Society. The following copy of the baptismal record from the register of this Society has kindly been furnished by Bishop Benade:

FROM THE REGISTER
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY OF THE
NEW JERUSALEM, CHERRY STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

MINA KAFFERY,
DAUGHTER OF CHARLES AND LOUISA KAFFERY.
BORN FEBRUARY 27TH, 1827,
IN BERNE, SWITZERLAND.
WAS BAPTIZED ON THE LORD'S DAY MORNING,
DURING DIVINE SERVICE, IN THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP
OF THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY OF THE
NEW JERUSALEM, BY THE PASTOR OF THE SAME,
W. H. BENADE.
1860.

In the following letter Mademoiselle Kaffery first speaks of the inconveniences she experienced during the Civil War.

July the 1st, 1861.

HOW very kind it was of you to answer my letter so soon, and how glad I was to see your dear handwriting again, and to listen to all you had to tell me; I fancied to see you when you said that you began to fear you should not hear from me again. Yes, indeed! you were kind to me! I hope you understood the reason of my long silence. I feel such a longing to converse with you, that I cannot withstand any longer to put it into effect in writing to you. It is no easy matter to do that; all letters going from here to the North are read by the Colonel; many are not allowed to go, and often there is not even a way open to send them; bridges are destroyed, railroads are burnt, and the ferries are in possession of the military. I am not going to think that this letter will be opened, else I

could not write freely if that was in my mind ; perhaps I can send it by private opportunity or some way or other. Dear me, I have so many things to tell you that I do not know where to begin ; but let me see ; first you said that you were astonished to hear that I had left the family in Philadelphia, as I seemed so pleased. You will be no more surprised if I tell you that I did not want to complain ; beautiful everything was, but I was wretched, too much so, to be able to speak of it at that time. You know what I underwent during my stay in the city, and now I have to tell you some more troubles. But let me speak of somebody else first : I wrote to Emma a week or two after I sent my letter to you, three months ago, and she never answered me ; that is now the second letter unanswered. I cannot describe what feelings that continued silence creates in my heart ; if I knew but the reason of it, I could bear it better. My heart tells me, write again and ask her what I have done to offend her in that way ? Pride says no, do not let her see the wound she inflicted. I wonder that the still small voice does not whisper to her to write ! How can she look at all the little marks of affection with which I surrounded her without feeling a reproach to have abandoned her friend so lightly, and to know her in a foreign country in the midst of civil war ? You say that you wondered I did not accept my brother's offer, as his wife might have proved a second Emma, and then how happy I should be. Now listen to what I say to that ; first I know she is not like her. I have no idea what she is, but this I know, that she is not like her. I hope I shall

'no more love anyone as I loved her; no, my sister must not be like her, but then I know I have nothing to fear. There is only one who is like Emma, and that is herself. My dear friend, you do not seem to have realized my true position. My brother indeed gave order to a banker in New York to give me some money for my travelling expenses back, but the sum was not sufficient, and I was glad I could not return at that time. Since, I wanted to draw that money, to have it at any rate in my possession, but they refused to give it me, as I was not going home. I am afraid the money is now lost, because there is no more communication between Virginia and New York: that I feared from the beginning. I do not know the medium of which you speak in your letter. There is not one here of my Church, and I can no more write to the few families I know in Philadelphia, so I read the same books over and over again. Dr. Bayley's Sermons seem to me more and more beautiful; has he given out another series of sermons? I certainly must have them when I shall be back again. I am truly glad to hear that you have now a clergyman to administer the Holy Supper, and that you hear a sermon preached every other Sunday. I certainly accept your kind invitation with much pleasure, if the Lord permits my returning to Europe again. I am glad America is not my country. You think that I regret to have left Europe? No, I cannot say I do; it was good for me to have been afflicted; it was good to have been taken away from my friend, and it is good for me to have no friends here, to be alone, because that empty place in my heart

is now filled out ; having nobody to go to, I go to the only real Friend man has ; surely I have more seriously offended Him than I have any of my earthly friends ; but He forgives ; men do not. To Him I may tell all my troubles ; from men I have to conceal them.

When I last wrote to you I was in hope that my trials were over, and that I could now earn the means for my return home, and something more than that, that I might not appear empty handed at home ; but it was another illusion. War broke out, and gold and silver disappeared ; we have only paper money here, which can only be used in the State. I am again at the same point where I was last year, I have my daily bread, but no more ; all payments are suspended, and I am a boarder again, but the lady with whom I board owes me some money, only I do not wish to speak of that now, the letter might be lost. Do you remember the sermon you marked for me "On Providence" ? I read it over sometimes ; I am now in the cave of obscurity, but also in a place of security, and as the hand of the Lord covered Moses in the cleft, so now is His power with me to protect me. Oh this gracious assurance, how it makes me ashamed when I feel doubtful ! The Lord has provided and the Lord will provide ! You know through the papers that war is progressing ; it is true till now there has been no great battle fought, but numbers of skirmishes have taken place, so that already many have lost their lives. Virginia belongs now to the southern Confederacy, but western Virginia will not secede : so you see we have to regard the Northerners as our enemies. It sounds so strange,

because there is hardly a family who has not a son, a brother, or some relations or friends in the ranks of the enemy; but what awful feelings a civil war will bring forth, a burning hatred fills the breasts of those who a few months ago called themselves brothers.

The people here are extremely excitable. One night the town was in such a panic; a despatch arrived which informed our troops that the enemy was marching towards the town; some said that they were already near, quite near. Everybody was up and in the streets asking for some more news, as if that was not enough; you do not suppose I remained quietly at home? No, I did not, but still I could not get frightened. I doubted the rumour, which was not the first of the kind; the lady of the house had to wake me up, and when she asked me, "Are you frightened? do you think we had better go to my sister's house?" I said, "No, let us stay and keep quiet, not to add to the general confusion;" still she would rather go, so we went. In the meantime they burned the cars and the tents of the encampment. The rumour proved to be false: the companies came back without having seen the face of the enemy. You see, Virginia, being a border state is exposed to the invasion of the Federal troops. We shall see what the day of Congress on the 4th of July will bring forth. You wish to know to what party I belong. I will tell you, but first I must make a remark; the women are as much exasperated against those who do not think like themselves as their consorts are, and I think that their hatred is even more venomous; so you see it would not do even for a

foreigner to remain neutral. I am a Unionist; they say that there is no Union any more than that those who are not for us must be against us. I do not apply that to me. America is not my country, I am not going to fight; I am neither for the one nor the other party. How did the North receive me when I arrived there as a stranger? O, no, the North is not my friend; but still I do not hate her, because it would be folly. The South is not my friend either, she did not deal fairly with me; she did not keep her promise; still she suffers me to remain with her children. If they are strictly kept and are not allowed to leave the State, I cannot complain to be treated the same; I say again I do not dislike the South. I am for the Union, because I would be untrue to my native country if I was not. North America will be no more the New World, the beauty of youth is faded, and it begins to be rusty; it is not the fault of the land; the Creator adorned it splendidly; it is man's doing; the only rational being on earth is the only one who destroys all that is beautiful and covers the soil with blood.

I had a letter from my brother some weeks ago; they feel the effects of the American troubles very much; commerce is languid; the French Emperor is not a friendly neighbour, he says; he complains of him very much indeed. I have a little niece, who, my brother tells me, wishes to see her aunt.

I hope you will write soon, and do please, if you can, get some information about the family in Westbrook; to find out if they are all well, and if Emma is at home. The books of an English writer, I forget the name,

are now much read here, "The Great Tribulation" and "The Great Preparation." I asked, "preparation for what?" "For the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," was the answer. I said to the lady, "I hope you are not going to buy the book, as you do not any longer expect our Saviour in that way." She shook her head and smiled, and then said, that she read the "Tribulation," the author was a very good writer. That was not a direct answer to my question; but I did not urge her any further then; we will speak of it some other day. Now, really, I must say good-bye to you.

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

MINNA.

P.S.—Please write soon to the same address, care of the Swiss Consul, who is amongst the enemies you know; he is a very strong Union man, but the letter can go there from New York, and he will keep it till he gets an opportunity of sending it to me. Tell me in your letter if I progress in the English language, do not forget it.

End of a letter written from Virginia, after two years in America.

LET me speak now of yourself and your family. How are you all? Do please write to me as soon as you receive my letter; write me a long, long letter. Tell me all about yourselves; give my kind love to all. I hope to see them again, I do not wish to die in this strange country; still I do not intend to return so soon

if I can help it ; I shall not return as poor as I am now ; no, I want to earn not only my bread, which I always did, but I want to get a little money before going home. War time is a bad time to make money ; I did not gain anything for a whole year. If that had happened to me in Europe I should have despaired, but I bear it without ever losing courage and hope. I have had no letter from my mother since December. I write to her, sending the letter with yours. Please address my letters as formerly, Care of the Swiss Consul, Washington City, D.C., United States, North America.

Our mail is not yet open, but we can get our letters through private opportunities. We expect a bloody battle this side Richmond ; the rebels are going to be victorious, they say, but I doubt. I must close my letter, which is badly written with all kinds of corrections, that I am quite ashamed of sending it thus, only I know you will excuse it. I am cold, it is raining, and consequently a damp coldness comes into the house. We did not have any snow yet. Then I had to talk and to answer questions and to read the newspapers between, &c.

So good-bye, my dear friend, my best love to you.

P.S.—Are you still in Esnoiland, I wonder ? I began my third year last Christmas. I shall count the days now till it is possible to get a letter from my mother, and how my heart will tremble when I get one ! Is it not strange that I should come into the midst of war in this country ; that I should have left the North just before war began, and come to Virginia, the seat of war ?

The following extract appears to be written from Leesburg about this time (1862), but the date and commencement are missing. In this and following letters (as afterwards explained by Mademoiselle Kaffery) the names of many places and persons are purposely left blank, lest the letter should fall into the hands of the enemy.

YOU remember, my dear friends, I bought the series of sermons, forty of them, by Dr. Bayley. I gave the book to Mrs. Edwards before I left; she was delighted with the sermons, and I knew she would like to have the book for her own. I intended when coming to England to buy another [copy] of them, and new ones, if Dr. Bayley has published any since I left, for they are indeed beautiful. If you have an opportunity to procure and keep them for me, I should be so very much obliged to you. I had several conversations with the Episcopalian clergyman here, but he denounced my beautiful doctrines openly in church, for he thought I had some influence over the minds of some of his congregation; but I told him the seed was sown, although it might not for a long time come up—he called it sowing weeds in his field, and he wishes with all his heart that I might “renounce the visionary, unreal doctrines of a Church that will never endure,” for he says, “it cannot stand, having no foundation.” I thanked him for his kind intention, but said, “I also have a wish for you. I hope that your eyes may yet be opened to see and behold the wondrous things of the Word of God. It is a precious gem to me, to you it is

but a dead letter ; because it cannot satisfy the higher yearnings of your soul ; you are a blind shepherd leading a blind flock." He smiled and said, " he had studied the new doctrine and found it a dangerous one ; it would only do for a few enthusiasts like myself." I replied, " I cannot help pitying you for your blindness ; but it is not a part of our blessed religion to force it on anyone. All are invited to come to the living waters to drink and be satisfied ; there is yet hope that you will accept the invitation."

I told you of Mr. Willarde in a former letter ; he is a young, eloquent minister, and people say he was converted at college ; but, dear me ! what a heart full of hatred ! offering up thanksgivings for the slaughter of his enemies ! He can hardly stop from joining the army in order to kill them with his own hands, the hateful Yankees—such is his converted heart !

It is now nearly six weeks since I am separated from all my things. I did not once hear anything of them, and as I could not write to Washington before I left Georgetown, my things remained packed in my room. I wore a silk dress when I went to see my friend, and, since, I have had to wear it from morning to night ; in the hospitals, at church, in the rain, &c. Mrs. Edwards being so very slender, I cannot wear any of her dresses. If I had been in Europe I would have fretted myself to death over it ; but you know wisdom comes with age. I do not think of the future, its curtain is too heavy and dark to uplift, and it is quite as much as we can do to live from one day to another. If last winter we were in want of wood, coal, and pro-

visions, how shall we get through it this year, our condition being so much worse than it was then?

Let me dismiss as quick as possible these anxious queries into the future. "The Lord will provide."

Please address my letters to the Swiss Consul in Washington, as before, he will take care of my letters. The North (?) still spreads the rumour that France only would acknowledge the Southern Confederacy. I never believed it, though England must suffer very much from the want of cotton. Do not forget when you write to tell me what the manufacturing population is going to do this winter, and tell me also how the Queen is. I dare say you want to know the state of health of the Confederacy; she has a sanguinary fever which I call consumption.

March 8th, 1862.

WE have returned from being under the government of the Confederacy to that of the United States; but in what condition I shall try to tell you. I think in my last I gave you a description of the battle that took place near the town. General Stone was then in command of the Federal Forces on the Potomac, and General Evans of the ——— on this side. I am sorry to say General Stone is in prison on a charge of treason. Even his bitterest enemy, General Evans, told us often that he was a perfect gentleman; generous, noble, in every respect and form a Christian; that he was much too good to command the contempt-

ible lying Yankees; but he was unfortunate enough to lose the battle; and they say he led his men purposely over the Potomac to be slaughtered and that he communicated with the rebels. I myself read a letter which he wrote to General Evans, and he expressed himself warmly for the Government under which he had the honour to serve; there was not a speck of treason in him. I do wish somebody would clear him from that suspicion. He must be innocent or the greatest hypocrite that ever lived, and I never shall believe that. Since that battle we were in a continual excitement; we had alarms of all descriptions, fear and anxiety, expectation of the greatest evils that ever assail poor men; all was in one confusion for months and months. The lady with whom I live (Mrs. Edwards) has a pretty large house, and we two live together alone; so to have a protection we took some boarders; three of the Confederate Generals and their staffs boarded with us. That was our living, everything being of the most immense price. We expected another battle here and the burning of the town. I made up my mind for the worst. A few dollars I had saved I put about my person, because sometimes I did not, and was robbed. I lay down half dazed and jumped up at every noise, and was it not sometimes as if all the bad spirits were loose and among the people of the town? I say *we*, because we could not help taking great part in it; but I tell you I was sometimes vexed with myself, because I did not feel any fear.

I was reading a book aloud to Mrs. Edwards one evening when everybody was nearly crazed; that book

made me laugh and cry alternately. Mrs. Edwards laughed too; if she cried when I did, I do not know. Then I would go and see what news the courier had brought, or I would ask if the enemy was coming, and would prepare the gentlemen's knapsacks if they should have to leave at an hour's warning—or one of the officers would come in and tell us the news, and tell us this house would be a marked one, so many rebel officers having boarded here; in fact, being a headquarters. I told them I would hang a white flag out of the window. One of the officers, Major —— used very often to sit with us of an evening, and would talk to us of his family, and of his sorrows. He has lost two sons in a most tragic manner. He was a Presbyterian and a Predestinarian. I told him I pitied him with all my heart, and then tried to show him his error, and to speak to him of my beautiful religion; he listened and said, "I like your religion, because it makes you happy and satisfies the yearnings of your heart; you are the first person I ever heard say so. But it would not do for me; I cannot understand it; your spirit has wings and you soar high up in the air; I am but a humble traveller on the earth's surface!" I told him to try to read and study my books, then his spirit would soon soar up towards heaven, and he would never accuse God of making men, some wicked and some good; that God is Love itself, merciful to all, long-suffering, and a friend in need, etc. I wish you had been here; he put me the queerest questions you ever heard. Another Major (and such a gentle, polite man too) told me the so-called Christians were just as bad as Mohammedans or Turks, or even

Indians ; seeing it was no use having a religion, he had none. Still he believed in a Higher Power who presides over everything. I replied, I wished to make him know that Higher Power, and I gave him several of the tract books which you had given me, my dear friend. I marked with pencil what I wished him particularly to notice and understand. He thanked me, put his hand to his heart, and said, " Mademoiselle, I will read them ; you are kind to trouble about my salvation." The very next morning they all left. I dare say I shall never see them again ; perhaps they are actually engaged in battle without anybody near them to take care of their minds or to receive their dying words. I felt such an interest in our set ! General Hill was a Presbyterian ; he very often conversed with me ; I knew he was not to be convinced, but he thought it ingenious. He asked me a question which I could not answer : the interpretation of the parable of the unfaithful steward in St. Luke xvi., and why he was commended for it. A short time before, I was thinking what it meant. There are many questions I want to ask if I get acquainted with a member of the New Church. We had no communication with the North, so I could not write to anybody in ——. Was it not a fearful, awful strait ? We were in distress then, but now we actually are without the most necessary things of life ; it is some days since we had wood, and we cannot even get a person to cut a tree in the garden. We cannot get any matches, any needles, pins, cottons ; all these kinds of articles cannot be had ; salt, sugar, &c., are not to be bought. We shall not, however, be left much longer

in this state of destitution, because the North will be open to us again ; we hardly know to which Government we belong. If the rebels should be victorious we would belong again to the South ; if not, then we are under the protection of that old Lucifer, or to say better, under the United States Government.

[There appears to have been a previous letter, but this is missing.]

Confounded States of North America.

5th October, 1862.

WHEN I wrote last we were then comparatively quiet : the army having then removed to Richmond ; we had communication with the South open again ; and though we were living without any protection, without any law, consequently exposed to all the annoyances of a wicked, disordered, and lawless band, we could recover from the many panics and consternations of the coming of the enemy, which would have been followed by a battle. At the beginning of August I went to Washington, with the intention of returning to Europe, as my mother wished it so very much. I call my lady hostess "my dear doctor," because she nursed me, and her skill in medical knowledge cured me more than the physician's visits. After two or three days, I told my "doctor" to send me away, as I had really only come for the day ; but she said it was necessary to keep her patient under her own eyes. There was then

such exciting news from the army; a battle had been fought at Manassas, the very same field where General McDonnell had been defeated a year before. The Confederates again claimed the victory, and General McDonnell is again accused of being a traitor, because he did not destroy a bridge as he was told, and a short time after, the Confederates crossed that bridge. Wounded were brought in, and we were busy making lint and carrying things to hospitals, so that I forgot to go to Washington. My "doctor" thought of everything for my comfort. One evening we came home just at tea-time, and found a letter for her from a lady relation with whom I had once stayed, giving a most distressing account of the town of Leesburg. She, all alone in her house, felt anxious as to what would happen next, as they had a fight in the very streets of the town. She felt sick at heart, said how much she missed me, and wished for me every hour of the day. Mrs. Edwards did not know that I was now at her cousin's; the mail was again broken up, and it was with great difficulty that we could send news. My "doctor" gave me that letter to read. I felt deeply for that isolated lady, and I expressed it, saying I had better go back to her. But how to get there? That remained a question to be discussed, for both Yankees and rebels were in that part of Virginia. My "doctor" expressed her satisfaction, for she was very much concerned at her cousin's lonely situation. We discussed schemes, and had to reject them. The next morning a boat was going up the canal from Georgetown, and I resolved to leave by it. But there might be a blockade on the

river, and what then if I could not cross the Potomac? And there was another consideration: I would have to walk in the evening from the river to the town, about five miles, all alone, and meet perhaps troops and come into difficulties, perhaps be taken up as a spy. I replied to these objections. First, I would run the blockade; second, I would ask an escort from the first troops I should meet. So it was settled. It was then nine o'clock in the evening, and it just occurred to me that my thin house shoes would never do to walk five miles along a bad, stony road, and that I had absolutely nothing with me, not even money, except some little change; but that was, in fact, of no consequence, for we went out to buy a pair of boots, and my "doctor" lent me money.

After my arrival in Leesburg, Mrs. Edwards would furnish me with everything I wanted until I could get my boxes. She would be delighted to see me at a time when she thinks it impossible for anyone to cross. My "doctor" packed up a little basket for me to take, my slippers, a pair of shoes for Mrs. Edwards, as she was out of shoes, and in town nothing can be got; also tins of mustard in case of sickness, and for me "two days' rations," she said, smiling, for if I could not cross the river I should be returning the following day with the boat and remain in the cabin all night. In the morning my "doctor" and her husband accompanied me to the boat; I took leave of them full of hope and anticipation of my safe arrival in Leesburg. The day was beautiful; I remained on deck to enjoy the luxurious air and scenery along the canal on the left of the river; still I

thought the day rather long. I had then five miles before me. At four we arrived at the ferry, but what a drawback to my hopes, I heard that another fight had taken place with the same parties the day before; they were just dressing the wounds of some soldiers who had been carried there; past the ferry on the Maryland side was a Federal camp, but that was not all; a blockade was on the river, no one was allowed to pass, it was getting cold, and I was still waiting in the Captain's tent; for he had only sent me word, and I wanted to speak to him myself and tell him that I was not going to fight nor carry any news, as I only knew what had passed, not what was going to be. He did not come, because he knew he could not resist a lady's pleadings; it was then too late to walk alone thus far, so I made up my mind not to be discouraged, as I had said I would run the blockade. So I had to try again in the morning. One of the captains offered to take me to a house where he boarded, at some distance from the camp. I accepted his offer, and finally I found myself at table with about a dozen soldiers and the family who kindly offered me hospitality. I had hardly retired, weary and tired and with a headache, when I heard a horseman approach the house, and there was a short conversation with the lady of the house; the courier came to summon the soldiers remaining there to the camp, as they expected the rebels to cross. I heard the courier ask if the lady who wanted to go across to Virginia was in the house; I expected to be aroused every minute and ran to the window, to see I do not know what, but felt so fatigued I lay down

again, thinking they would call me if necessary. I awoke in the morning refreshed and quite capable of carrying out my undertaking. After breakfast I walked to the camp, where I found the Captain in command. He listened to me, for he found that I gave him such good reasons for my going over that I thought I had gained my point, when he bluntly said, "I believe you; but I cannot make any exceptions." "Oh Captain," said I, "you know there is no rule without exceptions." After some hesitation he granted the permission, I thanked him and went back to the house to tell them my successful result, and to get my basket. I had to glide between the horses, and the soldiers intreated me not to go as I should be taken up as a spy. I told them my desire to go was stronger than the fear of being made a prisoner. Half-an-hour after I was gliding over the Potomac in a skiff with a soldier for a boatman. I was landed on Virginia shore, and I began my walk, thankful in heart for my success so far. The sky was of a most beautiful deep blue; my way led me through a little wood. As I neared the town I saw some cavalry; and I knew then by that, the Confederates had possession of the town. Before I entered it, I stopped at a house where I was well known, to hear the news, to get cleansed from the dust, and also to leave my basket, so that I entered town as if only coming from a short walk. The town was full of troops; an army up to 200,000 men passed through that day. But let me tell you first how I found Mrs. Edwards. I met some ladies in the street; they were all so surprised to see me come back so

unexpectedly and at such a time, and I had to answer many questions before I could get away. At last I entered our dining-room, the door was open. Mrs. Edwards looked round at hearing my voice; an exclamation escaped her, she turned as white as marble, and sank into her arm-chair. I spoke to her and she burst into tears; then I asked her "Was she not glad to see me?" "I am more than glad, I am thankful; I am better already; all my loneliness is gone, oh! I am so happy to have you—but how did you come? Your apparition passed before my eyes as a vision, and how could I hope you would not be hindered by the blockade and the long walk?" "How could I remain quietly at my 'doctor's' when you were in trouble and alone?" I felt happy, though I knew it would probably be for all winter that I should be shut up here, and the disappointment with my mother crossed like a shadowy veil. I have a duty to Mrs. Edwards to share with her the privations which are before us this winter, and to stand at her side whenever dangers arise. I have therefore to forget self, and not make one regret this happy meeting. We are in a very bad condition again; we cannot get any letters from the South, neither can we send any except secretly through a private opportunity. We had a most trying September; one day the Yankees were masters, and then the rebels. You have already heard of the raid into Maryland by our army and the battle that was the consequence of it; the rebels were driven back into Virginia, and lost a number of their men, although they boast of a decided victory, and of 30,000 Yankees

killed, wounded, and prisoners ; but the truth at last had to be told, for some papers which found their way over here spoke of the victory of the Federals under the command of General McClennan. They had another battle in Virginia since their return. But I will go back to the day of my arrival. The grand army that passed through the town was received with all manner of joyful demonstrations from the citizens, although they looked worn out with fatigue, having marched thirty miles without any provisions. They have no blankets, hardly any clothes, many are without shoes, and with hardship and hunger written on their faces ; they devoured as much food as they could get ; with all that they cheered lustily the ladies, when marching out. You must be acquainted with our hero, Stonewall Jackson. He dashed through the streets, his head uncovered, under the most clamorous cheers ; his division followed and never stopped to refresh themselves ; they were going to Maryland : their hopes were still further, they would take Pennsylvania, Washington, Massachusetts, and, in fact, conquer the whole North. We trembled for the unsuspecting population of the North, although we had to shut up deep in our hearts those feelings, lest we should be looked upon as enemies to the Southern Confederacy. Thank God ! they were not allowed to carry their bloodthirsty swords in any of the cities across the Potomac. I have one event more to relate to you before I close my letter.

On the seventeenth of September our town was bombarded. I cannot give you a minute description

of that eventful day ; it would lead me too far ; I must put it off until I can relate it to you personally.

Some Yankee cavalry rode slowly into the town at noon, but were fired upon by our troops who were hidden behind a wall. The Federals might have expected some resistance if we had any troops here; some cavalry were scattered the other side of the town to rush upon them if they should advance. The Federals said they were fired upon by the citizens, and that enraged them. I do not know if that was true, because I did not see it ; but I saw our men firing from their hiding place ; the cavalry were threatening to shell the town. For three hours we were left in anxious suspense, a deathlike stillness pervaded the streets, each one watching, but no sign of them. I went into the hospital as usual to help to distribute the dinner to the sick ; there were many of them, and thousands of sufferers, and no provision for them, the town was exhausted, many actually starved to death. At that time we made some arrangements, and the ladies were all busy with the hospitals ; the sick have to lie on the bare floor, with no covering, no change of clothes—they look filthy and ghastly, and many, many die. Then, when engaged in the hospitals, the first whizzing of a shell struck on our ears. We all rushed out to reconnoitre ; another came, we all rushed in again. I then went home as I had left Mrs. Edwards alone, before we closed every shutter and door. I found a lady with her who could not reach home, and had come for a refuge ; we sat first in one room, then in another.

Every time the awful sound announced to us the coming of a ball, I put my hand on my heart as if that had been pierced, and when it passed us I clasped my hands to thank the Lord for His preservation. One shell went through the next house, and fell into the street without exploding ; we were perfectly calm, the danger so near, no time to escape, we felt submission would help us better to bear our lot ; but my thoughts were a continuous prayer, and after the bursting of a shell in a neighbouring house we heard the shrieks of terror or of pain ; it had injured a lady, and her aged father had been blown out of his arm-chair, but not killed. At last the troops made a stampede, and then the firing ceased, and the Federal cavalry dashed through the streets yelling and brandishing their swords above their heads ; they were pursuing our men ; they had a sharp skirmish. Then they rode back to town, went into the hospitals, and took all the arms they could find. So passed that day, full of anxiety for every one here ; for we expected them to advance when they should come in, but I suppose they thought the shelling a sufficient punishment for the present. Since that time we have been kept in constant excitement, for if they meet again (and both parties constantly come in contact), they threaten to burn the town. But enough of this.

[The incidents that follow were related to us by Mademoiselle Kaffery when staying with us in England directly after the war ; but as they happened about this time, we think it best to insert them here.]

When General Hill was boarding at Mrs. Edwards' house, one night some soldiers of his brigade came on horseback with torches and serenaded him, hoping he would come out to them, especially when they played a Presbyterian hymn. But he did not. In the morning Mademoiselle Kaffery said, "General, why did you not come out last night when they serenaded you? I hoped to have heard a speech from you."

"Because the serenade was for you, not for me," he answered.

"I was not so conceited as to think it was for me," I returned.

Officers boarded at Mrs. Edwards' all the winter in the first year of the war.

One of them, Major Beardsley, was a British subject from New Brunswick, who was amused at hearing what the children thought about the war. He said to a little girl of four or five years old, named Katie Mott, "Now, little lady, tell me what you are?"

She, turning round and looking at the little bows of pink and white ribbon on her shoulder, said quickly, "Look at that! Secesh."

Owing to the war, the price of food and articles of clothing was very high.

Laundry expenses seven shillings a dozen for plain things. An ordinary stuff dress cost five pounds ten shillings, and a calico dress one guinea.

During the war, in many parts, families had to make their own soap, candles, and matches; and to cut down the trees in their gardens for firewood.

[The origin of "Uncle Sam" is also authentic, and we give it in Mademoiselle Kaffery's own words:]

A soldier having U.S. on his cap was asked what it meant.

He says, "Oh, well, I suppose it means Uncle Sam," and from that time the Federal Government was called "Uncle Sam."

Envelopes were invented by the Confeds. as a satire on the Federals with a cock in the corner, over which was printed "Game cock of Uncle Sam," and underneath was printed "While I live, I'll crow!"

[We now give an incident from Mademoiselle Kaffery's diary as read to us:]

Sunday.—A cool, pleasant day. We went to church in the morning as usual. It was about half-past two in the afternoon when Mrs. Edwards went to her room to write a note. I was sitting in the dining-room reading. I had closed one shutter, as I expected to doze a little, when Millie came, ready to go out, telling me the Yankees were in town. I went to the front door; Martha Williams stood with me. We saw some of them go down the front street, and some came down ours, firing into Miss E. Clagget's yard. A little boy who was standing on our steps on his way home began to cry, so I took him into the room; but when the noise grew worse outside, I went into the hall. The firing was carried on very briskly. Soldiers had come into our garden and yard with their horses, and, to my astonishment, there was a rebel soldier in the hall,

running to and fro, not knowing where to go. He was pale and frightened, and said to me, "Please, please, hide me somewhere! Be quick, don't give me up! Tell me, please, where can I go?"

He could be seen through the front and back door, and through the window, and he was so agitated that he ran out and in, while he begged me to hide him.

The noise in the yard increased; firing was heard a few steps from the door, the horses making a great noise on the pavement. It all happened in no time. I had no time to reflect, and without asking the pursued one any question, I said, "Dear me, you will bring us all into trouble."

With that I pushed him into the dining-room, and pulled the blind down in passing. The shutter was closed at the other window. He looked round into the sideboard for a hiding place, and tried to get into it, whilst I opened the door of the study, which was shut up, being Sunday. Then I pushed him into it, saying, "Now, take care of yourself; that is all I can do." I turned the key, but left it in the door, because I knew there was no use in locking him up. If the soldiers should want to search the house, I should have to produce the key. At that time Mrs. Edwards came down to see where the fight was; she of course felt badly when she heard it was in her garden and yard, and she felt still worse when I told her that I had hidden a rebel in the study.

I then went to the back door. A soldier asked me for a glass of water, so I ran back to get it for him, only too glad he did not ask me any questions, for

my heart was beating rather quickly, as I well knew what would be the consequence of secreting a rebel. By this time they had found a rebel in one of the currant bushes. They had wounded him in his foot, and put him on a horse, as he could not walk, and they all left the garden together.

We ventured then to enter the study, to see what had become of the refugee ; the room was empty, the door locked ! I remarked, " How could he have got out, the door being locked ? " However, I suspected him to be hidden in a little cupboard, only I thought it better to ignore it, therefore I did not look ; but when the noise in the street entirely subsided, Mrs. Edwards went into the study once more with me. There was a noise, a rustling rather, so slight it was ; at the same time a head rose slowly from under the hiding-place, and a low voice asked, " Are the Yankees gone ? " On our telling him we believed so, he took out his watch and pocket-book, and handing them to Mrs. Edwards, he asked her to be pleased to give them to his mother, and then thanked her for having hidden him.

Mrs. Edwards then asked him his name. He said it was " Rinker " (the same bad one who had gone to the river to plunder the soldiers, and who had done many bad things besides. The Yankees had been after him before, and his father was in prison in Washington as a hostage).

I felt very glad not to have known his name when he came into the house, as I might have been tempted to refuse him a refuge, and thereby he might have been shot in the garden or yard. He was a great annoyance

to the town, a thorough rascal; but his youth, his appeal, and his frightened appearance, were enough to make one think only of his danger, without going any further into reasoning. Mrs. Edwards went out to consult with Mrs. Mott about it.

As the Yankees were said to have gone, they concluded to let him go into the garden, from whence he could go home without attracting any notice. He then thanked Mrs. Edwards again for having hidden him; but she told him not to say where he was hidden, as *she* did not hide him, not even knowing what had occurred. He left his purse and watch in Mrs. Edwards' care to be called for; and then he left. During that time another soldier came in by the back door, a mere boy. He was a companion of Parker, who was shot. These two had come from Lucas, and had brought letters from the South; they were going to take letters back. The little fellow told us that he begged Parker to leave town that morning; but he did not want to leave until the following morning. He asked whether he was badly wounded. The little fellow himself was hidden in a currant bush not far from Parker. At one time one of the horses' hoofs touched him, and he thought for a moment of surrender, for fear he might be shot, but the danger passed over and he was unhurt. We had to tell him not to linger any longer. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Ch—— came back, and the event was talked over; then followed a great calm.

Aug. 19th.—I went to see poor Mr. and Mrs. Lack (English and Scotch). Both shook hands with me

without speaking, for at such moments it seemed as if words were cold ; also I did not find words to express my sympathy, but my tears showed what I felt for them. After a while the mother began to relate to me Mary's death. She was eighteen, died on the Maryland side, after having pleaded in vain to allow them to cross, as the child had a great desire to see her father ; the bereaved mother was, however, allowed to take the coffin over. The father, meanwhile, heard that they were at the river, and his daughter dying ; yet they would not let him cross.

October 30th, Sunday morning.—It was just dawn when I heard some cavalry pass. I jumped up to look ; for I thought they were rebels, but Mittee said they were Yankees. We went back to bed until another squad passed, when we were again at the windows. At half-past six I arose, and went down stairs. It had just struck seven when two soldiers knocked at the door ; before I unbolted it, I snatched up the silver and put it in my pocket. Then I let the soldiers in. They said they had to search for arms. I opened the parlour and let them in there. They went into the study, schoolroom, and dining-room ; and by that time Mittee had gone upstairs to tell Mrs. Edwards to dress, as the house was being searched. I whispered to her also to take the silver bag, &c.

The soldiers separated ; one went below and the other upstairs, I following. They searched every drawer, but I begged them not to break open the lock of Mrs. Ch——'s box. Although I had all my wits

about me, I never thought of my own watch and chain, rings, and other jewellery. After rummaging everything, the soldiers met in the hall and took the cold dinner with them, and one asked for whisky, which I said was a scarce article in Dixie. I offered him some home-made wine, of which he impatiently took a tumbler.

It was not until after they had left, that I discovered they had taken my watch and jewels. I applied to the Captain for redress, as we were loyal to the Federal Government; but he was so busy hearing complaints that he could hardly listen.

One day I went to the door in answer to a ring, and a man asked "if General Hill" (at that time a boarder at Mrs. Edwards') "was within?" I said, "No." He asked "Was I Mrs. Hill?" I said, "No." He then said, "Will you intercede with General Hill for my son, who has been taken up as a spy?"

I promised to do so, and at dinner in the presence of all, I said, "General, I was taken for your wife to-day."

He replied gallantly that he felt complimented. After a little while, I asked, "Do you not feel anxious to know who took me for Mrs. Hill?"

"Yes."

"It was the father of a young man whom you have arrested as a spy. He implored me to intercede with you that he might be set at liberty."

Instantly General Hill was again the stern soldier, and replied that "They could not let private feelings interfere with duty. It was their duty to take up any one who was favourable to the Yankees."

"Well, I am a Yankee, why do you not take me up?"

"But you are a lady."

"Still, ladies have suffered."

I could get no promise from him, though I again implored it. But a few days afterwards, I heard that the young man had been released.

[Instancing the ignorance in which the slaves were brought up, and which party spirit fostered at the time of the Civil War, Mademoiselle Kaffery related how a little slave-girl, who had heard extravagant tales of the Federal army, went with her mistress to the hospital where the wounded soldiers were, expecting to find them a race of animals. Her mistress said,

"Now, these are some Yankees, and you can have a good look at them."

"But they are just like our soldiers."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I thought they had long tails.""]

Virginia in Dixie

or

The Confounded States of North America.

May 8th, 1863.

MANY thanks for your dear, kind letter, which I found in Washington, the 18th of January. The interest and sympathy which you and your family show in all that concerns me do me good; how often do I wish for an hour's conversation with you. I, seated near you on my little chair, how I would pour out my poor heart! I would also tell you how thankful I feel that our blessed Lord permitted me to make your acquaintance in order to be led to the truth, and finally

into the glorious New Jerusalem. Never had I a moment's doubt about its pure and elevated doctrine, without which, I do believe, I would have despaired over my condition in this unhappy country, torn into fragments, where miseries fall on every individual so heavily with a few exceptions. I read some parts of your letter to Mrs. Edwards, that about the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and also about Mr. Home, the spiritualist. Mrs. Edwards happened to have some of his lectures: one I thought very good; the other on the Resurrection I wish were more simple, more comprehensible to all states of mind; Mrs. Edwards did not like it, consequently did not read it through. Thank you for your kindness in getting me a copy of Dr. Bayley's sermons. Before I forget, let me mention that Mrs. Edwards wants me to ask you the title of the Dictionary of Correspondences and the price of it. I remembered you had one; she wants the most complete one. When the war will be over, peace restored, and money no more scarce, and her life preserved, she wishes to buy one and study the Bible with it. Mrs. Edwards is a member of the Episcopal High Church, and still clings to her old doctrine, although she admits that some errors have crept into it; and she says that Dr. Bayley's sermons are beautiful, and very ingenious. We read often a sermon out of the book you gave me; she also read all the little tracts I got from you. I gave most of them away in order to sow the good seed; the heavenly Gardener will take care that it grows up sooner or later. I only wish I had a great number of them with me. What you wrote of the

Queen interested Mrs. Edwards very much; she is English all over, very stylish, her whole appearance is queenlike, rather reserved, extremely particular in her expressions and manners; join to this a great deal of pride, and you have a true picture of the lady who shed tears on my return and who has treated me ever since as a friend, calling me her comfort, her representative, her amanuensis. But her portrait is not complete; her mind is enriched with a vast store of knowledge of all descriptions, ever ready to satisfy others and to share with them of her abundance. How can I fail to gain in all respects in such society, although I need not a greater dose of pride than I already have? I hope you will have quite a congregation by the time I come to England. I feel quite jealous that you should see Dr. Bayley. I wish you would ask if he remembers to have received a letter from me a short time before I left England; I never got any answer, and still the letter was not sent back, although my direction was in it; tell him also that I had the pleasure of hearing him preach one Sunday afternoon in London. Will you please tell me the date of the death of Prince Albert? I forgot to put it down when I saw it in the paper; also the date of the wedding of the Prince of Wales. Of what country is the Princess Alexandra? Is Princess Alice married, and is the Princess Royal reconciled to living in Germany? In the paper that gave me the account of the death of Prince Albert, there was a little sketch of his life, his sincere religious turn of mind, his benevolence, that he delighted in reading the works of Swedenborg, and it is believed that the Queen also shared

with him these readings and was benefited by them. It gave me a great pleasure to read that ; her example will be followed by many who would never otherwise have taken the trouble of reading Swedenborg's works. You are quite right, my dear Mrs. H * * * if you say that the fault is on both sides of this wicked war. The nation was in the height of prosperity, they thought they had come to that great exaltation by their own exertion, and began to build a tower that should reach to heaven, and lo!—they are confounded and made low, destroying each other, the very means for preserving the Union is turned against them, and destruction, desolation, and miseries in all shapes are the result of it. You wish me to give you a full account of all that happens in my neighbourhood, and which has relation to me. I willingly comply with your request ; for the Lord only knows when I shall be permitted to return to Europe ; so many events and changes happen that writing to you is a real pleasure to me who am shut up in this wilderness. I told you that I found your letter in Washington. I must tell you how I came to that city again. My trunks never arrived ; for four months I was expecting them every day, but in vain ; I had to do without them. It was then a most busy and exciting time ; but I have given you a description of the state of things of last summer—the winter was before us, which induced us to make a provision as far as we could. Accordingly I put a large apron round me, and thus made preserves and moulded candles, a work from which I should have turned with disgust in Europe ; but it was the only way not to remain in the dark the long

winter evenings. We had just begun the last box and there was no more tallow to be had.

"What is to be done, then?" asked Mrs. Edwards the other day.

What answer could I give?

"That box will hold out a long time if we economize. Then our situation may change, or some way will be opened." Thank God, the winter is over; in summer we can do with so many fewer necessaries. Mrs. Edwards had a very bad fall in January, in the street; she cut one of her eyelids in falling on a stone; I felt more and more that I did not return to Mrs. Edwards in vain; for there was plenty of work before me. One evening I was reading to Mrs. Edwards, who was sitting in her arm-chair, when suddenly repeated knocks startled us; we knew of course that those who knocked were soldiers, for the clinking of their sabres revealed it, surely enough. I had already bolted the front door, and Mrs. Edwards asked, without opening the window, what they wanted.

"Open the door; we have orders to give," said one of them.

Mrs. Edwards asked me if I was afraid to open the door, as she could not, she was trembling in all her members. I went, candle in hand, without feeling in the least anxious, and I smiled at them as I asked them what they wanted of us, as we were very quiet. "Your light has to be put out in twenty minutes." I replied, "Of course we expect to put out the light, but you do not give us time enough to go to bed; what is that order for so very particular to-night?"

"If the rebels should come to town they will take the lights for signals."

I knew that very well, for signals had been given before in that way. Still I remonstrated a little more with them; one of them repeated the order and threatened to take us up, if the light should burn in twenty minutes, on the charge of giving signs to the rebels.

"Where will you take me if you take me prisoner?"

"To Washington."

"The very place where I want to go, as I have all my things there, and no opportunity of getting them. You see I can then get them myself." They looked at each other and smiled, for they forgot to be stern. I wished them a good night and went into Mrs. Edwards, who was still trembling, so that I had to rub her hands. We put the candle in a lantern, covered it with a brown veil; so we went to bed, and in twenty minutes they found the light out; we were liable to be roused by a fight in the streets, but the night passed quietly. In the morning we were ordered to remain in the houses; the servants were sent back when they went out to get water or milk. I opened the door and asked a sentinel what was the matter now. I soon learned that they still expected the rebels and were preparing to receive them rather warmly in the very streets of the town. I was not at all surprised that the Yankees expected them in vain, for they would not come when expected, but when not looked for. That is one of many instances of the kind. Mrs. Edwards at last urged me to go myself to Washington to get my things, and

at the same time some provisions. I went the seventh of January; it was a cold bright day; in crossing the Potomac in a little skiff, for the bridge was burned down by the Confeds, the wind chilled me through and through, so that I caught a very bad cold, which kept me longer in Georgetown than I had intended to stay. Georgetown is a continuation of the city of Washington, although in itself quite a town. I remained with my "doctor," who was glad to see me, and who gave me homœopathic medicine for my cold. At last I was ready to start again with three trunks, two bags, and a bonnet box. I left one of my trunks behind, but had another in its place filled with goods; some of them I put in my own trunks amongst my things. My "doctor" was very anxious about my travelling with so much baggage; and the gentlemen tried to frighten me in all ways, saying, "Of course they expected me back that very day and they would come and see me in the old capitol" (prison); for, said they, "You surely do not expect to carry all those contraband goods into Dixie?"

I replied, "You do not know what we ladies can do in case of need. I have always some arms with me, the hardest Yankee heart could not resist my tears." How little did I think that I would have to take refuge in tears, and that I would have to plead my cause as if my life depended on it. Poor me! I soon saw that I was watched with suspicion; still I went on, paid double the price for my baggage, but did not make any remarks, and answered with perfect composure and politeness the questions asked me. I expected they would telegraph to the Point, where I had to cross the river, to arrest

me. When I arrived there, I had hardly time to alight from the carriage, when a crowd of soldiers seized upon my trunks, taking them to the office of the Provost Marshal. I followed: I was determined not to leave them. The door was locked, and the Provost Marshal demanded my keys, saying, "I suppose you have no objection to have your trunks searched." I had, of course, a great objection, but did not dare to say so. I felt rather pale; I had gone through so much excitement that I did not feel strong at all. They found calico, cotton, shoes, groceries, fifty pounds of coffee and fifty pounds of rice, several bottles of brandy, and ever so many little things. The letters I had on my person, but they opened mine, read some of them, broke the seal of my will and read it. I told them that surely they did not expect to find any treason in my will? As they made only a few remarks on my goods, I hoped to escape and be released after the search; but I cannot tell you how I felt when all was locked up again and the Provost Marshal put my keys into his pocket, saying,

"Madam, as I have found no suspicious letters in your trunk, I will give you a pass, but you must leave your trunks behind, you have too many goods."

I could not answer directly, but I was resolved not to leave my trunks behind unless forced to it, so I said:

"No, thank you, sir, if you confiscate my goods, you have to confiscate me too; but there is one hope left me: show me, please, to the Commanding Colonel, and I will speak to him." I soon was in his tent, waiting for him, for he was at dinner. I did not dare to see

what time it was, for I had a tedious road before me in a stage, which I was afraid would not wait for me on the other side of the river. I sent word to the driver not to leave without me. I felt rather a little faint when I was waiting for the Colonel, for I had not eaten anything since early in the morning, and it was late in the afternoon, I knew by the sun. I had plenty of luncheon my "doctor" gave me, but I could not eat until I should have rescued my goods. My heart would beat so quickly when I thought of what I had to tell the Colonel in order to move him. At last he came. His appearance inspired me at once with courage. I was introduced to him by my guide, and he was told for what purpose I had asked to see the Colonel. I then spoke; and he, of course, did not believe a word of what I said, although he did not say so. He began to examine me; I answered openly and freely, and as much to the purpose as I could. I give you here my interrogatory, or rather our conversation, for I know it will interest you.

"How is it that you came with goods, when you must have known that the blockade was observed very strictly?"

"Most of the things are my own clothes; having to go to Washington for them, I took the opportunity of bringing some provisions with me, thinking of course that the groceries being for our own use, the Provost Marshal would have no objection to my taking them."

"How is it that if you live in Leesburg that your things were in Washington?"

"I was there four months ago, thinking to return to

Europe ; but having heard that Mrs. Edwards, the lady with whom I live, was ill, and alone, that they had had several fights in town, which is enough to frighten a lady, I at once decided to return and remain with Mrs. Edwards for the present ; I had to leave all my things behind, because circumstances prevented me from taking them."

"What do you want so much coffee, rice, and dry goods for, if you say that Mrs. Edwards has no family? I suppose it is to supply the rebels: you are aware that I cannot act against the orders I have received."

"If it seems much to you, it seems very little to me to live on for the whole winter; the dry goods are not all for us, much of it is for the servants; they have to be clothed you know. I do not see why you are so strict with me, when at different times the Sesech came and brought ever so many goods over without being seized."

"Yes, that happened before I came to this post, but what I condemn in others, should I do it myself? Why did you hide the goods in your trunks? That shows you knew you acted wrongly."

"That does not show any such thing; it was more convenient for me to have everything in the trunks. Colonel, I have been a Unionist until now, but if you bring me into so much trouble, and force me to remain here, I dare say I shall turn perhaps a violent Sesech."

He laughed heartily, and said :

"We should be very sorry to lose a good Unionist in Dixie, for the rebels are very bad there. My men complain of them very much; but may I ask you, if you

are a Unionist, as you say, why do you remain amongst the rebels? Why not come over and live under the Federal Government?"

"Because, as I told you before, I went to stay with Mrs. Edwards. It is a duty for me to do, which lies nearest before me; it was a great comfort to her when I returned."

"Mrs. Edwards has a faithful friend in you, and she could not have sent a better representative than yourself; I suppose she was aware of that. What views has Mrs. Edwards?"

"Mrs. Edwards wants and prays for peace; she thinks the war very wicked, and her heart bleeds when she hears of the slaughter of that once so prosperous a nation."

"You have been in a good school; you do not commit yourself."

"Saying nothing but the truth, I could not possibly commit myself, as truth is always straight and clear. O, Colonel, be merciful once in your life and release me. Let me go home with my trunks. Mrs. Edwards will be so anxious about me; I was so much longer away than I intended; please, please, grant my prayer, you will never regret it, for you will feel so happy when I shall have gone; I will bless you all the days of my life if you grant my request."

"You could not do anything better for me. I indeed am very much obliged to you for your kindness. However I am very sorry that I have to refuse you. If I remain a few days here, I will see if I can get a pass for you; but you need not wait; put all the goods in one

trunk, take your own things with you, and I will let you have a pass."

"No, no, Colonel, I cannot leave anything behind: do you want us to starve?"

"Is it possible that you should be so badly off there?"

"Of course it is possible; we only had a few frozen potatoes, the only vegetable when I left; you know our money does not pass. Oh, do not be so heartless; you see I am not going to leave this tent until you are moved."

"I am sorry for you indeed, but it will not do for us to feed the rebels and to help their cause in that way. Why does Mrs. Edwards not leave Virginia and go to her native State, which you say is New York?"

"Because she has her property there; if she leaves she has nothing to live upon."

"Many families had to leave their property and go North in order to be protected by the Federal Government."

"I know it; they could do it, or were forced to it; Mrs. Edwards cannot do it, therefore she will remain until forced."

"Madam, I wish I could with good conscience comply with your request. Do not you see, if I act against my orders, it will bring me into trouble, and that I will have to answer for it?"

"Colonel, if it was something wrong I asked you to grant me, I would not have had the courage of detaining you so long, and of being so persevering. I will pray that no harm shall come to you."

I was quite blinded by my tears, and my voice began to falter, when once more I appealed to him in a faint voice.

“Colonel, have pity upon me; say one word; you have it in your power, and you can make me happy and grateful to you all my life.”

He then began to inquire about my papers. My guide answered that no suspicious papers were found. There was a pause; my tears came fast. The Colonel walked up and down, ordered some wood to be brought into the stove, and then turned to me.

“Madam, I cannot resist any longer your pleadings; I will give the Provost Marshal orders to give you a pass, as well as for your trunks, whatever may be the consequences of it.”

“Thank you, Colonel. I know you will never regret it; for a good action always brings its own recompense with it. I know your conscience will approve of your kindness to me. I shall never, never forget it; neither shall I forget the promise I made. You will be remembered in my prayers. Now, farewell, the Lord bless you!”

I shook hands with him, and then left the tent to go to the office. I was so overcome that I burst into tears whilst walking through the encampment. Some officers passing looked kindly at me, and even the soldiers touched their caps as if they all sympathized with poor me. However, my heart was light, and I thanked the Lord from the inmost of my soul for having delivered me from that trouble. I do not think the Provost Marshal was very pleased with the order;

he would have forgotten to give me back my keys, if I had not thought of it myself. I had to wait a long time at the river ; but I could now eat my luncheon, and everybody seemed to me so kind. When I was on the Virginia side it was dusk, and of course night when I arrived at home ; but I did not mind it, the stars shone so brightly ! Mrs. Edwards was standing at the door with a light in her hand. I got a warm kiss of welcome, and a bright joyful smile. How glad she was to see me. She had not received any letter, and to the many inquiries about my long absence, she had replied that only sickness could detain me. I know she said to those who were raising doubts in her mind, that Mademoiselle will not come without her trunks, even if she was arrested ; she will not leave anything behind ! I had to repeat again and again my adventures. About two weeks afterwards Mrs. Edwards received a verbal message from the Colonel at the Point, which was about in these words.

“ Colonel —— lets Mrs. Edwards know that he is very sorry to have been obliged to detain the lady who had gone through with her trunks. He had heard that Mrs. Edwards was a violent Secessionist, a reason more to detain the goods ; but even if she was one, he could not resist the pleadings of the lady. It is for her sake that Mrs. Edwards got the goods. Any letters or goods in a small quantity sent to his care, he will with pleasure forward to Mrs. Edwards.”

You can well imagine that not only Mrs. Edwards, but I also, was extremely pleased with that kind message. Unhappily, he was soon removed from there, before

Mrs. Edwards could avail herself of the kind offer. She lost at that time a brother, and wanted some mourning clothes; although she always wears black; yet she wanted many little things. I was told that the Colonel was removed because he permitted goods to go over the river. I was very sorry indeed, and wrote to him to thank him for his kindness to us, telling him that I faithfully kept my promise; but I am afraid he never got my letter, and I have never heard anything from him since.*

The winter passed quietly, for the roads were impracticable; neither the troops nor the artillery could advance. We have much rain this spring, but the hostilities have again begun. A short time ago the rebels came into town to take away the conscripts and as many horses as they could get. They were slowly riding through the streets when some Federal cavalry dashed through the town and took some of them prisoners; some escaped by hiding themselves. I forgot to tell you that I could then understand why the Colonel was so incredulous. I did not say, when asked, that Mrs. Edwards was a Unionist, that confirmed what he had heard; however, I said the truth in saying, she is for peace, omitting only that she was for a Southern Confederacy for the sake of peace; although it was very doubtful if it would bring peace.

Where do you get the cotton from? What is the price of it? In Richmond a yard of calico costs three

[* When Mademoiselle Kaffery was staying with us some few years after the date of this letter, it was pleasant to hear that Colonel ——— escaped the dangers of active service, and won honour and respect. He retired from the army, and married happily.]

dollars; a bonnet a hundred dollars. Next winter, if the war lasts, will be a time of intense suffering, although the South boasts that the Yankees cannot starve them out; as the produce of their country is so plentiful. Yes, so it would be if there were any men left to cultivate it; but men and horses are taken.

Everything is of an exorbitant price. In some parts South, they use iron nails, each one five cents worth, to pay with. I have some scholars; but if I shall ever be paid, I do not know; because I do not care to take paper money, which is no use to me; so I let it go. I thought it was good for me to keep up teaching. I could have had a good situation in Maryland last year. I did not tell Mrs. Edwards, or she would have felt badly about it.

Mrs. Edwards and I read "Josephus" together; we have begun the second large volume; but now we read another book between. The genealogy of the kings was so confusing that our minds wanted a change in some lighter reading.

I must introduce you to our garden. You expect to have beautiful flowers in it, which I want to show you. No, indeed, we cannot get anybody to spade it, not even to put vegetables in it, which we want so much. The work is too heavy for me to do; so we have just to leave it in its own natural beauty. You have no idea how luxuriant it is in its wildness. There is a high willow tree just in front of, and which shades, the pump: it is full of life; a great variety of birds, red, yellow, black, blue, all mixed up together, and each one singing a different tune. Oh, how lovely is the

world, and men, the only reasonable creatures in it, so wicked. The greatest plague we have actually to endure is that of being in the power of the slaves ; although most of them have run away ; yet most of the families have one, and some children left. I only wish that all the Abolitionists had to bear from them what we have to bear. Gracious God ! is it possible that any human creatures can be as vile as they are ? I hope ours will run away before long ; although I do not know what we should do : not a human creature to do anything for us. You never can have a right idea of our situation, and it is strange that many men have lost their minds since war began, and we, the more feeble sex, we stand it. The Lord be merciful unto us ! Shooting down a man because he does not do as you do, or think as you think, is as little regarded now as if they shot birds from a tree. No law, no police, to restrain the wickedness of these brutes—I cannot call them men ; my heart aches ; I must not speak of it ; I get so bitter. I was going to fill three sheets, this is already the fourth, and I have not done yet.

May 23, 1863.

YOU must have read an account of the battle that took place near Fredericksburg on the opposition side, where the Federals have been beaten. General Sedgwick and General Hooker were driven back across the river. The papers state their loss comes up to 15,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing. In this battle the hero, General Stonewall Jackson, paid the last tribute to the Southern Confederacy. He was, however, not killed by the enemy ; but dangerously

wounded by his own men, to whom he had given orders to fire on any one who should move from a certain road. The General, not thinking of the order he had given, and it being dark, received three balls, two in his arm, and another in the bend of the other arm, which was very much shattered. The arm was amputated; he lived eight days; his wife went to nurse him. So he died! He was a brave man in the prime of his life. The Southern army has lost a host in him alone. They have lost 10,000 men.

A few more such battles, and the Southern army will no more exist. While this battle was going on, General Stoneman's cavalry was advancing to a few miles before Richmond, tearing up the railroad and doing other damage. They were in a great panic in the capital. They thought that General Lee had been defeated, and that the Yankees were coming to take possession of the capital. However, the cavalry returned, after having cut off, as they thought, the supplies from the rebels. The mischief was, however, soon remedied: they derived no other satisfaction from their raid than to have frightened the inhabitants of Richmond.

I know you will like to hear a little incident which I shall remember as a little oasis in the wilderness, or as the poetry of the war.

Last autumn, when the Federals were in possession of the town, a young mother died, leaving four little children and an afflicted husband. It was a clear, bright Sunday morning. I went to the gardener, who lives out of town, to get a bouquet for the departed

mother. On coming home I found another lady speaking to Mrs. Edwards on the steps in front of her house—that lady had also a bouquet for the same purpose. Whilst waiting for her, a litter was brought, carried by some soldiers, others following; amongst them was an army physician, who came up to us to ask the name of the street, etc. Mrs. Edwards asked him about the deceased. He said he was only sick a few days, the only son of his parents, and very young. I was deeply moved; poor youth, far away from home, dying in the enemy's country, where no soothing hand of mother or sister was with him; no friendly voice speaking to him of a better world. There he lay without a coffin, no one to mourn over him except his comrades. He was not going to be buried in a burying ground, but in some field. I pictured to myself the affliction of the young man's parents and sisters. Suddenly a thought occurred to me—it was a flash sent through my mind—Shall I? May I venture? Some Scotch ladies had gathered round Mrs. Edwards, perhaps they would sneer at it; but why should I care, if my conscience approves? Thus I reasoned; quick! or it may be too late. I went into the room, untied my bouquet; took some other similar flowers which I had, and made two bouquets of the same size. I then slipped across the street and presented my offering of sympathy to one of the soldiers, requesting him to place it in the hand of the departed. He took it, lifting his cap, and thanking me, and I slipped away as quietly as I could.

This little act of sympathy was not, however, such a

secret as I thought; for a soldier came up asking if I were the lady who had brought the bouquet for the young man. "Yes," I said.

He replied: "I come to thank you in the name of his comrades; we wish to know your name, if you please, and if you are a resident in the town."

I satisfied him, and then went to visit the poor woman's house. While I was there, the doctor whom I have already mentioned, came up to Mrs. Edwards asking her to write my name on a piece of paper, as the soldiers wished to remember it. He talked with her for some time.

Soon after this poor victim of this cruel war was buried, a division of the Federal troops passed through the town, going to re-inforce the army of the Potomac. We were standing at the window to see them pass, and we noticed one on horseback; he waved his hand towards us, giving us *such* a smile; I never shall forget it. I looked at Mrs. Edwards to see if she had noticed it; she smiled and said, "Mademoiselle, that happy smile was for you alone; he never will forget you."

"But who is he?" I asked. "It is the doctor who came to me for your name." I could not speak; but I felt happy. What do think of my little oasis? Was it not worth while to remember it? Dear me! what a long letter I have written, in spite of the drop of ink I have; so that I have to hold the inkstand in my hand to be able to dip my pen in it, and how prodigal I am with my paper; that is going, going, and will soon be gone. Two months ago I wrote home a long letter; but, unhappily, it is still here; it did not pass, and my

poor mother is expecting a letter from me for months ; my heart feels heavy to see that letter waiting.

I do believe all the hungry animals in town come to me to be fed, cats and dogs, all waiting for my appearance. We ourselves live on bacon and rice.

Our preacher told us in his last sermon that he believes the last time is at hand, when the sun shall be darkened and the moon cannot give her light ; the stars shall fall from heaven, and the great day of judgment is at hand. " Mark the signs around you, and you will see they correspond with the prophecies of the Scripture before the great coming of the Lord and the end of the world." *When* the millennium is going to take place, he, I suppose, would be puzzled to tell. I am going to ask him ; but I know beforehand the answer he will give me : " A thousand years are as one day before the Lord ; " saying thus, he can shorten to any limited time the period of a thousand years.

5th August, 1864.

MONTHS and months have passed since I wrote to you, although I received your letter. I am not going to write in detail to-day, because I want to send you my photograph ; it would make the letter too heavy. I thought as you have not my picture, you would like it. It was made in Washington ; and if you look very narrowly, you will discover my little lockets on one side, and two breastpins, one at the neck, the other, a little anchor, lower down. My face is very thin ; but you will not notice that much, as I was not fat in England. I sent four of them home to-day. I am just now in Georgetown ; came here the 2nd of July,

just a day before the raid of the rebels ; that keeps me longer here than I intended to stay. I hoped to make all my purchases in two weeks, and then return to Virginia. I had to get a permit to buy my provisions first ; but did not get it for the rest, because of the raid. I have nearly bought all the articles, but everything is so very dear, that we shall have to do without our accustomed luxuries, if we can only get the necessities of life, that we may live and not starve. I have not the least idea how I can go home. I could not even let Mrs. Edwards know that I arrived safely. I was very unwell when I left, and had a weary journey to make. I know she is very anxious about me. Baltimore was quite in jeopardy this time ; the city was in the greatest excitement. The alarm bell rang ; the citizens were armed ; and while they got ready to defend their homes, a battle took place at Monocacy, in which the Federals were driven back, but the rebels did not go to Baltimore, nor to Washington, although they threatened it. Fredericktown was in their possession ; they taxed the people, plundered the stores, took every horse they found, and a great number of cattle. They also burnt private houses, and a train of cars, after having robbed the passengers and turned them out. After that they re-crossed into Virginia, taking with them wagons full of booty. A few days after, another raid took place into Pennsylvania ; they burnt Chambersburg ; over 4,000 families are houseless ; the people could not immediately pay the enormous tax which was laid upon them. The latest news was that there were 80,000 men, General Lee at their head, in the

valley in Virginia, and the next raid would be to take the capital. If they should attempt that and succeed, the city, with its most beautiful Capitol, will be destroyed ; but I hope, although it is a most wicked city from the President down to all ranks ; yet I hope, I say, that the Lord will spare them for the sake of the five righteous that are in it. We had a fast, prayer and humiliation day yesterday ; but it seems a mockery, as they go on and sin wilfully. I went to a Methodist church ; heard a most eloquent and suitable sermon and touching prayers ; the minister read the first chapter of Isaiah.

I could not send any stamps or autographs ; because we were kept very strict all winter ; we could not send any letters, and could not receive any. I have only a few which I have to keep until an opportunity occurs to send them. Georgetown is separated from Washington only by a bridge. I stayed some time with the Swiss Consul in Washington. Now, my paper is already out, and I must leave you. I was in a New-Church social meeting in Washington. The heat was intense this morning, and is yet so ; we have no rain, and I suffer very much from it. I hope you will soon write. I long to hear from my friends in Europe. Oh ! for peace, peace ! God bless you all and poor me.

Leesburg, London Co. Virginia,
2nd July, 1865.

I AM still at Mrs. Edwards' in Virginia. My mother, however, as well as my brother, urged me to return

home; every letter is more and more pressing. I did not mention it to Mrs. Edwards while the war lasted; she could not spare me then; but since its close I had to tell her, and yet I am here. How shall I get away? how fix my time for my departure? Mrs. Edwards went to Washington in May; a sister of hers having been paralyzed, was then believed very low; two weeks after she died. Mrs. Edwards was absent three weeks, during which time I was head of the family here. Another death in the family is expected; a brother-in-law of Mrs. Edwards has the dropsy, and cannot possibly live much longer. Of course my queen is almost all the time with her sister; our family is reduced to us two; so I am a great deal alone.

16th July, Sunday.

I was interrupted in my letter by various hindrances. Our quiet home has become all at once animated by the arrival of some relatives, visitors from Washington, who are going to stay during the vacation, that is, two months. I went to see our patient this evening. As soon as he saw me he stretched out his withered hand; it was cold; mine was almost feverishly hot from the sultry heat; I felt that I shook hands with him for the last time; he could no more speak; but he understood every word that was told him; his countenance was calm; his breathing was very heavy. How was the strong-built man laid low! I was at the funeral of the father of some of my acquaintances this morning. This afternoon I went to sit with the daughters of the departed one: I knew I should be welcome. Then I went to see a widow lady, worn out and sick at

heart with all kinds of troubles, complaining of pains and aches all over. After listening for some time to all her manifold complaints, I left her, I think, feeling a little better.

July 17th, Monday.

Last night at twelve o'clock the suffering of our patient ceased. He leaves a desolate widow. The funeral took place this evening, as the body could not be kept until the next day, although there was ice all round the remains. I suffer a great deal from the heat. "In the midst of life we are in death." A young girl is taken from our midst this morning. It really seems that mortality follows the footprints of war. There is hardly a house where death has not entered. The famine has to come to complete the attributes of war; the wheat-crop has failed this summer, and vegetables seem to be unhealthy; so our troubles are not over yet.

You know from the journals the political proceedings. What do you think of the execution of the four principal conspirators against the life of President Lincoln? It was a dreadful judgment. Jeff. Davis's trial is going to be postponed. It is believed that he will be taken to Richmond and tried by a civil court. He is certainly a traitor of the blackest dye.

23rd July, Sunday.

Instead of taking a siesta, I shall add a few lines to my letter, if possible to mail it to-morrow. I do not write much this time, the heat is too troublesome; and then I still expect to see you in the course of this year.

But there is plenty of time for you to write. I am busy, very busy. Mrs. Edwards cannot spare me yet ; she is unwell, too, and all the visitors in the house. Try to find out what has become of all my friends in Westbrook.

20th August, Sunday.

We have just had a violent storm ; everything is violent here—the heat, the storms, the people ; they all are violent. My poor queen has been very sick with dyspepsia ; for three weeks she did not eat anything. The horrible nausea she had is enough to give one a dread of dyspepsia. I feel worn out ; everything is dependent on me. Thank God ! the weather is more moderate ; we have had more rain, which has cooled the air considerably. Mrs. Edwards' sister begs me to stay until next summer, when I could travel with the Swiss Consul. She thinks that before that time it will be decided whether they are going to leave this place. The war has ruined them both, and if one has to sell out, the other will. I do not like to promise to stay, because my poor mother is expecting me from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and I see another trying winter before me in Dixie ; but I promised I would not leave her sister while she is sick and without somebody to take care of her and her household.

You must remember that I wrote to you that my salary stopped ever since the beginning of the war. I gained a trifle in giving private lessons to a few children. I had only three last session. I always thought of leaving after the war should be over ; as I

thought then I should not be needed. I never touched on the subject to Mrs. Edwards, for fear of hurting her feelings ; she, of course, feels that the sacrifice I made for her is greater than she might have expected from a stranger, because I should have got another situation in Maryland, if I had left her more than three years ago. I do not, however, regret it ; I know her blessing will follow me everywhere, and I shall have the consciousness of having been useful, which is according to the doctrine of the New Church.

We have, again, a post-office, although a miserable one ; yet we can send our letters and can receive them ; so direct your letter to me as follows. I suppose you have not forgotten my name ? How does the Church advance ? You must reserve a great deal of love for yourself. If you should see any of the ladies in Westbrook, give my love to them, and ask them why they do not write ? I know they cannot have a particular reason ; but still they might have a bad one, which is better than none.*

Peaches are here a dollar a bushel ; except these, everything is kept up in high prices.

Your devoted friend,

MINNA.

Berne, the 2nd May, 1866.

YOU see by the date that I am in Berne ; my mother has kept to her bed for more than three weeks. As soon as I knew she was ill, I went to nurse her, and

[* The correspondence with this " family " appears to have been broken off owing to Mademoiselle Kaffery's warm adherence to the New Church, as she personally explained on a visit to England.]

I am here still ; she is recovering slowly ; when she is able to walk out, I shall take her to Neuchâtel for a change of air. I am sorry I cannot take her somewhere else, somewhere in the country. Neuchâtel is like a convent, because of the walls which surround the vineyards, and these again are in the town and surround it. I suppose this letter will not find you at home. My thoughts have been much with you all. I hope you are all pretty well recovered and enjoying the spring breezes. I longed to write to you long before ; but I had no time to do so. My heart is full to overflowing. As soon as I entered my native country I felt a cloud lowering on my head, and it gets darker and darker. I cannot remain in Neuchâtel ; my mother might have known it. Why persist in sending for me ? I have only one thought, and that is how I can leave this wicked country. I hate Switzerland ; although I admire its sublime beauties ; but the people are intolerable to me. My way is indeed dark before me, I cannot, and will not, remain in Neuchâtel. I told my mother so, and she understands my feeling ; but she knew it before. I thought to do my duty towards her, and now I suffer for it. I am unhappy, all my good spirits have departed. How shall I explain to you, my dear Mrs. H * * * ? I feel a stranger in my brother's family ; I and my brother's wife are opposites in every respect. I never approve of what she does ; I do not say it ; but what is the result ? I retire ; I keep in my own room ; I refuse all invitations.

I am silent and keep apart ; for I do not want to quarrel. I am polite, but not affable ; she too is polite ;

but we are not intimate. I am no more a Swiss ; all my feelings, my ways of thinking, my manners, and my speech have changed ; I have nothing in common with the Swiss people. I like well enough to have seen my brother's family, and to have paid him a visit ; but now I have done this, I want to go.

There is still another consideration for not being able to remain in Neuchâtel. I have made only one acquaintance that I really like. It is a lady, almost an angel. I love her, and therefore can openly speak to her. She tells me that I shall find it very difficult to gain my livelihood in that town ; it is difficult to be introduced into good families ; they shut themselves up ; they are sufficient to themselves ; it is, in fact, nothing else but selfishness. I suppose they call themselves the elect ; for they have formed a free church, not to be mixed up with everybody ; it is called a Free Church, because it is governed by themselves ; selfishness is at the head of it. Then comes another society, which is a little inferior to the nobility, but which keep up their heads so high that those who have to work, who honestly gain their livelihood, are their inferiors ; they cannot possibly have anything to do with them. Then come the merchants, and other professions ; these belong to the world ; they want to enjoy life and be merry, for to-morrow they may be dead ; they take the Sunday to make pleasure parties, and think they are wise. At last comes the poor class, not very poor ; there are not any in Neuchâtel, but those who have to work, work, and never have anything, who are resigned to their fate, because they have not known anything else all their

lives. I do not belong to either of these classes ; therefore I can only like exceptions, and Madame Junod is certainly an exception ; but her pale face, her angelic sweetness of manners, only too much show that she is almost in the other world.

It did not take me much time to find out the state of things in my new home ; but I was much away ; I like to go from one place to another. As soon, however, as I think I have to settle down, I begin to feel a weight, an uneasiness I cannot express. My brother's children are very fond of me, and Berthe has very much improved. I do not want to be dependent on my brother ; I cannot and will not. I wanted to pay for my board and room from the first month ; but he refused so decidedly, and so did his wife, telling me not to spend my last penny. "Don't trouble yourself about that," said my brother, "as soon as you feel settled and gain something, then you can begin to pay for your board." It was very kind in him ; but it makes me feel so dependent, that to make up for it, I am working for the family, neglecting my own things again and again.

I began some work four years ago, which I have really not had time to finish yet. My mother too well understands that I cannot be happy so ; now it is too late ; I might have remained where I was, contented and happy. She consents that I should take a situation, and here I am again looking out for a family. It seems a new beginning ; all that trying time I seemed to have been left all to myself ; for I feel vexed with everybody ; people have such queer notions ; servants are either stupid or impudent. The peasantry used to be quite

separate from the town people, and the greatest simplicity reigned amongst them ; now they are mixed up ; peasant children are brought up in boarding schools with the others ; they only think of dress and beaux ; the costume is spoiled ; they cover themselves with velvet and silk, and gold and silver ; then they think they are ladies and young ladies ; whilst the daughters of the citizens leave their country as soon as they are out of school. I do believe three-fourths of the governesses in the whole world are Swiss. They all cry, " Let the people be educated ; let the freed slave be educated ; let them be equal with the white ; we are brethren ! " Yes, if they had a limit and moderation in everything ; but no, they are all fools, and ought all to be shut up in an asylum. The doings here are those of Sodom and Gomorrah, Babylon of old, and I expect yet to see their downfall. I look around for a little religion in that wicked town of Berne. There are churches, some eloquent ministers, and auditors who pronounce judgment on the sermon, then go home to a dance or the play, or have a little party at home. That party must be amused ; they play at cards ; they eat and drink much more than is necessary, and they call it " the enlightened age, the emancipation of Switzerland. "

Their love to the neighbour extends even farther ; for murderers are their brothers ; punishment with death is put away ; for if evil-doers are dead, they cannot repent ; therefore they are shut up for a few years, and then let loose ; they have had just time to meditate other actions more wicked than the first, when they are released from prison ; then they go and execute their

plans cleverly ; this time they are not caught. What a clever fellow he was ; everybody laughs and is delighted at the rascal's cunning ! Formerly, in fifty years there were not so many murderers executed as there are now murders committed in one week. Two neighbours quarrel ; one goes away from home, the other waits for him behind a tree with an axe or a knife ; he kills his neighbour, then goes and delivers himself up ; the judges are in ecstasies ; what a man ! his conscience did not permit him to hide (if he had been aware that he would be punished as he deserved, he would not have committed the evil deed). But the government, the judges, are corrupted : they are rascals themselves ; the few good ones must look on and be quiet ; he is looked upon with suspicion ; for he is against enlightenment. People also talk a great deal about the millennium. The Scriptures are explained ; calculations ingeniously made ; so that some have come to the conclusion that these happy thousand years are passed. They say when that time began and when it ended ; but others come and prove it does not agree with the prophecies, and the edifice is pulled down and another built ; in fact, everyone who thinks seriously on the subject believes something else, and all believe it to be right. Indeed, if I had not made my choice, I could never get settled. I should say " everyone is wrong, therefore I do not want to believe anything. Chance has made the world, and we are our own masters." Many have come to that conclusion, and think now they have settled that difficult question. I believe it to be the end, or the beginning of the end, of the old dispensation. Satan has a regular

festival with all his hosts ; his kingdom seems to extend all over the globe ; he rejoices over his victories ; he is busy working whilst it is night ; for the morning will dawn, when he will have to hide himself, for fear of being recognized and driven away. But I must end my lamentations ; perhaps I have tired you already.

I had such a dear letter from my Virginian friend ; if I could leave, I should certainly go back to her. She has missed me, she says, every day, every hour. She fell on the ice in going to church early in February ; she hurt herself so much that she could not move for six weeks. She says again and again that nobody can fill my place. What a happy meeting it would be ; it is only my mother who keeps me back, although Mrs. Edwards writes that their country is far from settled. There are so many parties : most of them cry against Johnson. Of course he cannot please everybody, and it seems a difficult question, What is the best to be done ? I should not wonder if Johnson was murdered ; they exercised their skill on Lincoln, and found it was not half so difficult to execute. Have you heard of the disappearance of one of the falls at Niagara, the one on the American side ? Mrs. Edwards did not mention it ; but it must have happened only when the letter was written ; for she would surely have told me of it, because I was there. She knows I take an interest in it.

I had a letter lately from Emma ; they are pleased with the young lady I sent them. If she was not there, I might have gone back ; for now I have again the habit of speaking French, and I think my mother would not object to my going to England ; it would have been pleasant to be again near you.

When I am in Berne I always go to the English chapel; unhappily the minister is very indifferent; he reads the service so fast and hurries over a short sermon; yet I like it better than any of the other churches.

You see, my dear Mrs. H***, I am just now in great uncertainty. May the Lord open a way for me; for I cannot remain long so. I do not gain anything. I forgot to tell you, children learn English at school, and, of course, they have their professors and teachers. I cannot interfere, and have no mind to do so. I only want to go away. I want very much to know how you all are. I hope, though, every one of you has recovered, and is enjoying again good health and good spirits. My mother is very low-spirited at times.

My respects to your minister, Mr. Gladwell, is it not? Now you have to distribute a great deal of love to each and to yourself.

Neuchâtel,

le 20 Mai, 1867.

YOUR kind letter was received in due time, and gave me much pleasure. I was so much engaged that I could not find time to write sooner, and now I choose yours first amongst the many letters I have to answer.

We went (the Consul's wife, Gertrude, and myself) to Berne to meet the Consul. On the fourth of May, Saturday, they arrived at ten in the evening. He had with him two young ladies, one a friend of his wife,

the other a New-Church acquaintance. They came to travel with them under his escort, and to visit the Exhibition. I left them that evening, because I very well felt I should be now like the fifth wheel in a carriage. On Sunday they went to Thonne, a spot which is visited by all strangers; wishing to take a walk, they were going to leave the hotel, when one of the young ladies fell (the friend), and broke her leg above the knee; they had to take rooms and send for the doctor. On Monday the Consul came to ask me to go to Thonne, as they wished me to return to Lausanne to pack up and to settle the accounts. I went; I found the invalid quite cheerful, and all resigned to stay in that most charming place for at least five or six weeks. The next day I went to Lausanne, where I was very busy for two days; then I took the baggage with me, and delivered it up into the hands of the Consul, whom I found at the station waiting for me.

I have stayed with my mother ten days. I found her much altered, very feeble and trembling; she was unwell almost all last winter, and hardly recovers strength. She intends to go into the country for a few weeks, as soon as she is well enough. Poor mother! she was expecting me with great impatience, and now she wishes me to live with her, to take a room where she has one, to be able to look after her, for she really wants that also. There are deaconesses in the establishment, and she has besides that a servant yet; still she is very often alone, and feels always very lonely without one of her family with her.

I do not like the idea of going to Berne to live. I

always hated Berne ; it cost me a great combat to give way to my mother, and yet, if she should die without me being with her—for she really does not look as if she could live another year—I should reproach myself and be very unhappy not to have accomplished her wish ; so I shall have to take the necessary steps to be admitted as pensionnaire in the establishment. There are always a great many on the list ; so that it will not be for the summer at any rate. They only take a certain number. I shall have to move my furniture and everything from Neuchâtel to Berne. I do not seem to get a home ; I am like the wandering Jew ; and all the expense of moving again !

When we were at Lausanne, the Consul's wife and myself went to Geneva for a few days ; so I have been altogether in eighteen cantons. I feel thankful for these ten happy months. I am going to stay for the present at my brother's. At the beginning of June I expect a call from a whole family from England, who intend to visit the Exhibition, and will call on me at Neuchâtel, as they think of making a little tour through Switzerland. After that I shall accept an invitation in the Canton de Vaud, where I have a very good friend, and where I was soon after my arrival from England. My brother's family is well, except, however, the little one ; she is so very thin, and does not look well at all. They were both very happy when I came home ; but, dear me ! how their tongues go, how much they have to say ! Berthe dit : " Maintenant, chère tante, tu resteras avec nous, vois-tu ; tu t'habituas tellement à voyager que tu ne veux plus rester avec nous, tu veux toujours

voyager, tu resteras, n'est-ce pas, mais toujours, toujours, etc. Je vais toujours voir mon amie que j'ai ici à Neuchâtel et que j'aime beaucoup, son fils va se marier le mois prochain, elle n'a qu'un fils et une fille. J'ai vu la jeune fiancée, elle est une belle fille, et le choix de son fils la rend très heureuse."

I have just received a parcel of letters from my American friends. I have all these letters to answer, and so many others to write. I have to deliver kind regards to my dear Mrs. H. * * * from Mrs. Edwards at Leesburg ; in fact to the whole family. She tells me not to forget to mention you in my letter to her. She has had to give up her school ; so many others sprang up, that she had only two at the beginning of one session. She takes now, as she did during the war, grown-up boarders, and in time, that is to say, if she gets a good price for her house, she wishes to sell it with all the furniture, and go boarding with one of her friends in the North. She says my place could never be filled, and her sister who lives with her sends me a message of the same kind. She says, "There is only one who could fill that empty place, and that is yourself." I believe if I could go back she would not sell the house, but go on with the boarders. They all express a wish for my return. One of the liberated slaves writes to me sending me at the same time her photograph ; she was living with us ; it gave me a great deal of pleasure to see how I am remembered by white and black. Old blind Aunt Peggy speaks of me still with the greatest affection, and sends her love. All the blackies who knew me asked if no letter had come. But many changes have taken

place; many are married; others have gone to the other world; still others have moved away, and new-comers have settled down. The darkies do all go to school; they are still badly off with servants; not much order yet.

I read one day in the paper the announcement of a New-Church book in Lausanne by Bugnaon. I went to see it and to inquire who he was. I was told that he was from Lausanne, but just now at some place in Australia, being a bishop of the English Church there. I think this must be a mistake. The book came out a few years ago, but could not be sold; another bookseller undertook again to sell it. There are meditations for every day in the year. I should have liked to buy it; but I had so many indispensable expenses that I could not well spare the three francs fifty centimes.

It is time, my dear, that I thank you for the description of the wedding of your brother, and of the house of the newly-married couple: it interested me very much. How quickly that house was built up; I understand the emotions you went through.

How I should like to see you all again! Thank you for all your kind feelings and wishes for me. I shall want at first submission to the will of God, for I believe the way traced out for me is to go to my mother, to take care of her; if she was anywhere but in Berne, I should like it well enough; I never liked the people there. Then I must have a great supply of patience; not so much for the infirmities of old age, I shall have enough for that, but with my surroundings.

I dread them. I am so different in my feelings, in my ways of living. What I wanted to say is to ask you to remember me in your prayers. Duty is sometimes too hard ; the way is clear enough before me ; but there are so many thorns in it.

I wonder now whom you finally got as a clergyman in your chapel. I trust he will be a good preacher and a friend to you all. I am so badly off about finding a preacher that suits me at Lausanne. I tried them all ; I found, happily, one of the Free Church, whose sermons I could listen to without being vexed at what he said.

It is very difficult to write on this fine paper. I hope you will be able to read it. Address the letters again to Neuchâtel.

Adieu, my dear friend.

Grandchamp,

le 27 July, 1867.

MY last letter was written, I believe, after my return to Neuchâtel. Did I not say in it that I expected the family from Chart Court ? At least I hoped to see them all at Neuchâtel. How strange every change and event seems to me. I was ill in bed for six weeks ; the family came, appointed a time to meet me at Berne, but I could not move from my bed. On Saturday before Ascension Day I began to feel very unwell ; the short time I was at my brother's, I had done the most pressing and necessary business ; for I found a great deal to do, having been absent eleven

months and having left so suddenly. I felt a restless, nervous irritability, which prompted me to do a great deal. On Ascension Day I still felt badly ; although I had kept my bed for two days. A friend of mine had written to me she would be at Neuchâtel on Ascension Day, and asked if she might stay for a day and night at my brother's? I did not want to be in bed to receive her ; but went to the boat and afterwards to church with her ; and after church we went to see together our mutual friend, Madame Junod. In the afternoon I had to go to bed again. The next morning I said to Madame Farnallaz, " Don't go away and leave me behind sick." She had invited me and wanted me to accompany her. She consented to stay, and from that time she became my faithful nurse for four weeks, not leaving me day or night. What a kind, tender, affectionate friend she was during that time. I happily found a homœopathic doctor at Neuchâtel, who was at the same time a Christian, and besides that I had Madame Junod, of whom I have surely already written. Many, many prayers from them went up to the throne of grace. Also from the neighbourhood I had tokens of affection, and messages that friends were praying for me. Instead of feeling fretted and uneasy about being ill, I was not only resigned, but it was a delicious time. My kind nurse told me : " The Lord gives you a holiday ; but remember, dear, He wants to commune with you : He has to tell you something ; listen to His voice."

My brother was exceedingly kind ; he did all he could to show me his affection, and came into my room

every minute he could spare from his business ; his wife, too ; the children were kept quiet. Berthe cried very often because her aunt was ill, and they both prayed for my recovery. The Lord was good to me ; oh, why should I ever doubt one moment His tender mercies and His lovingkindness ?

After four weeks the doctor thought a change of air would be of greater benefit than medicine ; so they consulted. My mother had come too. It was agreed I should be transported to Grandchamp, an hour from Neuchâtel, to a *maison de santé*, founded by Mademoiselle Bovet, one of the first families of the Canton. My faithful friend brought me here, as she said, half-dead ; she told me it was a great trial to her to leave me ; but she was wanted at her own home, and she knew she left me in good hands. Mademoiselle Bovet is the directrice of the establishment, as well as of another composed of orphan girls. She has a Deaconess for the sick, one after her own heart ; for faithfulness and charity are the springs she acts by. I wish you could know Mademoiselle Bovet. There is in the Church of Switzerland another Church, composed certainly of a few, but they are the salt of the earth ; she is one of them. It is now already five weeks I have been here. My health is returning ; I am getting stronger ; it is so exceedingly pleasant to live with true Christians, in the atmosphere of peace. I thank my heavenly Father for having brought me here.

My friends were very anxious to open my eyes to the errors I had fallen into in accepting the visionary views of Swedenborg. Mademoiselle Bovet not knowing the

doctrine herself, inquired into it of learned men who had read some of the works themselves; they all agree that we reject the sacrifice of Christ, and therefore there is no blood for us to cleanse us from our sins. Cécile, my friend who nursed me, did not let me take one of my New-Church books with me. She packed my things up. I asked her to put some of them in; she said, "No, you are not going to have any books but the Bible;" so I am reading *The Book* a great deal, and I want to ask some questions. I hope I have not forgotten them now. I have no doubts about our doctrine, and I have a clear idea about our view of redemption. I call it to mind very often, as I have to answer all the questions asked me; but still there are so many passages in the Epistles, and even in the Evangelists, that favour much more the old Church views than ours; at the same time that of the Trinity. How and why is this? Although it is absurd to say we have no Christ; yet the Apostles even after His resurrection separate the Son from the Father so distinctly, that it is no wonder they take Him for two persons. And this in Daniel vii. 13: "One like the Son of Man came in the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days," etc. The "Son of Man," of course, must mean the Lord in His humanity, and the "Ancient of Days," the Lord after His glorification. I wish, my dear friend, if you cannot write yourself, to ask one of your daughters to write to me about that question above, and if the latter is a right view of it.

Oh! how I wish to have a long, long conversation with you, to ask so many questions, as I do not want to

have my religion contemned by those who do not at all understand it.

I have been reading an interesting book which Mademoiselle Bovet lent me. It is written in French, by her brother-in-law, Felix Bovet. I never had read anything about the Moravians; so I was very glad to know that ancient Church nearer. Zinzendorf from his babyhood had an ardent love for his Saviour, whose faithful servant he remained to the end of his days on earth. It was quite touching, as well as surprising. He and his wife agreed to offer their first-born son to the Lord. Whilst they presented him in prayer to their Saviour, the baby died in his cradle. Many blamed him for this; but he wanted to show the love he had for Jesus. He had, too, such a living charity never to condemn another's views; the tolerance he showed for other creeds is remarkable; although he kept strictly to that of the Lutherans. I am going to read another of Felix Bovet's, his "*Voyage to the Holy Land.*" I have made another acquaintance since my stay at Grandchamp; it is the wife of the doctor who visits the sick here. Madame M. is a Russian lady, very accomplished, speaks English, German and French fluently, and, of course, Russian. Besides that, I do not know what she knows. All her brilliant acquirements shine to the glory of God. Before she was married to Monsieur M., she was divorced from a first husband; then she retired to Grandchamp (I must say that he was a Russian). There she nursed the sick. Monsieur M., visiting them, saw that foreign flower, so modest, so delicate, and so lovely. He plucked it for himself and

made her his wife. She increased in Christian virtues more and more. Now when you see her, you ask yourself if it is not an inhabitant of a heavenly world. All the words that proceed from her mouth are love and peace. She is trying to make a home—to establish one, I mean—for governesses who come to Switzerland for renewing their strength and health; she has, I think, six of them; but she comes to Grandchamp to visit the sick. The first time I saw her was on the second day of my arrival here. I had, during my illness, become so nervous, any noise was dreadful to bear. I had a great fear of rats and mice, which I always imagined were all around me, in my bed, under my pillow; it was quite a persecution, and even now I get terrified at the least noise in the night. When she was with me, we had a storm. I felt all in a quiver in my bed, and finally I burst into tears. She laid her hand on my head, and said, “‘Peace, be still,’ the Lord is speaking; let us listen to His voice.” There was such a heavenly expression in her face, that I looked at her to see if she had not changed into an angel. Now say, was not the Lord good to me? I shall remain here until I am entirely recovered; yet I do not want to stay longer than necessary, because I have to pay my board. However, the Lord knows that I consider myself His pensioner. He brought me here. How wonderful! for the last six years I have gained, so to say, nothing, and yet I have always had enough and to spare, for I gave a great deal, not only in America, but since my return. My mother was afraid I should fret because of the expenses of my illness; but I wrote to her on a slip of

paper, as I could not speak loud enough to make her hear : " No, mother, I had not one uneasy moment about that ; the Lord knows it has to be paid : that is enough."

And now, my dearest friend, it is time to ask you how you are, and your family, and where are you ? I should very much like to receive a letter before leaving here, at least two weeks longer, probably more ; but as I am going to my friend Cécile in the Canton de Vaud afterwards, I still shall have a long holiday. I do not know what I am going to do after that. I think I told you about my mother's plan to go and live with her at Berne, and how unwilling I am to perform that duty. If the Lord wants me there, I hope He will give me submission to His will. I am making a cure here, drinking mineral water and bathing. I heard from the Consul's wife the other day. They are still at home ; they go to Paris in September, where they will stay some time : after that they intend to go to Italy.

My brother was at the Exhibition ; but I have not seen him since his return.

I do not know yet what minister you have ; because it was not settled when you last wrote. In case you cannot send me a letter in the course of two weeks, then address it to Neuchâtel.

Tell me how you are, my dear, dear Mrs. H * * * How I want to see you, and you all. Now good-bye, dearly beloved friend. A great deal of love to you from your much attached and affectionate friend.

Avanches,

7th October, 1867.

NOT having had any answer to my letter of the 27th July, I begin to be very anxious to know the reason of this long silence.

I wrote to you about my long illness and my stay at Grandchamps. I remained there fifteen weeks; went to Neuchâtel afterwards; then to Berne; and again to Neuchâtel. I have been now three weeks at Avanches with a friend of mine.

I was told that a young lady of this town is going to leave for England to-morrow. I wish I could go also. I want to see you very much; as it cannot be, I will at least give her a letter or two. Did I not tell you that I expected to go and live with my mother? Well, I am not going now; circumstances have changed. I have to take again a situation. How I should have liked to go to England, to my dear old England, as well for the Church as to be near my dear friends. If you hear of anything, please think of me. I am going to leave Avanches in a few days. You know my first plan was to settle at Neuchâtel. I did, however, not get enough lessons to pay for my board. No; I would seriously think of gaining my livelihood, and for that purpose I must leave my country. I am told that Mademoiselle Blanc of this town keeps a boarding-house for governesses at London. A great many Swiss ladies go to England, and find a situation afterwards. I do not know what to do for the present. May the Lord open a way for me!

My sister-in-law has been very ill ; and Berthe, my little niece, has been with me ; she is quite contented, never wants to go home again. I shall be sorry, for the children's sake, to leave my brother. Still I think it is for the best.

The Consul and his wife are at Paris now. You know the friend at whose house I am staying now is the one who nursed me so faithfully during my illness at Neuchâtel.

[In the interval between the previous letter and the following one, Mademoiselle Kaffery appears to have returned to England, and during her visit to Mrs. H * * * she became more and more imbued with the teachings of the New Church, gaining much instruction from the conversations and preaching of the Rev. T. L. Marsden.]

Westbrook, England,

28th December, 1867.

MANY, many thanks for your dear kind letter, and for the other letter of recommendation, and for the pretty card. I am so much obliged to you for all your kindness to me.

I received yesterday a letter from Mrs. Searle, to tell me she was prevented from going to Yorkshire by a very bad cold and cough she had, and not being quite well yet, she had put her visit off for eight days longer, inviting me most urgently to spend that week with her. Well, now nothing hinders me to go to Southshore. The letter I had written yesterday to Mrs. Searle did not go ; I added a few lines to announce my coming next Monday with the train at twelve, I think. Miss

Sophy said, "How strange all these little incidents! It looks as if it had to come so." The question is, however, if the Lord wants me to go. I was guided by circumstances; but I believe these are directed by Divine Providence, even in small matters. How I bless the New-Church doctrines which give me a clear idea of Divine Providence. I do not see the good of all that, but what does it matter? I shall see it afterwards, and even if I do not see the good of it, I am still certain that the way was traced out for me.

I have just written to my mother; she will get the letter on New Year's Day. I went to see Mr. S., the clergyman. He was not at home, and he did not come to see me; his sermons are horrible, dead, cold, good-for-nothing. I have been working for the missionary basket since my return here. Oh! will you ask M. if she will be so kind as to copy for me the remark on the Fenians, and the name of the poetry. Much love to you all. Good-bye, my dearest friend.

January, 1868.

[We find Mademoiselle Kaffery still a governess in a private family, where, on account of her religion, one member "will not shake hands with" her. She says in one of her letters she "taught the children for about nine months for nothing but cold mutton, rice, potatoes, etc., but 'I must not let my heart be filled with bitterness.'

"I suppose Mr. Marsden has not heard of anything, or you would have let me know. . . They expect visitors to stay, and asked me to a late dinner; but I declined. What is a dinner to all the vexation of spirit I have to undergo?"]

Cantfield, Surrey,

27th January, 1868.

THREE weeks have passed since my arrival at Cantfield. I must begin at the beginning. When I arrived at Westbrook, after the dinner I took with you, I found a letter from my mother, and a very sad letter it was. I cried that evening. My poor unhappy sister left this world on the 30th of December, at eleven o'clock at night; there was not one of her own family with her. You know they would not let me visit her before I left; but if I had known she would so soon leave us, I would have stayed. My poor mother felt very lonely; there was so much to attend to; my brother only just had time to go to the funeral. My sister was in her right mind to the last, and was very anxious to die; although she lamented having to leave her dear mother alone. When she was told that I had gone to England, she cried bitterly, saying that her dear aged mother was left all alone; her last word was for her. She told her nurse if anyone asked of what she died, she must say of home-sickness. It is a fact that she let herself starve; I may say, starve to death; because she could not live with her mother; even the heartless attendants in the asylum say so. It is something so touching and sad in her history, that I forget altogether her deliverance from years of misery and imprisonment that might have awaited her. I only think of her lonely deathbed; for she was dying slowly; for two weeks she lay

apparently in her last breath ; my mother saw her two days before.

On Tuesday I left Westbrook. I was alone in the carriage. I felt so sad that I was sorry to arrive anywhere ; my heart ached ; thus I was received by the five children of Mrs. Vernon and herself. The next morning I spent in the schoolroom, and ever since. Mrs. Vernon never speaks aloud ; she has lost her voice ; but the children obey her, and are in general good children. The eldest (sixteen) learns French and German ; but she is very indolent, careless, and has no order. However, I need not mind that, as this is not my final abode.

I had rather a great deal of trouble about the Home. I wrote, sending the two testimonials. I had an answer ; I must call myself, or send a friend. Mrs. Vernon offered to call ; but that was not enough. I had to write again, which I did. That is all now for the present. I had no answer to the advertisement in the *Times* : paid six shillings for it. An agent offered his services ; so I paid two shillings and sixpence beforehand, and if I get a situation, I have to pay five per cent. Meanwhile I am here ; Mr. and Mrs. Vernon are both very kind ; also her parents, who both live here.

I hope you are all well. What dreadful weather we had, and still have ; now and then the sun does come out.

A great deal of love to yourself. I have much more to say ; but two letters more wait to be written ; so good-bye, my dear Mrs. H * * * .

Cantfield,

February 14th, 1868.

LAST time when I wrote, I was in such a hurry and so cold, that I only scribbled a few lines. I send you back the paper,* for which I thank you very much. Is it not strange that I should see in it where Mademoiselle de S. now stays?

You know when I was with the Consul at Zurich, we met there with an American New-Church family. One evening, when invited to tea, they told us that they took their rooms all furnished from a New-Church Swiss lady, a Mademoiselle de S.; but they did not know where she had gone. When I saw her, she seemed to me rather bent to a dry, strict reasoning, without affection; she seemed to have thought that natural love to each other was wrong; it ought to be turned towards God alone. But how can one love God without first loving our neighbour? She may have changed since; that was before I went to America. I saw another name of a gentleman I knew in Philadelphia, that is Mr. Boericke. I believe he was the son-in-law of Professor Tafel, who resided at that time also in Philadelphia, and who during the war left the State and went somewhere else. I suppose the translator of "Le Boys des Guays' Letters" into German, Dr. R. L. Tafel, is the son of the old gentleman I knew in Philadelphia. By the bye, that Mr. Boericke gave me one of these German translations of "Des Guay's Letters."

Something else I saw which is worth noticing. In

* Probably a copy of *The New-Church Messenger*.

Professor Tafel's mission, he speaks in his letter of a Professor Pfirsch, of Schweinfurt, in Bavaria, as being the reviser of the German translation of the "Arcana." I do not know the professor, that is true ; but I was in a baron's family near Schweinfurt, where one of my pupils is married.

How strange to think that the new doctrine should have found ground there. When I was there, I had no idea of such a doctrine being in existence. I was looked upon by the family as a heretic ; "possessed by the devil," as a person of the house told me once, because I was so frightened at some gipsies who lingered in the neighbourhood ; the family was away, and I had charge of the heir. I fancied the gipsies were going to steal him ; therefore I could not sleep at night. I was watching over that sleeping boy, taking hold of him at the least noise. When the baron left, he said to me : "I leave our son in your charge ; I shall require him from you ; woe to you if anything happens to him !" Was it not enough to make me uneasy about him ? However, for all my care and watchfulness and sleepless nights, a person who was a kind of spy, told everybody that I was possessed ; because I had no rest. I am sorry that professor does not live at Schweinfurt, however, or I think I should have written to him to ask the name of my former pupil, quite a phenomenon at the time. The heir has died since ; but another heir took his place.

I shall be glad to get the explanation of the verses from Mr. Marsden. I do wish I had a little of Mr. Jones's gift to see these beautiful things.

The children are getting more and more unruly I think. Instead of punishing me, Mr. Kennedy has done me a favour in prejudicing the family against me; I really do not think I could stand it much longer. I begin to count the days, and yet I fear the approach of the time of my leaving, if no door be open to me. It is so hard to go and spend £4 in a month's time in the Institution, when it took me the hard labour of two weary months to gain that money. However, I will not despair yet; my prayers may be heard. How often, how very often, help has come in the last moment, which was, after all, the right time. I know my Heavenly Friend can help me, and if He does not in the way and the time I wish it, it is because my *feuille de route* is already traced out, a better way than the one I should choose. I feel so thankful not to feel fretful, but to trust, to wait patiently, to watch and pray. It is a grace for which I thank my Heavenly Father heartily. The woman has become such a comfort to me, who would not be rebuked, but said to our Blessed Lord: "True, Lord; but the little dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table;" and "it was done according to her faith;" and so many others who all received according to their faith.

The Lord bless you, my dearest friend. May His Holy Spirit dwell in us all.

[The first sheet of this letter is lost; hence no date; but it was also written from Cantfield.]

NOW I have to tell you something that will interest you.

Thinking before Easter that I should not have the

opportunity of communing in our Church perhaps for a long time, as I am fixed at Cantfield at least for the present, I thought I had better, therefore, take the communion in the Episcopal Church; but not wishing to do it with the appearance of belonging to the Church, I went to our clergyman, telling him my intention, and what Church I was a member of. He asked me some questions, which I answered, telling him also that I had not taken the communion for several years. One question and one answer led to another. Before I left him I had told him all the errors of the Old Church, particularly those of his own: I went to the very root of them. He then fetched a book, reading to me the summary of our belief, and then asked me if that was what I professed to believe? I told him, "Yes, with all my heart do I believe it; because it is the truth itself; it is clear, beautiful, and rational. Your belief is incomprehensible, irrational, erroneous; one doctrine does not agree with another, and besides that, it is an idolatrous belief; as you cannot make out of three persons one God. You dare not reason, because your belief will not bear it, but you have to believe blindly; so you are a blind shepherd leading blind sheep."

Now I have to tell you that he is a very grave, solemn man, elderly, and his sermons are extremely monotonous. After he had listened quietly to all I said, he concluded by saying what follows: "Seeing that you have such anti-scriptural ideas of our blessed religion, I cannot conscientiously allow you to come to the Lord's table. You are on the way to deny the

existence of God altogether ; your religion is the next step to infidelity ; and beware how you reason on such a holy subject. Your death-bed may be a torment to you ; you have no hope to rest on ; reason will not then save you." He then asked me many more questions, and I answered in a quiet, but firm way, telling many more truths. I thought to myself truth comes sometimes from a strange quarter. When I went to see him, I had no intention to go into any arguments ; as I had no idea how he would be disposed towards me. He then repeated that I had better not go to the Lord's table, for fear it would turn into a curse for me ; at the same time he felt a great pity for me, wishing to rescue me from such infidel persuasions. He invited me, therefore, to come and see him any evening at seven o'clock, and he would bring the truth clearly before me ; as there was still time to renounce this dangerous free spiritism, and turn back into the Holy Church, which never sends a true penitent away ! I did not answer directly to the invitation ; so he repeated it. I thought if I did not go he might think I did not because of fear ; so I said, Yes. I was willing to hear all he had to say, provided he did not expect me to believe blindly ; but let me have the liberty of making remarks, and saying all I had to say on the subject. He little knows what he has undertaken. I think I could speak for three hours without feeling in the least embarrassed. I think I shall most likely go this very evening. I wish you had this letter that you might think of me. He said a great deal more, only it would lead me too far to repeat it all.

I wish I could see you. I feel so interested in it, I should like to tell you all about it. That is, however, not the only chance I have had to introduce the New-Church doctrine to others. I am in correspondence with our Swiss minister in London; he is from Neuchâtel. I happened to bring him some letters and a little parcel; he wrote to thank me, sending me two little books. I wrote again, made some remarks on one of the books, telling him he must have taken it for granted that I was unconverted, worldly, etc.; so I told him the treasure I possessed; how I wished his eyes and everybody else's were opened that they could enjoy what I enjoy. It was a long letter, to which I expect an answer some of these days. He said in his last letter, he wished to have more time, as he should like to enter into correspondence with me on religious subjects.

I had the opportunity to make the acquaintance of some Puseyites. I like to know all about the different branches of religion. I heard Father Ignatius preach; I liked him, and had also to defend him; as he was torn to pieces by young and old. The whole service is, of course, much more Roman Catholic than Protestant; but after all, these are mere outward ceremonies. A New-Churchman can go everywhere without being influenced by it; reject what is erroneous; accept what is according to truth, and we may find something to benefit us even in a Puseyite church, and even from a sermon by Father Ignatius. Besides, his sermon was very good; he told them the plain truth; but people are too genteel to bear the truth; they only accept it when it is bedecked with silk and velvet; when it is embroidered.

It then sounds elegant and soft ; but then, of course, it has lost its genuineness.

I still keep on reading Dr. Bayley's Sermons, with the same delight and pleasure as the first time. I have now sent for another trunk from Switzerland ; but I should like to have that new book you spoke to me about.

I had a letter from Mrs. Edwards. She sends her remembrances to you and your family, wishing me to write to her how you all are.

I forgot to tell you that Mr. Kennedy, our clergyman, told us in his last Sunday's sermons what strange, dangerous doctrines were in circulation ; that every one should be on his guard, and not listen to anti-scriptural insinuations.

I have not given up the idea of writing for a periodical, if you could tell me which. I could not do it often ; I think every month once, and then should have to ask Miss M. to correct them for me. Mrs. Vernon is such an invalid that I cannot ask her. Until now, however, I have had so many letters to write. Good-bye ; love to all.

Remember me to your clergyman. I forget his name. I read now my letter through. Really, I am quite ashamed to send it ; such a muddle and mistakes. I do not know if you can understand it. The pen is bad, the ink is thick, and besides all that, my thoughts went faster than my pen.

I had only on Saturday a holiday ; they do not want to lose a lesson. I never asked you how you are.

Give my love and compliments to each of you. Oh, how I wish to spend the Sundays with you ! I went

regularly, almost every day, to church during Lent. That made me think that Mr. Kennedy might believe, seeing me at the communion table, that I belong to his church. I did not speak to Mrs. Vernon about it; but I shall as soon as I have the opportunity. I do not want to hide it, as if I was ashamed or afraid of what I profess to believe.

I had a letter from Mrs. Searle yesterday evening. She still tells me to take a house and boarders from London; but I think there is too much risk in that, and without money I could not begin such a thing; and to borrow I have hated. Through all my life I have kept from borrowing money; I disapprove of the plan; and I told her so before; still she thinks I might do well. I do not dislike the mode of living I am in now; it is very fatiguing, it is true; but the evenings are mine, and the Sundays are mine; in a situation no time would be entirely mine. I need not work for Mrs. Vernon. I do, however, often some work for her—free-will offerings—because she is an invalid.

30th May, 1868.

MANY thanks for your kind letter. I hope that your brother has entirely recovered from his accident. How very soon one has an accident. I never undertake a journey, however small it may be, that I do not say in my heart: "The Lord bless my going out and my coming in." But we are in danger every minute everywhere. How necessary, therefore, to put ourselves constantly under the Lord's protection;

but should something happen to us, then we know it is by the Heavenly Father's permission.

I need not have a catechism just now. You know I never have had a liturgy ; shall I ever want one ?

I must tell you the continuation of my interviews with the clergyman. He was indeed startled and horrified. I went to his house several times ; he was very severe, and prevented me from explaining once ; so that I did not speak a word ; I let him say all he wanted to tell, and then left him ; but the next time it was my turn to speak, and I did it fearlessly. He was very mild and gentle that time ; although he said it was terrible to hear me discussing religious subjects from such an anti-scriptural view. He then gave me a book to read on the Trinity, founded on Scripture proofs, asking me if I would read it, as it could not fail to convince me of my error ; unless I was so far blinded to all truth that nothing could convince me. I promised to read it, and I did. It was against Socinianism, or what do you call it ? I forget now. I then wrote him a letter, telling him that instead of being convinced of my error, the book convinced me of theirs. I said, in few but clear words, what my belief was on the different articles of faith ; then thanked him for the trouble he had taken about me. The letter, I dare say, will interest you. I kept a copy of it. He (Mr. Kennedy) was here yesterday ; came to see me last Saturday, but I was in London. He told Mrs. Vernon all about it. I had not told her ; I seemed never to have had the opportunity. He was afraid of my teaching the children. He then had a long conversation with me in the presence of Mrs. Vernon ;

but I must tell you that I scandalized them in another way.

I saw in the churchyard an inscription about the resurrection of the body. I nailed below it a declaration that the body would not rise; that resurrection follows death as certainly as the effect follows its cause. Although I changed the handwriting, Mr. Kennedy thought I must have done it; he asked me, first showing the paper. Of course I said "Yes." "And did you nail it yourself on the cross?" "Yes, certainly; I needed not help for that." "You did not think of what you were doing." I told him, "Passing there so often, that false doctrine on the resurrection stared me in the face, and I could not help correcting it."

Saturday, 2 o'clock.

You see I could not finish my letter the other day. What a storm we have to-day. I have been out this morning; came back very wet, and must have taken a chill. Two nights ago I was very ill. I almost thought I was going to die; but I got over it; the pain passed; it was dreadful, though; I did not like to wake anybody up. But never mind now; I will go on with my narration.

Mr. Kennedy told me then that he had told Mrs. Vernon about our interviews, my belief, and what he told me. Then they both made the remark that it was inconsistent to wish to commune in a church I acknowledged to be altogether wrong; even to go to another church than my own seemed to them strange. I answered that our church did not forbid it; that New

Churchmen could go anywhere without taking any harm from the errors they hear.

I was thinking afterwards that you might have believed I ought not to commune in another church; but, think of it, I have only had the opportunity of communing twice in our church, once, directly after my baptism, and once since, in ten years. I talked to the Consul about it in America, and he told me, in my case he would not hesitate to take the communion in another church; in fact, he has done so when separated from his church. He told me, too, that it was the beauty of the New Church, that we could hear and partake of other churches' dispensations without being or feeling scandalized by it, as we appreciated our own so much, we could not lose sight of it.

He (Mr. Kennedy) kept me a long time from my lessons that afternoon. I saw that he wanted Mrs. Vernon to hear me herself, to make her understand what a dangerous person I am. She said on one occasion that she knew me to be a person of very high principle; that she had entire confidence in me, and would not even now doubt that I would teach her children anything new without telling her first and talking to her about it; and that satisfied her; although she was very sorry for me.

I should like you to ask Mr. Marsden about the communion; although, of course, I shall not say anything about it again.

I told Mr. Kennedy I had rather be a Mohammedan—because they worshipped only one God—than a member of the Anglican Church, where they had three Gods to

worship; all three incomprehensible; One still angry, One appeasing His anger through His death on the cross, and One doing the office of a messenger, but not quite adored as much as the two others; that is idolatry. You see one question led to another. He said that my letter was very strongly expressed; that I must read a great many of these works of Swedenborg: I had better read the Bible. I asked: "How do you know I do not read it?"

I met Mr. Kennedy in the cottage of a blind woman soon after the letter. He did not speak to me then, but seemed to be quite astonished to find me there. He looked at me very sadly, and then only nodded, and went out. I go once a week to that woman to read to her; but I was not then reading, as I always have a little chat with her before.

A few days after that I met him; he then stopped and told me he inferred from my letter that I wanted to make a stop with our interviews. I seemed to be resolved to resist the truth, and to persevere in my errors. I asked him that afternoon he came to see us, if he would rather not see me at church, since he thought it inconsistent? to which he said, "That must rest entirely with you; if you can come conscientiously to our public worship, then I have still the hope that sometime or other you will hear some truths that will open your eyes, and bring you back to the sheep-fold."

All his sermons now tend to that; although, of course, nobody understands what his reason is for preaching so much about the Anti-Christ and false

doctrines; how forcibly he brings out their belief. It has done some good in stirring him up; so that his sermons have more life.

What do you think I did? I attacked a sermon of his in my letter, telling him what wonderful things a New-Church man would have brought out from his text; and then I went into an explanation of it. He answered in the next sermon, in speaking of the mildness of Moses; and yet, when the people provoked not him, but God, in making a golden calf, his anger or zeal for the honour of God made him break the tables, on which the Commandments were written.

But I must conclude; this is a long epistle. I told you we were in London. I made some necessary purchases, and then Mr. Vernon took us to see the Tower, which I never had seen.

My dear mother is getting infirm; she cannot walk about much; I am always grateful when I have a letter from her; I believe I write to her every two weeks. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Marsden.

July, 1868.

THE other day, as I was reading to a cottage woman (a rather superior one, and, being blind, the ladies go and read to her a great deal), Mr. Frank came in (he is the son of Mr. Kennedy, our minister, and also a clergyman). The woman, hearing who was coming, said, in quite an alarmed voice, "Do please hide your book." I put it on the table. I gathered now what I had only surmised, that Mr. Kennedy had

warned Mrs. Allen about my religion. I noticed one day a little change in her ; she seemed uneasy. I immediately seized the opportunity, without betraying that I noticed any change in her, to tell her—for Mr. Frank did not stay when he saw me. Well, I told her that I had wanted to mention to her for some time that Mr. Kennedy knew that I was reading to her ; I had told him so ; that he knew also of what Church I was a member ; that I always acted openly, and always spoke the truth, even if in doing so it would bring me into trouble. She said then that Mr. Kennedy came once, quite alarmed, to warn her not to take any stranger in. She did not know me, and they did not know anything about me ; besides that, my religious views were quite wrong and against Scripture. Then he asked her if she knew who put that paper on the cross in the churchyard ; he was bent on finding out who could have done such a thing, suspecting me all the while. The woman told him she did not know ; but her mind about it was that Mrs. Vernon would not take into her house a person with a bad character ; he had better call and ask me in person.

You know he came, and I answered cheerfully. I wish, however, he would talk roughly to me, and say his mind about me more plainly, instead of being so mild, and then to make of me a suspicious character to other people. I tell him all in my mind ; there is no mistake about what I mean ; but then I do not talk against him to others. I told Mrs. Allen that Mr. Kennedy had called and asked me about the writing on the cross, and I told him that I had done it, and that I was

not sorry for it ; because it was my conviction—my belief in the resurrection was as beautiful as it was true, and it would be a good thing if everyone believed the same. She seemed astonished, and wanted to know what he said. On leaving her, she pressed my hand, saying, “God bless you!” I was glad to have talked to her thus, because she will not now be afraid of me, I hope.

I forgot to tell you that I am in great danger of losing my two dearest friends in Switzerland, because of my religion. Both wrote to me a last exhortation and a final warning. One of them about three months ago, and since then she has not written. My mother wrote to me that Madame——— sent a gentleman to her to talk to her about my religion, and to engage her to use her influence with me ; but my mother told him she liked my religion. She could tell of many hypocrites in the old Church ; religion was only a cloak for them ; their hearts were wicked, whilst in me she could not but see the good fruits of my belief. Then she told me : “You will lose your much-beloved friend ; but if you still believe to be true what you have believed, do not change : hold fast to it.”

I only ask myself what kind of religion have those who condemn others because they do not believe exactly the same as they do. Where is brotherly love ? where is charity ? I have written to her, that instead of giving my belief up, I mean to confess it boldly ; that I loved my friends dearly ; but I love my beautiful religion still more ; and if my friends forsake me because of my religion, I give them up—with a pang, it is true, but without hesitation ; because I shall love

the Lord so much the more, having soon no other friend. The other friend pleads very pathetically with me to bring me back, and finishes by saying: "Once more I knock at the door of your heart. Leave the empty cisterns to come to the waters of life," etc.

If they knew how fully, how gloriously I drink of the waters of life; how I enjoy it; how I delight in it; and that not for the whole riches of the world would I give up what I have. They all think that I do not read the Bible; that I only believe what Swedenborg said. I do not care what they believe, what they think; if I can only get my spiritual thirst quenched and my hunger satisfied. I only wish to live more according to the blessed truths; I wish to love my Saviour more truly, more sincerely, more ardently, and to serve Him more humbly. Do you remember how ignorant I was on religious subjects when you first knew me? My dear, dear friend, there is another long letter! Good-bye! my love to all. God bless you all!

I like Mr. Kennedy much better than those indifferent ones, who have no objections to the doctrines of Swedenborg, and yet will not read and accept them; I dislike that lukewarmness. I am with my whole heart and soul and mind a member of our beautiful glorious New Church. I mean to put my whole affection, my whole enthusiasm into it. I love it; I glory in it; I speak of it in the most ardent, affectionate terms; how should I not be proud of such a prize as that, of such a jewel, such a pearl? It is an enjoyment which is heavenly, angelic, something that satisfies the heart, and the mind, and the reason. I can bear any sneering,

malicious or unkind remark on me because of it; never, never, will I lose what I have. All the clergymen of England could not shake my belief or my affection for it. Those friends who become indifferent and cold because of my religion are not worth having, and though I loved them with passionate affection, and feel their coldness very deeply, I give them up without hesitation for the sake of my precious belief.

Southshore,

18th January, 1869.

THE book was duly received; so was your letter. Give my warm thanks to your dear mother for the book, which gave me much pleasure. I keep the reading of it for Sundays. So last Sunday I enjoyed it, as I did not go to any church in the morning, the weather was so bad. In the evening I went to the Catholic Apostolic Chapel; but I was so wearied, I could hardly stand it to the end; a repetition of words; the whole sermon could have been put into a few lines.

I am very much obliged to you for the information about the Swiss letters: I shall avail myself of it when I write next. I received the Swiss letter sent by Miss Finch.

My poor mother is very anxious about me. She says she cannot understand the ways of Providence; and then she seeks relief in telling her nearest friends, and asking what could be done; they never fail to give her advice; each one something else, and always with an "if." One says there is a house of mercy at Windsor.

Of course, I could not gain anything except the home and the clothing if I stayed. I could leave after two years, if I found it did not suit me. I must say people are foolish ; such advice seems to me stupid, senseless, at my age to begin anything like that, and to lose the precious time, and constantly begin afresh. Of course, a Sister of Charity ought to give her best years to the service, and not simply the evening of her life. I wish my mother would not be anxious.

I received the MSS. back, with a few lines, saying that the editor was obliged to send them back, having more than he wanted ; so this hope is taken from me. Fortunately, I never put too much hope on anything ; so the disappointment was not so great as it might have been otherwise. I have no prospect from anywhere. Last year at the same time I was in a similar situation, expecting and hoping, and at last a door was opened to me. I trust, therefore, and wait patiently.

To-morrow evening I shall go to the penny reading, which is said to be very good. In the garrison the officers read and sing, and their band plays. A lady will call for me.

My hand is not well yet ; the thumb is still swollen, and it pains me to use it. I do not show it to the doctor ; because he makes fun of everything. Mrs. Searle told him he had better look at my hand, as it might turn out worse than one thinks. He said, "Alright, I hope it will." The other day he told me he had seen me on the beach ; that a gentleman who was talking with him, asked him if he knew who that lady was ; she was seen all alone, walking up and down

at the edge of the water, and looking down at her feet, and then again into the water. The doctor replied: "Oh, yes, I know her; she is one of my boarders; I take lunatics now to board, and she is one of them." I told him that I knew Englishmen had the name of being very rude and uncivil; but that he surpassed all my expectations about it. Of course, there is not a word of truth in what he says. He asked me this morning "what was the name of that chap that commanded the sun and moon to stand still; that he was a very queer chap; although he did not know when he said that, that the sun really stood still, and that we were whirling round," etc.

Mrs. Searle has come out quite in a new light; she wants me to hear the Presbyterian minister, as he is a good preacher; I might yet be brought back to a true religion; because she should not like not to see me in heaven when she is there. The doctor said: "That chap did not do any good to my wife; she is worse since she heard him, which happens though only once a year. You are much safer if you get out of the way of every one of those chaps. Read Shakespeare: that is the best book you can read; if anything will do you good, it is that book." What do you think of the religious resources I have here? Good-bye, dear; give my kind love to all.

Southshore,

22nd February, 1869.

I TOLD you I was going to write to the superior-assistant at Windsor; as the Swiss lady to whom I wrote said she must not give any information about

their community; but the second answer was not much better. She said they did not call themselves Roman Catholics; but the principle and the life were the same as in a Roman Catholic convent; they were Catholics but not Roman; now where is the difference? If I expected only work, I should be mistaken, as their work was so mixed up with prayers, they could not separate the one from the other. That was the whole information she gives me; of course I did not take to it, but gave it up.

I had the opportunity to speak to a regular sister, a nurse who has made her three years of apprenticeship. She spoke very sensibly, telling me I was too advanced in years to undertake an apprenticeship of three years, a regular course of nursing, and all the accessories. She went into details about it. "Now," she says, "if I had not had a proper training, I should never be looked up to, never have any authority, and that would not suit me;" and so she went on. Mrs. Searle then confirmed this, saying, she could tell me still more about the difficulties others have had, who were English and widows. After considering the matter over with deliberation and before God, I concluded that was not the thing to be done.

We have just now a lady and her little girl staying here. We are reading the convent trial aloud. I shall be glad when it is over; as it is a petty, mean affair. Mr. Searle has shown himself in his worst mood; he is sometimes so rude, so quarrelsome, that he offended me the other day at the table; so that I could not help telling him my opinion about it; since then, he does not

speak to me. But Mrs. Searle tells me not to mind it; he never is happy, if he is not annoying someone. He asked me to buy a book for him, which I did after some trouble; I had to send for it. When at last it came, he said, "Well now, read it, 'The Life of Jesus.'" I told him to read it first; "No, you read it." When he saw me one evening reading it, he said, "That book will shake your faith; I suppose you would call it an infidel's book; though I do not." I read it to know and judge for myself. I find the author admits there was a man called Jesus living, the founder of the Christian religion; that he thought Himself to be the Son of God, acting upon that belief, but being deceived and deceiving others; only being a good man, he did more good, although in an erroneous belief, than he would have done otherwise. He denies almost the whole of the gospels, and called them incoherent legends, placing them almost on an equality with Mahomet and the Koran. The author of the book is a Frenchman named Renan. The doctor never talks sensibly. Trying one day to get at my opinion about that book, he cut me short by saying: "Yes, yes; that is all nonsense; these are only personal opinions; let every one believe what he likes; it is only the vanity of men that makes them believe in a life after death." I could tell you many things more about his doings and sayings; but enough of it.

I must leave off writing now. Give my love to your dear mother, with best wishes for her speedy recovery. My love to you all. Now, good-bye, dear. Write soon again, please, one of you.

Berne,

March 24th, 1870.

MANY, many, thanks for the two *Messengers*, which I find extremely interesting. How I wish to be able to get the new series of sermons by Dr. Bayley; how interesting they must be! What do you think? I have just finished reading the book by Dr. Holcombe, mentioned in the *Messenger*—called *In Both Worlds*; it is most interesting and delightful. Also *The Sexes, both here and hereafter*; this, too, is very interesting. The Consul lent them to me until his return from Italy in April.

Now let me tell you what I am about. Before Christmas I went to Neuchâtel to my brother's; the children knew me; they have grown, but are as wild as ever. The youngest, Amélie, promises to be just as lively; she is the pet, of course, of everybody. I spent Christmas Day with my mother; took a furnished room at Mrs. Aeshbacher's, where I am still.

After that I had an attack of rheumatism. New Year's Day found me in bed, unable to move. I was at that time told that a lady wanted to see me who wished to make my acquaintance very much. I sent word to her that I should be happy to see her; and she came. A small creature, with a pale, sweet face, a pleasant, gentle voice, full of sympathy; and I could discover immediately that she had a cultivated mind, and, above all, that she had suffered a great deal. Before we had seen each other for an hour we were friends; she came to see me every day while I had to keep to my bed. It was Sunday; I asked her to read to me something,

or rather the Reflection of the day in the little book on the table ; for we speak English together ; she did so. After she got through, she looked at the book, and said : " That is not the Church of England ; it is not of any denomination I know of ; what is it ? " A direct question deserves a direct answer. I told her, and she was silent for a little while, and then continued, " How strange that I should at last get acquainted with that religion ! I very often stopped at the shop in Bloomsbury Street, wondering at the strange titles of the books, and asking about them ; but I was told not to read those fanatical books ; they would do me more harm than good ; and yet I always had a great desire to judge for myself." She immediately was willing to read, and we arranged two evenings per week to read together ; so we have read together the two books the Consul lent me.

She told me all her perplexities about her religion, and she finds there is an answer for all her questions. I lent her tracts and more easy things to take home, and she reads them eagerly, and is delighted with what she reads. Of course there are plenty of difficulties to overcome ; the Trinity is too perplexing for her yet to comprehend. I do not press her ; I let her take her time ; for I know that is not the work of a day. She has a great desire to read *Our Children in Heaven*, by Dr. Holcombe, if I only knew how to get it. She has a great many children in heaven, not her own, for she is not married ; but she nursed them, and they died in her arms. I have made the acquaintance of another lady, who is also one of us ; she is an old lady, but

does not speak English : I go to her every fortnight to read New-Church books in German ; it is strange, I do not like it so much in German. We talk a great deal about it ; she is glad to have somebody to talk to who understands the doctrines of the New Church.

Having lost the first two volumes of Mr. Goyder's *Spiritual Reflections*, I had a great wish to get them replaced. I went, therefore, to a librarian and explained ; but, dear me, after writing several times, he got at last a very unsatisfactory answer. There has come out a new edition, and only the first volume, and this new edition does not at all go with the former ones. I had to leave it, and thought I would trouble you to inquire if I cannot have the first two volumes replaced. I miss them dreadfully. Many tracts and my catechism were also in that unfortunate trunk. I wanted also a *Churchman's Almanac* for 1870 (you know, the little blue ones, for sixpence, which I always bought in England). They sent word, it could not be had any more. Of course, that is the Old *Churchman's Almanac* ; will you be so kind, when you go to the town, to ask at West's, or in Well Street, if they have perhaps one left. I mourn still over my lost books.*

There has already a year passed since my return from America, and since my pleasant visit at your house. On the whole I have been very little at my brother's in

[*While travelling in England, Mademoiselle Kaffery had the misfortune to lose one of her trunks. Amongst the books thus lost, which the trunk contained, was a copy of Rendell's *Peculiarities of the Bible*, which had been found in the pocket of an officer on the battle-field of Bull's Run, and given to Mademoiselle Kaffery, thinking she would appreciate it, being one of her religion. She showed us this copy, which she prized much.—COMPILERS.]

Neuchâtel. Before being with the Consul's family, I had several invitations, where I passed two and three weeks at a time, and when my mother was sick, I stayed five weeks with her.

I think I told you that I have a very dear friend in Neuchâtel, Mademoiselle Junod. I often write to her from Lausanne, telling her my trouble about the churches; how erroneous the old doctrines about the Trinity and the Resurrection appear to be now, that I have no pleasure in going to hear such blunders. I said then what I had heard, and what contradiction there was. My good friend was so alarmed at that, that she went to an English Minister, a friend of hers, Mr. Murphy. I think he is an Irishman, and was once Roman Catholic. He had to go away from his country, and has lived in Neuchâtel for many years. She asked him to write to me, to explain to me the Trinity and the Resurrection; that I seemed to have a vague idea of the Lord's sacrifice, etc. Mademoiselle Junod is in very delicate health; her head will not bear writing. She only writes a few lines at a time to tell me she received my letters, and to express her wish that I may be led by the Spirit of God, and may not be led away by a fantastical religion that has nothing real in it.

Now Mr. Murphy wrote to me in English; he knew me before. I had once a long conversation with him about our doctrines; therefore he felt at home in writing to me. Before he explains the Trinity and the Resurrection, he calls Swedenborgianism a subtle scheme, which cannot give peace to the soul; fas-

cinating enough for the intellect, but nothing else. He does not attempt to explain the Trinity, as they generally do in the English Church, or even in the Calvinist; he knew I would not accept it. He says, "The Evangelical scheme leaves room for the exercise of infinite and eternal love in the bosom of God, without making him dependent for it on created existences." "There was room for it in the mutual relations of the mysterious plurality co-existing in the Divine Unity. 'The Word was with God, and the Word was God.'" Then he speaks of Jesus Christ, saying, "If we have Him in our hearts, and if He is the supreme object of our adoration, it does not matter what we call Him, Son of God, or God by another name." I had also written to my friend, why, if the sacrifice was done and accepted, was it necessary for Christ to intercede for us near his Father? I think it very unnecessary. His answer to that is, "that we could not be saved by a Christ outside us." Then the sacrifice was not sufficient. He says besides, that my religion leads into the clouds. I answered that letter, telling him he was wrong in calling the New-Church doctrine a subtle scheme, etc.; that he only read what serves as a stumbling-block for those outside the Church; therefore he was no judge. That the love which he calls dwelling in the bosom of God is to me the very essence of God, God itself; wisdom the form of that love; the operative power, the creative life, or action of the two. That a higher idea of God no man could have; it is the God of Revelation; the God that is worshipped in heaven. There is no

mysterious three persons in one ; all is made clear, if the world only wished to be enlightened ; and many things more.

But I must end my scribbling. Please accept the enclosed handkerchief as a remembrance of me. I bought it from a woman at Ragatz ; she was working before her cottage door a handkerchief, keeping the made ones before her on a table for sale.

[The following is part of a letter written during Mademoiselle Kaffery's life in England.]

THE spirit of charity and tolerance is very much wanted in the old Church. My mother gives me a dreadful account of the irreligious state of Switzerland. Even the clergymen, as well as professors and schoolmasters, propose to forbid the Bible in schools, as not a fit book for children, besides, not reliable. Jesus, say they, was a man like us, a sinner ; infidelity will soon have reached its highest degree ; night is all over the land, and there is hardly a man left. But after the night comes the morning ; there will be an awakening from that night. There will be a glimmering of the bright truths of the beautiful New Jerusalem ; for the old erroneous creeds will no more be believed ; nor will they satisfy the present generation ; the old is passing away. Behold ! all things are becoming new. I wrote to my dear mother a letter of sixteen pages the other day on foreign paper. I led her gently on, in the new path ; one truth after the other ; and what I think will interest

her most and do her good. I led her more and more to Jesus, making her forget the wrathful, mysterious God she was wont to dread. She likes to listen to me; I think it soothes her, and she tries to progress in the regenerate life; especially I try to quiet her anxious heart; to put her trust in the Lord; to wait patiently on Him, and not to fret because of him that prospers in his way. I am glad to hear that you are better. Give my love to all. The Lord be with you all. I find so much comfort in my reading, and I need it, poor me! Now good-bye, my dear; don't be too long before you write again.

Berne,

January 6th, 1873.

IF I have not written before, it is because I expected from week to week the promised parcel, which I found in my room the last evening of the old year, as I came home from a tree party, but there was no letter in it; nor did I get the book you thought of sending to me. I dare say there is a very good reason for it, which I shall know in time.

Now, I will not delay writing any longer; still I shall be obliged to give you but a short account of my doings of the last three months. I was so extremely busy, I had hardly time to take my meals; my head felt it; it ached very often. Since New Year's day I have not found time to take an hour's rest; nor for an hour's quiet reading or meditation, nor could I go to Church. Before going to my mother's on New Year's Day morning at nine o'clock, I went to see a very ill lady

with a little offering, which I knew would do her good and which she liked to take. I was her first visitor that day, and the unfeigned pleasure she showed me did do me good all day long. After that I spoke to mother a very short time, and then went to another sick lady. When I wanted to give my present to mother I found her room already filled with little folks and my brother, who came to fetch their New Year's gifts. I was glad after an hour and a half when they left to make room for other visitors; there was one continual coming and going until dinner time. My work for my mother succeeded beyond all expectation; it is admired by everybody who sees it; and my industry and skill are duly praised and acknowledged. From a pupil, to whom I give English lessons, I received a dress and a box of chocolate, as well as an invitation to a supper. From mother I got some money; from other acquaintances a number of minor presents. I was absent three days at the house of my new acquaintance in the country, the clergyman's wife, where I was received with a warm open heart from her, and much kindness from her husband. I came home yesterday evening. To-day I made several calls, and was asked to do some handsome but rather difficult work, which will occupy my time fully for several weeks.

You say that you saw several of my contributions in the *Little Messenger*; I did not know more than the first one, about the bears, had been accepted. I should have liked to send a letter for the New Year, but there was no time for writing, nor for thinking.

What a strange amusement you have chosen in learning the Turkish language ! All you tell me of your youngest brother's voyage to Sweden, of your elder brother's enterprises, interested me very much. I admire his untiring, active, useful life.

How nice to find your little tale coming back to you in the *Messenger* ; how I should like to read all you and your sisters write. I lent to Mrs. S——, the Minister's wife, "Memoirs of a Martyr" to read ; she has at least half a dozen of my New-Church books which she reads with pleasure.

I do not know Mr. Hibbard ; but what a severe trial it was to lose all his possessions and manuscripts in the fire at Chicago ; and then again by the burning of the ship. One cannot understand such occurrences, I wonder how they bore their loss.

I dare say the moss must be beautiful this winter, which is such a mild one, that the trees will soon bud if it continues thus. I am sorry to be too far from the forest where I saw that moss, to gather some for your sister ; it was in the Canton de Vaud I saw it. From America I have not heard for some time. I dare say I shall get several letters together, as I very often do, when not receiving any for some time.

A heart full of kind wishes to all ; I hope I shall soon hear from some one of your family. I am tired. I have been talking a great deal ; a little German, a great deal French, and much English. There is hardly a day when I do not converse in the three languages.

Good-bye, my dear friend ; I hope that this letter finds you in good health.

Berne,

25th February, 1873.

IT is too bad that the negligence of my friends has given you so much trouble, * and made me lose the precious opportunity of getting the books. How much I regret to have that pleasure deferred for such an uncertain length of time. I had a secret hope that my friend Emma would write to me to confess her forgetfulness, but the Christmas passed and she has found no leisure to write to her neglected friend. Well, I suppose I spoiled her; she was so accustomed to receive from me a full measure of love and affection and all it could offer, and I took such care never to ask too much of her, for fear of being disappointed, and I know I would do exactly the same even now. The heart is a queer thing, we cannot control it, and is it not better to have wasted a little too much love than to have been unfeeling, cold, and repulsive?

Perhaps after all it was better Mademoiselle ——— did not take your parcel; as she was going to take it in her hand, she might have left it in a railway car or an hotel, young girls are so awfully giddy and careless.

The "True Christian Religion" is certainly a prize to be in possession of. The mention of that book carries me back to Leesburg.† Mr. Williams, the Anglican minister, owned it, and lent it to me to read; we had many a conversation about it.

Now for a few items of my every-day life. My mother was very unwell the beginning of the month,

* Allusion to an opportunity of sending a parcel by hand.

† America.

and when I came home to my room late in the evening, I felt too tired to do anything more but to read a little and then go to bed. It is not so much the bodily exertion that fatigues me, as the constant tear and wear of the mind, to see how false and selfish people are one has to deal with ; how little true charity there is to be found, and how much hypocrisy. If I only had the comfort that my mother would look on the sufferings and infirmities of old age in a Christian point of view ; but she is not submissive, she will not hear anything of being patient, and as to converse with her of the other world, she says "she does not care to know anything about it, this one was good enough for her, she does not see the use of going into another." I find it sometimes very hard to keep my tongue, and to bear and forbear. I have often to pray that my courage fails not ; that I may be more patient, more charitable, more kind, even if not appreciated. Oh ! what a blessing it is to have a true, Christian mother.

I suppose you have read in the newspapers what an agitation there is in Switzerland, and, in fact, everywhere, between the Catholic Church and the Government.

The reign of the Holy Father in Rome is counted and weighed, and found too light. We have among the National Church and the New Reformers a conflict ; the latter increase very much in number. I do not see why they call themselves Christians. They believe Christ to have been only an ordinary but good man, a fanatic that believed Himself to be the Son of God. Of the life after death, "nobody knows anything,"

their antagonists say the Reformers do not believe in a Hereafter, but they do not dare to come out boldly with their unbelief; it might frighten away a great number that listen now to their flowery, enticing speeches, thinking they teach something better than the old Church could give them. It is indeed time there should come a new state for the Church of Switzerland. The sun has gone down and the moon does not give any light, they all grope in the dark, the people are wicked above all imagination; with my best endeavour I cannot always live in peace with them, their thoughts being evil they think everybody is such as they themselves are. Oh how I wish to turn my back to the city of the bears! My niece, Bertha, comes on a Saturday evening to get an English lesson, after which I make her read in the Bible in French and give her some Bible questions to be answered for the next time; she is very quick about it, she might learn anything if she only had the perseverance to go on, but unfortunately she has no lasting application; to a teacher, who talked to her about saying her prayers, which would help her to do her duty better, she answered, "*Allez-vous en avec votre bon Dieu, je puis très bien me passer de lui.*" It depends so much on how one talks to a child about God and prayers; she would never have given *me* such an answer. I know that the lady in question is not at all what she ought to be; if she gave a better example, and a little less preaching, it would be better for the children. Bertha has counted the little pieces in my patchwork; there are six hundred all festooned and a great symmetry in the whole work.

I read the details of the loss of the "Northfleet." It is dreadful. I hope the Spanish captain of the steamer will be severely punished for his cruelty in not heeding the screams of the unfortunate people of the sinking vessel.

Give my kindest love to my precious Mrs. H * * * to your dear sisters, and to Miss D. My kind regards to the brothers, and a great deal of love to yourself, with many kind wishes. How is your little niece? Farewell!

P.S.—My love to Old England.

Berne,

January 1st, 1874.

ON entering my room last Saturday, after a three weeks' absence, I found on my table your welcome letter, a *Post-mandate*, with — francs, a little Church Almanac, and a *Little Messenger* from America. On the *mandate* was written the name of A. M. H. I looked at it and examined it in all possible ways, and to be more sure about its destiny I opened the letter. After perusing its contents twice carefully without finding any mention of the money, I took the bold resolution to accept it as a New Year's blessing from the dear friend who owns the three names written on the *mandate*. What else could I do? I did not know money could be sent in that way from one country to the other: it was therefore a double surprise. I should have liked to sit down at once and write to you all my feelings of gratitude quite warm from the heart; but I was very unwell, my cough has continued ever since I wrote to you, my chest is very sore, and my head aches sometimes very badly. I used

first homœopathic medicines, unfortunately without effect. Now I am drinking tea made of Iceland moss, which I hope will do me good. I thank you heartily for your dear letter, for your kind wishes, for your precious friendship and sympathy.

I will relate to you what I did since I left Mr. P.'s family. First I went on a visit to the clergyman's wife who was in America. I believe I mentioned it to you in my last. There I stayed two weeks; she wanted to cure me of my cough with homœopathy, but had to give it up in despair, as it grew worse.

Two days before Christmas I was busy helping Madame P—— to buy presents for the children, the servants, and her husband; then to dress the tree, which was lighted up on Christmas Eve. I received on the day of my leaving them a nice album with the photographs of father, mother, and the five children, and a silver cream-jug, more handsome than useful to me. On the tree I found a box of chocolate pastilles. On New Year's Day Mr. P—— sent me six bottles of Marsala, a sweet wine from Sicily; they invited me for dinner and were very kind.

Christmas Day I spent quietly with my mother.

The day after I started early in the morning for Neuchâtel, where I stopped a few hours and then went to Grandchamp; I ought to have gone there three months before, but I could not.

Perhaps you remember my long stay there before I went to England last time. I had left there some of my furniture which they could not keep any longer. The Sister who nursed me at the time and who was

very kind to me, expressed her wish to buy my chest of drawers. I wanted to sell it for thirty francs, it was worth that money, and I needed it; but should I ask so much of my kind nurse, would it not be selfish? Yet reason came to count up all my expenses, and no lessons for the present, it had a great deal to say. I made an effort and shook that troublesome reason off and made a compromise. I will have something for it though, she will be so pleased to get it for eight francs, and so she got it. When I came home I was amply rewarded, not only in finding fifty francs on my table, but also in finding three pupils waiting for me. When I look back on the past year, I cannot help exclaiming, "The Lord was merciful and good to me, He helped me through all the difficulties of my situation, and they were not a few; He gave me discernment to do the right thing at the right time; He stimulated my conscience to be faithful in all things; He gave me patience with the children and servants, and strength to control myself; and, finally, when my task was finished and winter had brought back my troublesome cough, He did not leave me in my solitude, but sent me new blessings with the New Year to cheer and comfort me on my way to the spirit-land."

Yes, you told me before about the British schools your brother bought. I am glad to hear that they work well. For all the New-Church news I am grateful. How, how my heart yearns to hear a New-Church sermon. I do not dare to look forward to another year's isolated stay in Berne.

You ask me how I keep up my English so well? I do

not mean to forget it, but that cannot be the reason ; I dare say I knew it well. My mother is pretty well, she was very anxious about my health, and is now sure that the moss will cure me of my cough. My lamp is going out ; I must finish my letter to-morrow morning.

My homœopathic doctor is very ill, ever since last summer ; he has a heart disease, and is beyond hope of recovery. I regret him very much. I could not make up my mind until now to go to his colleague.

I am sorry I have to bring my letter to a close, as I want to post it when going out. I am sorry I could not write sooner.

I anticipate the pleasure of receiving the promised books. I hope next summer an opportunity will show itself. Now, my dear, receive yourself the assurance of my warmest affection and gratitude.

Let me say a few words to your dear, kind mother. Words seem so cold to thank you for all the good you have done to me.

Our first meeting in the *hope*-garden in Kent has become a lasting blessing to me. Then my first stay with you, how well I remember it. I can even recollect our conversations ; and how kind you have been to me ever since, not only you, but all your dear, kind family. May the Lord, our kind, mutual Friend and Saviour, bless you all with His best blessing for the many proofs of your friendship and affection ; may He add to the number of your years a great many more for the happiness of your family and friends. You know I am one of those who loves you without stint or measure, and whose heart is full of gratitude.

Berne,

January, 1874.

HOW happy your precious letter has made me ! It saddens me more and more that I seem to be obliged to shut up the precious truths I have learned in my heart. Whenever I try to talk of them I find a contrary sphere opposing me with the rusty, worn-out weapons of the Old Church ; they seem to fight the heavenly truths of the New Jerusalem, but I do not let it come to a fight. When I notice the spirit of opposition, I at once drop my wings and shut up my treasure again in my heart. I lost a very dear friend because, as she said, of my obstinacy in clinging to a cistern that contains no water (but we know that it contains living waters). I feel truly sorry a long standing friendship should be severed because of the difference between our religious views. She belongs to the Free Church ; some time ago I heard indirectly that a daughter of this friend was about to be married ; I hoped the mother would seize the opportunity for announcing the event to me, but no, I am a castaway, not to be written to.

There is actually a great fight between the Church and the State ; I do not know exactly what the parties call themselves, I suppose Conservatives and Radicals. I do not read their debates, because, in my opinion, the first all obstinately cling to their old prejudice and errors, and the latter want to put away religion altogether ; yet I believe that the time of the shaking of the dry bones is at hand for Switzerland. It is night now ; there is no light to shine in this thick darkness,

but after night comes morning. One can understand and realise these states only when one has passed through them. How well I remember when it was night with me; afterwards, when the first streaks of dawn divided the darkness, and then how it widened more and more, so that the night faded away.

In the great delight of the newly-acquired life, I thought it an easy task to climb up the steep steps of the heavenly ladder without hindrance; but soon I had to stop, and for fear of falling I had to descend it again and again. My feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped, but the Lord had mercy on me, He renews my strength day by day, for without Him can I do nothing. I feel as if I had experienced and gone through all the states and stages expressed in the Psalms. May I finish my pilgrimage with these last words on my lips, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

I like the "New-Church Almanac" extremely, there is quite a heap of knowledge in it for the mind and the soul.

My little Looloo had once swollen knees, he was lying on the sofa crying because he could not run about. Rudolph, his brother, said to him, "Looloo, don't you cry; never mind, if you should die you know you will be with the beautiful angels, and you will be an angel too, think of that." The little one replied, still crying, "J'aimerais beaucoup mieux aller au cirque voir les polichinels et les beaux chevaux." (I should much rather like to go to the circus to see the clowns and the beautiful horses).

I always put the two little ones to bed myself, and

make them say their prayers ; and what queer, strange questions they ask. Rudolph is very passionate, and when in such a fit he will not listen to any reasoning, but when it is over he can be as gentle as a lamb. I thought him at first very cold, he seemed to be on the watch the whole time ; at last I understood his character, and treated him accordingly, and he was very soon conscious of it, and then he would come on my lap, and, throwing his arms round my neck, he would kiss me and say : “ Now I mean to have a good time, please tell me a story or talk to me.”

But now, my dearest friend, it is high time I should go to bed, thanking you once more for the letter and gift, I remain your grateful and most attached friend, who loves you sincerely.

P.S.—I wondered if you had another horse for poor Stella.

[The following letter reveals a wonderful change in mind and soul in Mademoiselle Kaffery's mother. The patience, humility, and trust in her Saviour, contrasting strongly with the doubts as to the future life and the indifferences to spiritual things which seem to have held sway even so recently as the date of the previous letter —COMPILERS.]

Berne,

3rd June, 1874.

MORE than four months have elapsed since our last intercourse by letter. After the reception of the little “Raven” book, I meant

to write to thank you for it, and to tell you how I liked it, but at that time I was very unwell with the violent cough which troubled me with the same obstinacy all the winter, leaving me very weak and nervous. Then came "Our Children in Heaven," at the beginning of my dear mother's illness. I was then on a visit in the country. My mother was unwell with a very bad influenza. On Sunday, the 10th May, she took to her bed; on Monday evening I came back, for which my dear mother was very thankful. Her cough was very painful, and everything she tried to eat seemed to her too much seasoned; her throat was always very delicate, and yet she slept a great deal. From the very beginning of her illness she understood how it would end, and spoke very decidedly about it. I often told you how she was attached to this life. Well, a few days before she took to her bed she said: "I am now satisfied with the number of my years, and I am quite ready. My worldly affairs are in order; death I do not fear; my Saviour I always loved, and He was kind to me through all my life. I should be very thankful if He called me away now." She was only two weeks ill. During that time she never was sad a minute, but was thankful for everything. For a visit from a friend, for a flower she received or a bouquet, or something to eat, she always said first, "Thank God, He let me enjoy that before leaving," and then she would thank the person. Every day she received the doctor with a volume of thanks for his kindness and attendance, and then telling him what a delicious illness she had. The Lord was so good to

her, and she felt so happy to lay aside the worn-out body, and to think that a new life in a better world awaited her. She was not only happy, but unusually cheerful, it made everybody feel happy about her ; but nobody thought the end was so near, more so as she did not look so ill, and her lively, animated manner deceived everybody. At first she would not have me stay at night with her, and when she consented she had no rest until they arranged a good bed for me in her room. Sometimes at night she would pray aloud. I shall never forget these childlike prayers. She told her Heavenly Father that she was quite, quite ready now, and she was not only willing to depart this life, but in a great hurry. There was one fear in her, that because she had loved this present world too much, she would have to linger longer than she would have done otherwise ; then she asked her Saviour to take her away in her sleep and in daytime. On Sunday, the 24th, she had had a peaceful day ; it was just two weeks since she kept [to] her bed. When she awoke from sleep in the afternoon she saw a lady with me, a pensionnaire of the house, who never had missed a day to call on her during her illness. My dear mother was so rejoiced at seeing her, her first exclamation was to thank God who let her enjoy the presence of her friends to the very last, after that she talked to her cheerfully. At ten in the night I saw a great change come over her ; her left arm was lying heavily on the coverlet, and she could not speak distinctly, still I could understand her. She slept until midnight, but it seemed to me such a strange, mysterious sleep, during which I suffered a

great deal more than she. I gave her a cup of milk which she drank, and thanked me, saying she was glad I nursed her in her last illness. I had done it well, but I was free now; I should remember what she told me, she had no pain now, and she felt so well and happy. Then looking at me she said: "Take care of yourself, take something or you will feel faint, and put on a shawl else you will catch cold. After that she slept again until three. I called the Sister (Deaconess). When she saw her she said, "She is dying, don't disturb her." At three in the morning she opened her eyes which could no more see me, yet she knew I was near her; with a great effort she threw her right arm round my neck, that was the last recognition. She slumbered until ten. The doctor came twice to see her, the second time at seven in the morning. She was told he was here, she opened her eyes and said, "Oh, is he"? At ten o'clock on Monday morning, the 25th, she made a slight movement with her head, and her spirit had left her frail body, the silver cord was broken, and her last request was granted to her. Poor me! I felt I was left all alone—an orphan child. Although she had told me so decidedly about that coming event, yet I had closed my heart and blinded my eyes against it, and it seemed to me so unexpected. Then came an examination of myself, and I felt wretchedly miserable for everything not done which I might have done, for every impatient word, for every neglect. These self-reproaches made me so miserable, that her peaceful death was swallowed up in bitter tears. At the moment of her last breath my cousin

came and that kind lady I mentioned before. I had sent for my brother, he came half a minute too late. Sister was there too, and whilst her spirit took its flight she knelt down beside me and prayed. But even in my agonizing sorrow I remembered our view about a departed spirit, and as I was so certain she was accepted by the Lord her Saviour, I felt at the same time an unspeakable consolation at the bottom of my heart. During her illness she repeated very often the verse, 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." When I was left alone with the remains of my faithful mother, I had to say a great many things to my Saviour, and then I vowed to belong to Him, begging Him to be my Father, my Mother, my All in All, to guide and protect me, to show me what to do, where to go, and to take away all uncharitableness out of my wicked heart.

I remained with my mother until Wednesday, the 27th. At two in the afternoon her remains were carried to their last resting place. What a consolation it is now for me to know all about the unknown world and to be able to follow her there in thought!

On Thursday I felt so lonely and sad, that I left everything and went to Neuchâtel, or Grandchamp near it, to see a dear friend of mine, or rather a bouquet of friends, where I found the most tender and delicate sympathy and affection. I remained until Monday last, the 1st of June. Of course I continue for the present my mode of life until I see the way clear before me; I shall not seek my own will, but let the Lord

decide for me. Don't you think, my dearest friends, that I have reason to praise the Lord, the blessed, faithful, loving Lord Jesus, to have been so merciful, faithful, and kind towards my dear mother? Sister said it did do her good to see that death-bed, but still more so her illness; and oh! how it will strengthen my faith and deepen my love for my Saviour.

How is my dear, kind Mrs. H * * *? How are you all? I suppose you are already at the seashore, but the letter will be sent to you, and you will soon write, I know. Good-bye. Mother was 78 years old.

Berne,

Le 2 Août, 1874.

THANK you for your dear, kind, sympathizing letter. I thought you would be pleased to hear the particulars of my dear mother's last illness and days. I feel so thoroughly thankful to have been permitted to be with her at that time, to have seen and heard for myself; there is no shadow of doubt left in me, but that my faithful mother enjoys all the happiness she is capable of bearing. That my end may be like hers shall be the endeavour of the remainder of my life!

I believe I wrote to you that I was going to spend the month of July at the Baths of the Lenk in the Oberland with a family. Out of four weeks we only had four or five days fine; either it rained in the morning, or in the afternoon, or evening. Once during a dreadful storm we had an inundation. It was awfully beautiful to see. In the space of half an hour, the

small mountain river swelled into a torrent, foaming, rushing, breaking through every obstacle that would keep it back in its mad course; the roads were deep under water; in the village the water ran into the houses; a saw-mill was carried away by the stream, a chalet torn to pieces and carried off; one could see but water everywhere. For two days we could not go out, until the water had subsided, then we went to see the damage done. The harvest of many a family was destroyed, the roads covered with huge stones, which the streams coming down from the mountains brought along with them; the fences all torn to pieces, the bridges had disappeared, the river Simmen rushed for many days with fury down the valley—it was grand and awful to behold; but the continuous rain made it very damp at the baths, and everywhere else also. I caught a fresh cold, which I brought home again. During my stay there, where I remained entirely passive as to my future home, etc., the Lord was providing one for me without my help. I have not even as much as lifted one of my fingers towards it.

I got a letter one day that had come to Berne, and which was sent to me at the Baths. It was from Miss Clara Barton, who wrote only a few lines, but which decided my future destiny. "I have just heard of your affliction: you have my sympathy and love. I am ill, cannot sit up and write; I want you very much. If you will accept such a poor home in America as I can offer you, it will be yours, freely given with the love of my heart. It is ready for you to-day, I need you at once; bring the answer in person; if it must be, I shall

wait for you weeks, and even months. I have a pretty house, but its mistress is ill ; come set it in order. You can name your own conditions when you are here. If I wrote more, I only just should repeat it ; come, be a sister to me, take care of me. Mrs. F—— can tell you more.”

Now, my dear, how can I resist such a call ? The only fear I have is that she should die before I can reach her ; unfortunately, I cannot leave until the end of the month, because of the effects of my mother which, according to our law, can only be divided after three months from the death of the person, when a member of the family is absent. I talked it over with Mrs. F——, and she said to me, “ Do you think that call comes to you by chance ? ”

“ No, of course not ; the Lord provided for me sure enough —— ”

“ Well, and for Miss Barton, too ; you, as a Swedenborgian, ought not to doubt, but believe you have nothing to do but to get ready and start as soon as you can.”

Mrs. F—— you know is no believer, no member of any church ; she never speaks on religion. But her remarks struck me, and now I am getting ready, doubting nothing ; but giving thanks and praising the Lord, my precious, true, and faithful friend. I should like to sail the first week in September, from Southampton or Liverpool. Which line do you think the best ? Will you have the kindness to inquire if my place has to be secured beforehand, and how I can manage to see you before leaving England ? If I cross at

Boulogne to Folkestone it will not be so far to reach you, will it? Please write to me as quickly as possible; I want to send two trunks to the port before me; advise me, please. Give my affectionate love to my dearest Mrs. H * * *; what joy to see her once more, and you all.

I have so much to do, that I do not know where to begin; I am so happy, because I am so certain the Lord Jesus directs and orders my steps; it comes from Him, and He has given me more than I should have dared to ask for.

New England Village,

November 27th, 1875.

IF you only knew how much I longed to have a long talk with you all—Sunday after Sunday I hoped to be able to write and constantly was I disappointed in my hopes and wishes—you would beforehand forgive my long, long silence, when I have so much to say, too, that my pen does not know where to begin.

Your two letters I received, and am happy and thankful for every one of them. Let me come first to your letter of April—is it possible I have not written since? Time passes so intensely fast, I am the whole time wondering at its swiftness, a year gone since my arrival here, and there is my second Christmas at the door, and I hardly feel as if I had been here more than two or three months. You tell me about Moody and Sankey, but you have not heard them yourselves; they are preaching now in Brooklyn

and elsewhere, and I have read a counter-sermon in the *Banner of Light*. I am going to send you some of them when I can go to Worcester. The latter was good, more than good. Moody and Sankey's is the old everlasting doctrine of "faith alone" will save you out of hell. It is true they stir up the lethargy of many sleepy consciences ; the only good they do. I saw a spirit photograph, but since then something new has sprung up—moulded spirit hands, done under the table in broad daylight in a few minutes, and they are said to be beautiful. The same paper gives a long address of Judge and Lawyer Edmonds (I believe his name is, who went to the spirit world eighteen months ago), which is very interesting ; I should like to get it for you. I have a good mind to take the paper, it comes every Saturday, and is given out at Boston, and costs, I believe, 75 cents. for three months. How wonderful the likeness of the two friends, one in Paris, one in London. Are not we in a wonderful age ? and has not the spiritual world come near us ? I have no time to write ; if I had I should not be so long answering my friends' letters. I have no New-Church papers whatever, my time is so . . . Here I had to stop, and a week passed and it is Sunday evening again, and no letters ready to go to Europe to reach in time for Christmas. Now, about my friend—you know I call her by a pet name, because I could nurse her so much better ; but, dear me ! what a child she is, how wise, how learned, how clear-headed, how graceful, how majestic, how modest, how vast her knowledge, how honoured, how true and sincere she is ! She has

received the iron cross from William I., Emperor of Prussia, the greatest distinction he gives. The Grand Duke of Baden and his lady gave her two decorations ; at home she has received ever so many diplomas and laurel crowns. After the war she lectured throughout the United States on the war. In one winter she gave eighty lectures, and I believe she made her money by that, because she received nothing from the Government, although she spent her own money whilst at work in the hospitals and in the fields during the four years. I want to send you, if I possibly can, a paper in which a lady from New York writes about her lately ; she appears, even now in her solitude, constantly in the papers. She writes poetry, but she has never published any ; anything coming from her her pen is seized with avidity. She counted once invitations ; it would take her thirteen years if she stayed everywhere as long as she is invited. Gentlemen, former soldiers, adore her, and I believe her friends count by many thousands. Can you understand that now, although ever so much better, not well yet, because not strong, and liable to fall back, that this fêted, decorated lady, belonging to the whole nation, refuses all the brilliant invitations, and prefers to stay alone in a little country house in a manufacturing village, six miles from Worcester, with poor *little me* ; and that she is quite happy, never finds the time long, is never weary, receives visitors, but never pays any visits herself ; in fact, she has not been out since last June, when she drove out three times and then had a breakdown.

We are alone, all by ourselves in that pretty little country house with seven rooms, a large kitchen, and a barn under the same roof, a framehouse, white, with green blinds outside; a little orchard is attached to it, with fifty or sixty fruit trees; no garden and no verandah; she rented the house. I attend to the house. Sometimes, when she feels well enough, my friend helps me in the work. I wish you could hear her read; dear me! what a gift she has! For teaching and reading and talking what a "baby" I have! You see I do not call her "angel," but by the humblest name I could give her, and she likes it. We are a merry, happy couple; we are never tired of each other, never feel weary or lonely; have always something to talk about; and, in fact, do not find the time to do all we plan and wish to do.

Now let me tell you, only lately she told me that her father was a Unitarian or Universalist, and she believed as he did. She told me, further, she liked our doctrine, although she differs on that of Jesus; she liked all about the spiritual world, which now is nothing new any more. She never told me this before, because she was not strong enough to talk about it. We are going to remain the winter here; what my friend will do in the spring, Minnie does not know, nor does she herself; that is to be seen. I could tell you ever so much more, only I must not; it is getting late, and she is alone in her room, and does not dare to write or to read; she fatigued her eyes too much yesterday, and I must not let her be too much alone.

I come to your second letter now. I feel sorry for

you to have again lost a near relative and several friends. Although we are assured that our loss is their gain, we do not feel it the less for that. I missed my mother, and longed to see her, oh ! how much the first year ; how would it have been at home, where every thing reminded me of her ? "The Angels" I have seen in your house, and read a few chapters in it.

I had a letter from Mrs. K. yesterday, and her little family is back in Washington again ; came last month ; had a dangerous passage ; they ran against a schooner, which immediately sank : the crew was saved by the steamer. Then they had stormy weather ; five days off the American shore the shaft partly broke, and they could proceed only very slowly. They were sixteen days crossing, everybody was sick during the passage ; she took two Swiss servants with her. From Mrs. Edwards I have not heard for a long time ; indirectly I learnt that she has lost her favourite nephew. That was a hard blow to her ; she can no more write, her sight fails. I hear seldom from my brother or friends in Switzerland, owing to my not writing. The Vice-President, Mr. Wilson, died lately, after a short illness. He was an intimate friend of Miss Barton's, and a good statesman ; a great loss to the country. There are a great many sudden deaths in the little town of Grafton ; two miles from here four occurred in a few months, two a few days apart. Something very interesting happened to us soon after our arrival here. A dog, we never had seen before, came into the kitchen ; he received breakfast and was patted and talked to, and so he left. For a week he

came every morning ; we called him George, the name on his collar ; he was an English pointer. After a week's daily visit he stayed all day at home with us, took his place at the front door, and was as affectionate with us as possible. We heard that his name was Ned ; that there were two little puppies at home, who both plagued him very much ; he was looking for a new home and found one with us. But not to offend his master and to see the puppies, he went home every evening ; after a few weeks he remained with us day and night and went home to spend a day every week once, later every fortnight. He was so very intelligent and affectionate that he was a constant source of pleasure to me ; his master knew he was here, and was willing he should stay until the hunting season ; now he has gone ; as he would have come to us as soon as left free, he, the master, offered him for sale, but Miss Barton was not then certain if she would remain, and would not take him, so he was sold to a gentleman in Worcester : he was a great loss to us ; a true, loving friend, amusing and intelligent ; I could tell you numbers of smart things he did ; he loved us both alike, but seemed to understand that my friend wanted to be watched over and be taken care of, so if anybody came he would post himself near her ; if it was a gentleman, he would take his hat and bring it to him, as much as to say, " It is time now for you to go." I must say good-bye to you ; my love to everyone of you. I think of you ever so much even if I do not write ; let me know soon how you all are. Good night and good-bye, my dear ones at Esnoiland.

McLean Asylum,

Somerville, Mass.

A MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

I ought to begin my letter with apologies for such a long silence. I wrote on the fifth of June, the day before starting for Boston, and hoped from one week to another, from one month to another, to be able to write, as I wanted, a long letter; but the matron of McLean Asylum is not mistress of her time; she is wanted everywhere; has to go through the Institution; to give out what is needed from the store rooms; and to look after so many people that are under her supervision, she has to go to town twice or three times a week to make purchases; and then she has to mark the linen for all the galleries, and house and kitchen department, and stable and farm. When all is looked after and ordered and bought, it begins again in the same way, and takes all the spare time, excepting only the evenings. I visit the patients, a great many of whom can enjoy society. There are entertainments for the winter season, such as dancing, concerts, reading; and the matron is requested to be present, even if she does not dance, or sing, or play.

I mean all that to be for an apology. I shall not wait any longer for more time; but just write as long or as short a letter as it happens, and send it with my address; so that I can get news from my dear friends at Esnoiland. I want to know how you all are, and how and where you spent your summer.

My health, thank God, is good ; how long I shall be able to stand such an active life, I do not know ; I leave it to Him who knows my strength and my work.

Miss Barton is in Dansville, no longer in the Institution there, but in a house she has rented. A friend is staying with her. She grew better and better during the summer. May the Lord give her a good winter. I have not heard from her for several weeks, which is quite unusual.

Dr. Tafel was in Boston last summer, and preached in our church. I went to hear him, and after the service I accosted him, having known his parents in Philadelphia. They are still alive in Brooklyn, New York : both very aged ; and he went to their golden wedding. Dr. Tafel, whom I had heard so much spoken of, gave us a good sermon.

I forget what kind of a card I sent last Christmas ; perhaps the same rosebud : will you let me know, please ? Have you these black cards in England ? I got one from Switzerland the other day.

Mrs. Edwards is still living in Brooklyn ; but she can no more write, as her sight fails her. I hear of her through her cousin in Georgetown. The Consul's wife writes very seldom, promising in each letter to do better, and turn over a new leaf. Perhaps she will come over to Boston next summer, and will come to see me.

I think I told you in my last letter how visibly the Lord wanted me to come here ; there was no mistake about it ; it was too apparent. It looks to me as wonderful as ever ; The first doctor, who is super-

intendent (Dr. Jelly), gave me a year to learn all my duties; for he did not want me to follow my predecessor's method; so nobody told me what and how she did. I had to find my work out, after a general introduction to my duties. It would have frightened me if I had not been certain that the Lord would help me, and He is faithful, and helps me through every difficulty. In October, I was making my winter supplies in bedding, table-linen, crockery; and now I am still occupied in cutting and marking after it comes from the seamstress. I am getting used to buying wholesale stores; at first it frightened me to spend so much money. The Institution consists of nine buildings; in the middle stands the doctor's house, where all the officers live. I have a large room, with four windows, two towards the East, and two to the West. I have the sun the whole day, as the house stands cornerwise. I have an open fireplace, where I burn coal. Adjoining my room is a bath-room all to myself, which I prize very highly. There are three doctors, an apothecary, a steward, a book-keeper, and a matron. The superintendent is married; his wife, although young, is an invalid from rheumatism, and always confined to her room. Besides the nine buildings, there are the laundry, the stables, the barn, and several others. There is a chapel (Episcopalian), where I am requested to attend at five in the evening. I have a carriage to go to Boston to do my shopping; they call it a cariole, and the horse's name is Lexington; the coachman is Samuel: not only a splendid driver, but a religious, good man, always pleasant and obliging.

There are in all over 300 inhabitants, only 180 patients. I suppose I told you that it is an Insane Asylum ; but first-class. There are a few patients here, who pay 100 dollars a week ; they have private attendants and a suite of rooms. I believe six carriages are kept for the patients ; they drive out every day, if the weather allows—those who are less insane. It affected me very much to see those poor human beings without the precious gift of reason. At the beginning of September a gentleman patient struck with a croquet mallet one of the doctors on the head ; by the first stroke he fell, and before the patient could be secured, he gave him several more blows ; his skull was fractured ; he only begins to sit up ; for three weeks he was in danger ; now he seems to get well, but will not be able to attend to his duties for a year to come. That accident makes me careful. I do not go where there is danger. There is a lady patient who wants me to mention her to you : her name is Miss Wilton. In one of my very first visits I spoke to her, asking a few friendly questions ; it touched her poor starved heart, and she asked me, “ Why are you kind to me ? why do you notice me ? the other matron did not.” Whenever I saw her, there she was, crying, crying ; and yet she seemed to me rational. I have learned since her story, and a very sad one it is. She is very intellectual. I spoke to her of the Lord’s Providence, of His love, of how He led me, and how He hears prayers. She wanted to know more and more. I told her how the good Lord made me come here ; she took it all in ; but when she heard to what church I belonged, she said

she knew all about it; it was all for the intellect, nothing for the heart; she knew some members, but she had not seen a Christian yet. Later she told me, I am the first Christian whom she has seen, living or bringing religion into daily life. Then she took a great affection for me; I spent many, many an hour with her, soothing her; for she would not be comforted. Her brother-in-law and sister had placed her here as insane, to get rid of her; for her health is delicate, and being very clairvoyant, they made it out she was insane. Unfortunately, her tongue is as sharp as a two-edged sword, which made it very hard to live in peace with everybody in the same gallery. I took a great interest in her sad fate, and sympathy and prayers made her search her own heart, and now she is praying for a new heart; her progress is slow, but I believe sure. I let her come sometimes into my room, which makes her happy; so I showed her my albums. When she saw Mrs. H * * * 's picture, she would turn again and again to it, and I had to tell her who she was, and how I became acquainted with the New Church. She likes me to tell about the Lord's Providence, as I trace it in my life. She used to be so inspired that she wrote the most beautiful poetry, and, strange to say, they are New Church truths. She said she did not know what she was writing; she had to write because the thoughts came and haunted her. We have many an evening, where she repeats some of her poetry, and we interpret them with the help of the correspondence. Sometimes she wearies me; because I feel tired after the day is over; for her complaints are many, and her tongue is

very fluent ; but fortunately the Lord has put pity into my heart, which makes me bear with her. Thinking it would be beneficial to her, I asked the doctor to let me take her into my store-room to help me mark the linen ; it takes her away from the noise of the gallery and the other patients ; but I have to ask a new supply of patience every day. I believe the Lord will finish the work in her, and then He will bring her out. She says I came here especially for her, and she begins to see the Lord's ways.

Now, before I forget, please tell me, is it only the royal oak which has the image of a perfect miniature oak in each twig ? I mentioned the fact, and some of the ladies cut some twigs ; but there was no oak in the cut of the twig, as I saw it in England.

I suppose it is not possible to get me one of the photographs of our Lord ? Miss Wilton admired the one I have so much that she said, she would give up all her photographs if she could get one like that instead. She wants me to have some taken from mine, but I do not like to let mine out of my hands, for fear something might happen to it.

Miss Wilton never would mark ; now she marks for me. Now, my dear friends, I want to ask you to pray for this poor sufferer, for she is in dreadful agony ; she cries so much that her eyes are always swollen ; she does not eat, her stomach is so delicate—she needs the most delicate food.

I must begin another sheet to tell a few more things. I received a letter from Miss Barton this morning ; she is nicely, but too busy to find time to write. As she

has moved into a more comfortable house for the winter, she will remain at Dansville; it is a very healthy locality. I must correct something I said about having to begin in the same way to buy and deliver things. In Autumn I have to buy very large supplies for the winter, but that has to be made up and marked before I can deliver it; I began in September, and that work is not done yet. Every day, of course, crockery or something else is wanted, which gives me plenty to do. I have eighteen women in the laundry, working there all the time; and as many girls in the kitchen; and all sleep in the Institution. I often wonder how I can manage to be everywhere, and supply all the wants, and to keep an account of it. If the dear Lord was not on my side helping me, I could not do it; well He knew I should be able to do it through Him.

I have not good news from my brother; his wife was sick for the last year. I can gather from what he says that she must have *asma* or *athma* (which is right?), I have not time to look in the dictionary.

Last October it was two years since my arrival in this country. How wonderful that I should be preserved for such a work! My dearest Mrs. H * * *, how are you all? I want to know what each one in particular is doing? Kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Marsden. Good-bye, dear friends.

P.S.—When with Miss Barton last winter we saved a kitten from freezing and starving. Afterwards I wrote kitty's own story. I read it in some of the galleries; it was very much applauded. The ladies say I must have it printed, and write more children's

stories. Miss W. wanted me to have it printed too; she thought it very good and amusing.

Sunday, 27th May, 1877.

I HOPE you do not accuse me of indifference. Oh no! my thoughts are constantly with you and your dear family circle. In fact, my position here is so wearing and tearing, no rest from morning to night, head and feet and hands in a constant bustle, that it is not possible for me at my age to stand it for a long time. It was the Lord's will that I came here; it will be a year next week; but it is as much the Lord's will that I should give it up; so I gave in my resignation after being convinced that the Lord is in it.

How wonderful to be led entirely by the Lord. He shows to me as plainly what to do as if He was talking to me. I had to come here sure enough; and now, as soon as I understood my mission, He made it plain to me that it must not be done here.

This little note is only to tell you that I am going to my friend, Clara Barton, and shall stay there for a vacation; that vacation has to be employed in His work; and then the Lord will provide for my future. He will know how to give me some occupation, to make good use of what I have learnt during this past year. I was well all winter; for the last two months I looked and felt very worn and tired; it is under the Lord's Providence. Everybody here is sorry I am going; not only those that worked under me, some of whom burst into tears, but also the patients; some of them beg

and beg me not to leave them. One, who has become dear to me, of whom I wrote before, I leave in the arms of Jesus, who has done great things to her soul; but who will do more. She is crying her poor eyes out; but I pray for her that her faith fail not. The Lord will not leave her nor forsake her.

I trust I shall be able to write more fully in July or August. For the present I must beg you to accept this poor substitute of a letter.

God grant that you are all well, and enjoying the return of spring.

With much love to your own dear self and family,

I am, devotedly and sincerely,

Your loving friend,

MINNA.

Dansville, Livingstone County,

State of New York,

North America.

11th November, 1877.

I BEGIN to think that my letter did not reach you in which I told you of the change I was going to make; I believe I sent, in the same letter, my photograph. I am not going to wait any longer, it seems so very long since I heard from you. I left the Asylum the first week in June, stayed a few days in Worcester, and then left for Dansville, where Miss Barton still lives, four hundred and twenty miles from Worcester. I stayed only a few days with her, when I started again for North Carolina, to Wilmington, quite in the south of that State.

There was in the Asylum a lady who had been put there by a sister and brother-in-law, because she was nervous and troublesome to live with. She was so fearfully unhappy, and afraid that she would lose her reason shut up with insane persons, that I prayed a great deal for her, and talked to her of the love and mercy of the Lord Jesus if she would only trust *Him* and believe His promises; that He could deliver her quite as easily as He did Peter out of prison, but how I could not see myself; for those who put her there meant that she should remain, either with her reason or without. She cried herself almost blind. When I decided to leave the Asylum, I did not dare to tell her of my plan; although she constantly spoke to me of doing something to deliver her, she knew very well whilst I stayed in the Asylum I could not act, as it would be acting against the institution; as matron I could not do it. I was pondering in my mind one morning how I could announce to the poor prisoner my resolution of leaving the Asylum. I prayed for light, and that the Lord would show me how she could be delivered. All at once the words, "You must go to her brother in the south," were spoken to me. I cannot in writing tell you how it was; but from that moment I was firm, knowing that it was my mission to take her out. I first thanked the Lord; then I cried because He had chosen such a weak instrument. I could tell her now about leaving; for I knew she would not be long left after me, only promised her to do something to let her brothers in the south know. She screamed and cried, and would not be comforted, when I told

her. You see I went to see her every day; took her sometimes out in the garden, or for a ride, and she of course would miss that. I promised to write to her, put a green leaf into the letter when I had talked it over with Miss Barton, if she helps me in it in any way two green leaves; when something is really done, a bud of a flower; when there is hope, a little open flower; when success, a large flower. My first letter contained two leaves. Miss Barton would not say Yes or No; but when she saw I was resolved, she wrote me a beautiful letter of introduction to her brother, and helped in giving advice for the journey.

I started on the 12th of June, hardly a week after my arrival. My journey was prosperous; not too hot, but pleasant weather. I travelled mostly in the night, stopped one day in Washington with the Consul and his wife, and from there I sent a little bouquet of pretty leaves and a bud in a letter to Miss Barton to forward, with a letter written beforehand, to Somerville, so that the doctor and Miss W. herself could not know that I was on my journey. I arrived at twelve o'clock on a Thursday in Wilmington, stopped in a hotel, asked for paper and ink, and wrote a note to Mr. Wilton, with the request to come and see a lady at the hotel who had just arrived, and had some news to communicate. He was absent for the day; would call in the evening.

The journey was not interesting, except the many long fearful bridges with no landing, so that one can only see the water. It looks daring and dangerous, yet every day trains go over them. At six in the evening Mr. Wilton was announced. I handed my two letters

of introduction, the second from the Consul, and then explained why I came and what I requested him, in the name of justice and humanity, to do. He was very kind, straightforward, and business-like; told me about the family and the reasons why the brothers consented to have the sister put in the asylum, not that they thought she was insane, but nervous and troublesome; nobody could live with her, her family would not keep her with them, she would make everybody unhappy, and he could not take her away from there until he found some other suitable place, and he could not go north until late in the fall. His wife was not well; but he wanted to go and tell her who the lady was, and then come and take me to his home to stay. An hour passed when they both came, so I was housed well. Mrs. Wilton is English, of a good family, six children, etc. We talked the whole plan over before going to bed; for I had told him if he would come at once with me, and take her out of the asylum, I would wait at Worcester and take her with me to Dansville; a little house near was just empty; I would rent it and give her a room and board, if they would let her have her own furniture for the room. After talking it all over with another brother, they finally gave in; you see they paid for her in the asylum and kept her before for many years. I knew all Miss Wilton's faults and failings; her abominable pride, her self-will, her stubbornness and selfishness were ever so many bugbears to be feared; but the Lord evidently wanted me to take her, that cottage presented itself, and in fact it was the only means to take her out.

All was arranged ; I left on Saturday morning, taking another road to Washington, where I should stay two or three days until receiving a despatch from Mr. Wilton, stating by what train he would arrive. I met him, and we went on to New York, and then to Worcester, where I stopped at a friend's, waiting for the events. Friday, 22nd June, they came ; Miss Wilton seeing me when leaving the cars, burst into tears, she was so bewildered at the suddenness that she could not speak. She really did not think that when once away, I should do anything to take her out. Even the leaves and the bud had no effect, for she gave herself up to despair, knowing she would have to remain a prisoner.

It took me eighteen days from the time I left the asylum to the day I brought her home with me. I left her in the Rest Cure, which is in Dansville, until the cottage was rented and furnished, and now she is with me. Of course I undertook the journey on my own expenses, and they were not returned to me. I therefore hoped that Miss Wilton would put up with inconveniences and not be exacting. I counted on her gratitude ; but the first four months were nothing but lamentations, discontent, complaints, and quarrels, for I could not always be silent ; I had so much to do ; I rented rooms without board to some patients that take the treatment in the Cure ; that is the way I hope to get my living. She made trouble with the persons in the house, excited me against them, and I cried to the Lord in my despair ; my patience was gone ; I was sorely tried, but I never complained to her brother.

They promised to pay me the money for board and room every month, but I have to wait sometimes two and over two months before it comes. For the winter I have nobody in my rooms; I took the furniture, bedding, etc., on credit, that is to say, a part of it. I have not paid up all yet, because I need coal and wood to keep warm. The living is cheap here; I have a garden and some fruit trees, so I have potatoes, cabbage, preserves, beans, and apples from the garden for the winter.

At last, about a month ago, the Lord had pity on me; he moved her heart, we agreed to read the Bible together morning and evening, and to have the Lord before our eyes, to bear and forbear, etc. Thank God there is peace in my little home; not that she is entirely changed; for at times about little things she gets violent, and her stupid pride starts up, but it does not last long, and she is more careful not to complain so much. I have good hopes that the good Lord will finish in her the work begun in the asylum. She was then ready to listen to the Lord's teachings. She knew Swedenborg's writings intellectually; now she wants to live the doctrines to become spiritually-minded. She used to be clairvoyant and a medium, but lost it during the suffering in the asylum.

The greatest trial to bear is that her things were taken possession of by that wicked brother-in-law and her own sister; the brothers made them give back one room's furniture; she had a little house full, and she wants it all back, that is the hardest to give up; although I tell her it is a part of the discipline; she did

not make a good use of her things when she had them, led a selfish life, was not grateful to her brothers, and now she will not, and cannot, forgive her enemies. The very idea that her brother-in-law or sister might come here puts her almost into spasms. She is dreadfully nervous, and when the whole day round me, makes me so. I felt in the asylum that my nerves suffered; when writing to Clara Barton about it, she said it was time to leave, I must not wait until my nerves were entirely run down. I was just a year there, but do not regret the position; though I shall like my humble little home best if the Lord blesses it.

Dansville is a small town with a great many little homes in all directions, in the valley of Tennessee, forty miles south from Rochester, in New York State. It is sheltered from the cold winds by the hills, although at times it is cold enough. We had snow and freezing weather at the beginning of this month; now it is pleasant again. The time passes very quickly; I have still a great deal to sow for spring; I hope to have a better summer than the last and not such hard work.

The Cure is called a Rest Cure; the patients do not take any medicine, but rest, bathe and keep a wholesome diet. Of 300 patients sometimes not one keeps the bed; they have stretchers, or hammocks, and lie down in the open air. Next summer will be twenty years since the Institute was founded by Dr. Jackson, and it has prospered ever since. It is called "Our Home on the Hill Side;" one has a splendid view from there, and the air is good. To me it looks more like Switzerland than any place I have seen in this country.

I forgot to say that in those eighteen days, I travelled between three and four thousand miles, besides all the stoppages. The Consul and his wife again have only two children ; they had to give up a beautiful little girl at the age of seven, who was born at Lausanne. She came to Dansville last summer and stayed eight days with me ; she is as lovely as ever, she had her daughter and her little boy with her.

I am again separated from the New Church, but enjoy my own reading, and Miss Wilton takes delight in it too. We read a sermon on Sundays from "The Divine Word Opened," by Dr. Bayley.

There are a great many Germans here from the labouring class.

I want so badly to hear from you, it seems so long ; I trust to God that I shall have more time in the future to answer letters more promptly. I could not write all the summer, and so letters accumulated, and were sent to the asylum to be forwarded.

I can fancy you in your pleasant parlour. It is Sunday, 25th November. Two weeks ago I began the letter, but was hindered to finish it. How is the health of my dear, precious Mrs. H * * * ? God bless her for all the pleasant times I spent in her family circle. God bless her for having brought me into the fold of the New Church, in which I find all my delight and happiness. God grant that you are all well, and that you are spared to each other for many years to come. How does the church prosper ? How the schools, and the whole village ? Where did you spend the summer ? Were you benefited by it ? How is

your youngest brother and family? Please remember me to them. How I should like to drop in occasionally.

Miss Barton is in Washington, has been the last month, and may remain three or four weeks longer, and I feel a little lonely. Miss Wilton wearies me very often; she talks so fast and so much; has so many impressions which very often look to me only what she wishes herself, and therefore come from her own making up. I wonder sometimes the spirits do not tell her to be more orderly in her outward appearance. I trust all that will change, and that she will become entirely a new Miss Wilton made over all new; until then may the Lord Jesus, in whom I trust, give me patience.

I have written a story, "The Enchanted Castle," which those who heard it read, pronounced good. How I wish I could read it to you and the story of "My Kitten." That kitten, whose story it was, was accidentally shot last spring; she left a wee kitten, which Miss Barton brought up by hand until it was big enough, and then she gave it to me, because they were building in the house in which she lives. She is very spritely and amusing, and so happy; she was very sick a few weeks ago, for ten days she did not swallow a crumb; I gave her Lobelia and Hot drops, and she is all well now, but spoiled; she wants to be on my lap whenever I sit down.

In what county is the place where the Miss Jenkins have gone? They never told me, and I cannot write except to the old place.

It will be time very soon for you to decorate the chapel and to make mince-pies. I shall have no Christmas dinner ; but I hope, nevertheless, to have a happy, quiet day, and perhaps a letter from you, or at least for New Year. Please accept my heart full of affection, warm from the heart, ever so much love to all of you. Do not forget to remember me to Miss D. How is her health now? Good-bye, my kind, dear friends ; write as soon as you can. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Marsden.

Dansville,

December 18th, 1877.

THE sorrowful news contained in your letter received a few days ago fills my heart with deepest sympathy. How little I thought when I wrote you last 25th of November that one of the family would no more hear in his earthly frame my message ; but grief must find an echo in every heart, and friends, acquaintances, employed, young and old, will feel the loss as keenly as if each one's best beloved had departed. "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away," utter the quivering lips of the mother ; but still the Lord's dealings are so mysterious, so past finding out, how can she understand a trial like hers ? Oh, not in anger but in love did the good Lord take the beloved son and brother up to His celestial home, where he had built himself a beautiful mansion, because it was already adorned with all the virtues and usefulness of an unselfish life, that he was taken to enlarge and beautify still more his heavenly home.

My precious friends, I know there are moments of sorrow when consolation seems out of place; also I feel the blow that befel you myself too much to be able to offer consolation. . . . Yet the Lord does not permit afflictions to overwhelm us to show His power over us. Oh, no! He proves our faith and love to Him that He may do us good. May He be with you, comfort you, strengthen you, bless you.

I am very thankful that you remain at ———, that the dear house is not going to be inhabited by other people. Thank you for telling me about the tributes to him. All joy for him; grief and sorrow for you. Yet the Lord loves you perhaps never so much as in that moment when He takes him home because he had gone beyond earthly goodness: he was so ripe for heaven, he could not stay any longer.

I am sorry I cannot send you a suitable card: Dansville is a small town where one cannot find such nice things as in Worcester or Boston.

And now, my precious friends, receive my warmest love, with my heart full of affection, full of sympathy, and a heartfelt prayer for your preservation.

Dansville, Livingstone County, N.Y.,

May 4th, 1879.

A YEAR and some months have passed without any news from dear Esnoiland. But was there really a rupture of a friendship that lasted over twenty years? I did not know how to take it, what to think of it, and I waited as long as my heart, full of affection

for you all, would let me. I write now because I want to know how you, my dearest friend, and how your daughters are, and without writing I cannot learn. I know the trial laid upon you was a heart-rending one; but a loving Father's will permitted that it should come upon you, and I know the doctrines of the New Church must have been a comfort after some time, when the wounded heart would let the mind think it all over. Forgive me, my own dear one, if I say anything that hurts; if we are called upon to give up our dearest, it is because He loves us so well and thinks that we love Him enough to give Him back the treasure He gave us for a time. How I yearn after you; how I want to know how you all are, what you are doing. I know you well enough to be certain that you carry out all the plans laid out in those happy years when the angel-son and brother was still clad in mortality, and that you are active and doing all the good you can, waiting with a patient longing for the happy hour of re-union. But let your distant friend hear from you, she too, hastens nearer and nearer the blessed world where so many have gone already of her family and her friends. From time to time I have a warning that I must be prepared and ready; my ardent wish and desire is to be closer and closer to my Lord and Saviour, to be guided by Him step by step, to love Him more than anybody and anything else, and to take from His loving hands all He sends me.

The past two years were not always easy, but sometimes exceedingly trying; but it came all in His own wise Providence; and when the poor body could

not bear it, and passed through an illness He was near and helped me up again.

If the Lord would hear the prayer of my heart, that is to take away all fear at the moment of transition, it seems to me I have nothing more to wish.

I am still in Dansville. Though I have changed house not far from the other, it is in the same street.

Miss Wilton left last fall. She caused me many tears to shed ; but that time is behind me, and I must look forward. Thank God for my belief—thank God it makes me happy! Mrs. Edwards left her earthly tabernacle last year: the last of her sisters soon followed her—happy are those who have overcome and are called up higher!

My very dear friend, I did not know what I was going to write to you when I began, but these thoughts were in my heart and they dropped into my pen ; so please accept these lines with as much love as the letter can carry, and my best love to your dear daughters.

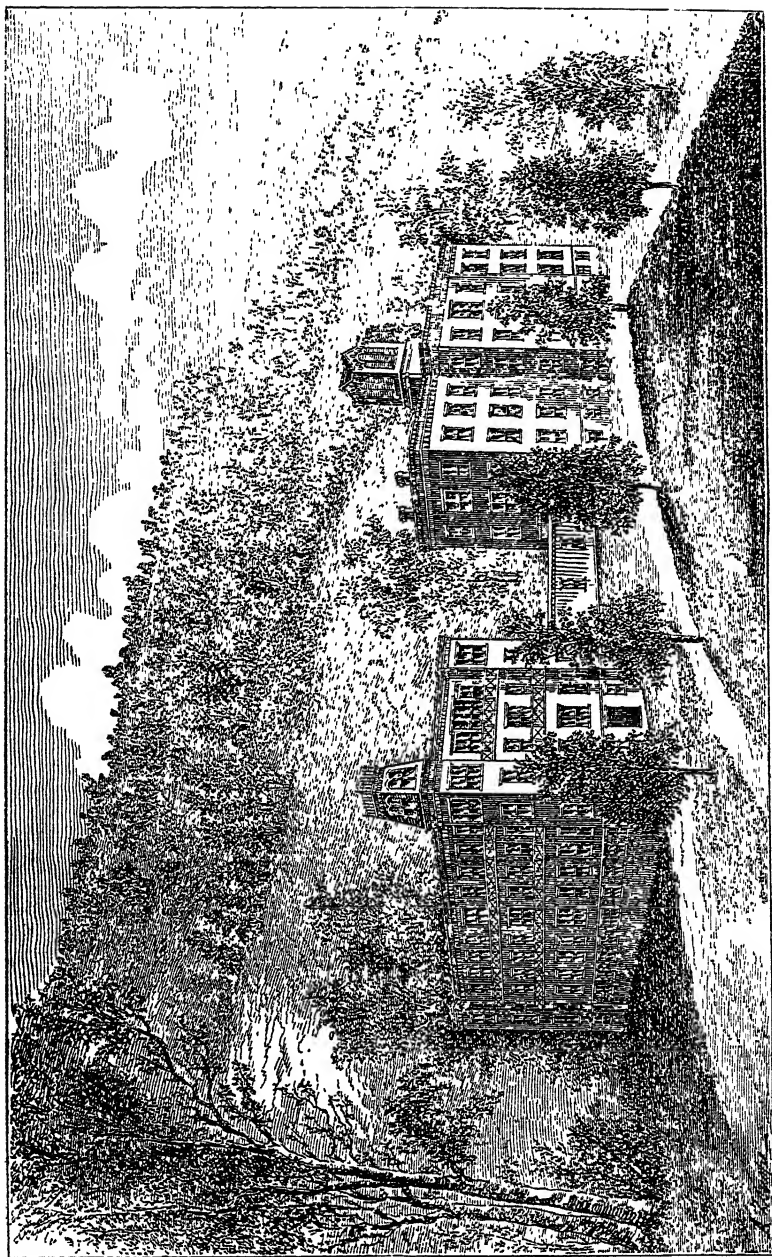
The Lord bless you and comfort and keep you.

Dansville,

August 17th, 1879.

YOUR good, kind letter came into my hands on the 14th June ; how much my thoughts were with you all these weeks as I waited for a quiet opportunity to answer it.

A friend from Europe, who teaches the French language in a school at Clifton Springs, spent six



DANSVILLE SEMINARY.

weeks with me this summer; it was a rare treat, although I have a great many blessings, yet natural pleasures I count by units.

Your letter lies before me, having read and re-read it. I want to speak of several things which lie next my heart. First of all, about the health of your kindest of mothers, my own dear Mrs. H * * *

Last April my friend, Clara Barton, moved to this house, which has twelve rooms, and was built now over two years ago; so I rented a few rooms from her, and I continued my German school until it was disbanded by the families whose children came to me leaving the Cure. What I was going to do next, I did not exactly know, except that Clara Barton had some writing for me to do, but not just at present, and she will be most likely a part of the winter in Washington. I know I could not stay alone in this big house in the cold winter-time, and I needed an occupation that would enable me to meet my expenses. The good God knew it all, and had provided for everything before I asked for it.

About two weeks ago, one of the professors of the Dansville Seminary came to offer me the position in the young lady's department as matron, and at the same time as teacher of the French and German languages. Although I reluctantly gave up my home, and waited a little time for consideration; yet the more I thought it over, the more I saw Providence in it. They do not give a high salary, the Seminary is largely in debt, still I shall be well nourished, warmed, and housed. Besides that, I shall most likely gain as

much as I should in doing something else here, for then I should have to keep myself and do my own work, which with keeping up the fires, is hard in winter, even if one is alone; it would not be safe either to live all by myself in this big house, so it is all for the best.

You know Mrs. Edwards was very ill, she lived in Brooklyn. I never saw her since my coming to Miss Barton; she could no more write, and I only heard of her through a cousin of hers now and then, so I do not miss her as I would have done if we had been nearer together. You ask me if I made any new friends? No, except perhaps in Rochester, forty miles from here, friends of Miss Barton, a Dr. Morton, his wife and their son. I stayed two days in their house with Clara Barton. Mrs. Morton asked me cordially to make a stay in their home, whenever I want a change; she spoke in a very flattering way about me. I do not know if perhaps the doctor's family will not play some part in my future life, my going to Rochester was so sudden and unexpected, that all these little occurrences and circumstances I treasure up as from the Lord: "He moves in a mysterious way."

No; I have not met with "Light on Life" by Rodgers. There is no New-Church Society here: I stand alone again, holding fast what I have, imparting to those that want to hear the good news. There are a number of Second Advent people in this country; they all prepare for the coming of the Saviour, and their ascent into heaven.

I went to a very interesting lecture delivered by a Professor Caton, in the chapel of the Cure. It was on

the Great Pyramid, which he said is believed to have been built by the Jews, and which was sealed up until now, when the prophecies are being fulfilled. He said that God Himself must have planned this wonderful structure, and inspired the human architect He employed to carry out His grand designs. Oh ! it was so wonderful the relation and correspondence it has to the Bible. Some Professor had written a little book about the Pyramids ; he constantly referred to it ; I should like to get hold of it—perhaps you have read it ?

I think that was very touching about the shipbuilder naming his steamer after the friend whom he esteemed above all others. May the name become a blessing to the ship. May a great many passengers become acquainted with the new truths through the books which you presented.

I send you a copy of Clara Barton's address to the soldiers of the Great Army on Decoration Day, held in one of the churches in Dansville, and another before the Press Convention, to which she was invited at Cape May. She had no time to prepare for that, and could not speak long, but she wanted to introduce the Red Cross (the cause of which she has not given up yet) before the gentlemen of the Press.

Dearest friends, my letter has to come to a close, although I should have more to say ; thanking you all for your precious friendship, and assuring you of my unalterable affection and kind feelings and sympathy. I wish to give my best love to each one, including Miss D——. The Lord bless you all and grant your prayers.

Dansville,

March 6th, 1881.

FOR four Sundays I was hindered in writing to you: each time it was a disappointment. To-day I trust nothing will prevent my doing so. It is Sunday again; the snow is eight inches deep on the ground; the sun does not shine, yet it looks bright; the sky looks as white as the snow. I have just written a short letter to my brother; he did not answer my New Year's letter, nor did I hear from him for a whole year and over. I am afraid the letter was lost, or if he did not write, there must be a serious cause for it. It is very seldom that a letter gets lost. I receive them sometimes with the envelope torn, if the letter inside does not fill it out. I sent you a card after the reception of your kind letter; I hope it arrived. How much I thank you for the beautiful Christmas card, which I am sorry to say has suffered a little injury, the letter did not protect it sufficiently. The little almanac came all right, but the news of the illness of my most precious friend made me sad all over. I can fully enter into your anxious watching and nursing; how heavily the days and nights must have passed over you, and how I thanked my loving Lord Jesus for having spared her to you and to me and to so many others. May I give myself up to the hope that she is getting better and stronger with every day? May I think of her as again joining you at your meals and in the family prayers? When shall I hear again, and what news will there be? I can truly say not a day passes without me thinking of you,

and questioning my beating heart if the beloved one might be better, perhaps well again ; also in my prayers there goes up before the throne of grace one petition on your behalf. You ask me if I did not like to think of the future life ? Oh, yes I do ; that is also one of my daily thoughts ; I want to be ready when the hour comes ; as you say, it is the loneliness which one fears, so I ask the good Lord to grant that my mother may come and lead me over the passage from mortality to immortality ; and I ask Him, too, that I may not for one second lose sight of Him who has become my All in all.

Oh, yes, heaven is always in sight ! it is my home, my country, my eternal dwelling-place, to which I am hastening ; I am building up my house there, I trust, of good, solid stones that will last ; although I cannot do any grand deed, only follow day by day the Lord's direction, doing faithfully my daily duties, looking always to the Lord for help, and being guided by Him.

You ask me if Miss Barton's brother has any religious creed ? He is a Universalist, like herself ; what their belief really is I do not know, except that they think all mankind will be finally saved. I am afraid they do not believe in the Lord Jesus. Miss Barton never speaks to make me believe they do ; she says God is our heavenly Father ; and long as I have known her now, I never could speak to her of religion. She has such a strong mind ; my arguments would not have any weight with her ; the Lord alone can do it when the right time comes. I asked her once to read Swedenborg's life to make a beginning, but she said "Not now ; I

cannot give it the attention and thought I ought"; and I never resumed the subject again. Miss Barton is now in Washington, on behalf of the Red Cross of the International Convention of Geneva. Last Friday, on the 4th inst., the inauguration of General Garfield as the new President took place. I do not think she will bring the subject before Congress; but she wants to prepare the way for it. I shall enclose two addresses she made at different times, and one on the Red Cross, which I may already have sent you. If you have any heart to read them, they will show you how active Miss Barton is, and how entirely given up to her country. We begin the last term in the Seminary on the 9th inst., so we go now rapidly towards the close of the school-year; and what will be next I do not know, but time will show. There is a new railroad being built along the hills, which you see on the picture of the Seminary; during the building it will bring us a great many rough men here, and there will be bad doings amongst them; but afterwards they think little Dansville will gain in importance. At present everything stands still, and all energy seems to be killed out in man. There are a great many Germans here, and I believe an equal number of Irish. But the "Cure" brings a great many strangers from all States. When any noted men come there, people outside are invited to the Hall to hear them lecture. I told you, I believe, of having seen and heard Mr. George Müller from Bristol, in England; also Mr. Allcott, the father of Louisa Allcott, author of "Little Men and Little Women." I am surprised to hear that you still find

opposition to the New-Church views in E——; here they are spreading more and more, and even those who do not adhere to the Church know something about it, and they generally speak well of it; it strikes me sometimes how entirely that antagonistic spirit has died out. I believe the distribution of some of Swedenborg's works amongst the clergy of all denominations has wrought a great change; other churches are getting new truths through their ministers; the churches by that means get little by little purified and reformed from their old errors—just what Swedenborg meant should be done, and now only after a lapse of over a hundred years, the way seems to be prepared for it.

I must go now and cook my dinner; afterwards, as I do every day, I have to go to Miss Barton's house, left empty, to see that all is right—all the doors locked and no disturbance. I do not know when she is coming back; it depends on how her business proceeds. Did you hear that they talk of making a railroad under the Niagara? I suppose not where the Falls are. They have a suspension bridge near the Falls.

After dinner:—It is three o'clock now, the sun has come out bright, the sky is blue and the snow dazzling. All this change in an hour's time while I was preparing dinner. I must not forget to tell you how much I enjoyed the sermons, "From Egypt to Canaan." I wonder if I shall ever, before leaving this world, have more leisure for reading. I have to crowd everything in that line into the Sunday, which is always much too short for reading, letter writing, and meditation.

When Miss Barton is here, I go every Sunday either to spend the afternoon or the evening with her; besides that I go to see her every week-day; on Saturday, having no school, I have so much to do in the way of housekeeping, or to go to town to buy my provisions for the following week, that I am generally very tired in the evening. It could hardly be expected that I should pass through the winter without a cough. I escaped it, however, so long as the weather was cold and dry; but a thaw came, a few warm days, and then cold again, which gave me a severe cold and a cough, which has been checked but not cured, as the weather is constantly changing now: on the whole, my health has been ever so much better than last winter. I meant to ask you again and again if you know a little book called "Were they Miracles?"—several cures by prayers. If you do not know it, I want to send it to you. I know a German woman here who has brought up seven adopted children; they had no child of their own, worked hard all their lives, but now some years ago they were able to build themselves a house and they live comfortably. The children are all married but one, who died; they did not all succeed well; one showed himself ungrateful and selfish.

Now, my dear, kind friends I must close my letter, which has grown long, perhaps too long for my kindest Mrs. H * * * to hear it read.

May the good, dear Lord bless you all. I know he does even when He permits the trials under which you have suffered these last years, His loving-kindness is the same, His love is the same. Receive now my

dearest, best, and most precious friends, my best wishes and my most sympathizing love. May the next news be a token for good. God grant that it may even be so.

P.S.—How is the Queen?

[The following portion of a letter, dated 1881, seems to shew a presentiment that it would be her last. Instead of this, it proved to be the last letter received from her by the one to whom it was addressed.—
COMPILER'S NOTE].

AND now my kindest, dearest friend, let me once more thank you with heartfelt gratitude for the new truths you taught me, and for all the blessing and comfort I get from them. How many times my heart would ache and bleed, and long and yearn, but for the treasure I possess; no more tossing about by every wind of doctrine; no discussion of other denominations can turn me aside; no doubt, no fear, no more expectation of the second personal coming of the Lord; no dread of the end of the world—but peace, love, firmer faith, a steadfast looking forward to my heavenly home, joy and gratitude to know the only true God our Saviour—my All in all.

I pray the Lord that he would make me humble. Oh, I do not want to be something extraordinary, to obtain humility by intense suffering and no end of trials. No, I want to be humble just as I am; I want more and more to trust Him just like a child. Praise be to the Lord, whose promises are true and faithful. And you, dear friends, you have not spoken the word of truth to me in vain.

I write you thus, so that if it should be my last letter you may have these words to remember. I do not know what makes me say so ; there is no reason, except that it sometimes feels as if my spirit were almost home, as if it could reach the heavenly Jerusalem ; at other times, my spirit feels almost rudely thrown back into the lower state ; the body has to bear and suffer, and feels burdened, and then my spirit grieves and tries to make it all right by going to the Heavenly Friend and telling Him all the troubles, for He is a Friend in need.

I still read, and with just as much pleasure, the "Spiritual Reflections," by Thomas Goyder ; how good they are ! Bayley's sermons I lent to one of the Professors ; he read the first two, and told me this morning that he liked them very much ; there were so many new thoughts, as he calls them ; little by little he will see that these " new thoughts " are new truths.

MEMORIAL DAY—ITS OBSERVANCE IN DANSVILLE:

Extract from the " Dansville Advertiser."

IT is with pleasure we chronicle the admirable and successful observance of Memorial Day in Dansville. The excellent programme prepared by the committees was carried out to the letter, and was worthy in every respect the day which it commemorated.

* * * * *

When the procession reached the Presbyterian

church, a crowd of several hundreds were waiting to gain admittance—the doors having been kept locked. Upon their being thrown open the church was quickly filled with perhaps the largest audience ever assembled within its walls, while as many more were unable to gain admittance. The aisles were filled with people standing, and in the gallery were all that could be crowded. Sufficient seats had been reserved for the veterans, all of whom were not able to take part in the parade, and they were all occupied. On the platform were seated Miss Clara Barton, speaker, Dr. J. C. Jackson, president of the day, and Major S. N. Hedges, marshal, while in front and on the sides were the clergy, assistant marshals, and others connected with the services.

Dr. James C. Jackson, in introducing the speaker, paid a fine tribute to the life and patriotic, self-sacrificing labours of Miss Barton, whom he pronounced one of the most remarkable women of this or any other age. Miss Barton then delivered the following eloquent address :

Methinks it is good to be here ;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?
No Elias or Moses appear,—
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.
Shall we build unto sorrow ? the dead cannot grieve ;
Not a sob, nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve !
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, nor fear,
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Yes—Mr. President, Citizens, Mourners, Soldiers:—It is good to be here ; it is good that ye meet to build an

altar, and deck it with your offerings ; and throughout our whole vast land, from zone to zone, from sea to sea, there arises not the question in any mind, To whom do ye build ? All the world knows to whom our nation builds its altar on the 30th of May, and all approve. Truly when she set apart and made holy this day, she did well, and "builded better than she knew." It is well that not only the nation pay this great tribute of respect and gratitude once every year to those who fell in defence of its liberties, but that those who struggled in the same noble cause, and survived, should meet, and in some manner live over again the scenes which constitute, and forever must constitute to them, the most important era of their lives. For there is no true, loyal soldier to-day, who served his term of enlistment in the war of the rebellion, who if asked for some portion of his past life to be taken out of his record and remembrance, but would say : "Take whatever three or four years of my existence you will, but leave my army life untouched. I did in those days what you never did, and I can never do again. Leave that to me."

But time rolls rapidly, and the events we meet to revive are already history. Eighteen years ago it was—comrades, can you realize that it was so long?—that the white blossoms of May fell on our young, untried armies, forming quickly to the call for 75,000 men. They fell unheeded, too, on the bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes of the mothers, wives, and sisters, who gave up their bravest and their best to that new, strange call. Terrible days of misgiving were these,

still all were coming back, all would live, and all would come home the same, with the glory of a soldier added; it was only a separation, and only for three months. Ah! bright days—bright uniforms—bright eyes—bright hopes—and bright blossoms; and the May went bravely and cheerily on, and June, and July! —Ah! that checked a little. Bull Run told us something we had not taken into our estimate—and the Peninsula, and the campaigns in the west! But the hopes grew and strengthened under trial and adversity, and in answer to the second call, rolled back the mighty chorus: “We’re coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.” And the next May blossoms fell on uniforms less bright, but more soldierly, and they fell too on the new made graves that by this time began to stud the distant lands. We had learned they would not all come back.

Shall we follow our marches another year, and find where they lead by field and river, and shore and sea? Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh, Fort Pillow, Corinth, grim Ben Butler in New Orleans, bold Farragut lashed to the rigging:

When scarce a cable’s length from the fortress,
’Mid case shot, shell, and ball,
Lo! the Hartford slowed her engines,
And lay there wood to wall!

Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, “Seven days before Richmond,” Malvern Hill, with its spiteful fire; Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run; Chantilly, with its rain and darkness, its mingled artillery of heaven and earth; Webster and Kearney dead; South Mountain, with its stubble hill side, burning September sun, and

its gallant Reno; Antietam, with its eight miles of camping armies face to face, two hundred thousand men to spring up at dawn like the old Scots, from the heather, its miles of artillery shaking the earth like a chain of Etnas, its ten hours of uninterrupted battles,—its thunder and its fire, its sharp, unflinching order—"Hold the bridge, boys, *always the bridge!*"—at length the quiet, the pale moonlight on its cooling guns, the weary men, the dying, and the dead, the flag of truce that buried our enemies slain, and Antietam was fought and won, and the foe was turned back. The long autumn march down the mountain passes; Falmouth, and Old Fredericksburg with its pontoon bridge, sharp-shooters, deserted street, its rocky brow of frowning forts, the broad glacis one vast Aceldama!

Where slaughter strewed the purple plain
 With torture and dismay;
 Till strength seemed weak, and valour vain,
 And grim and ghastly with the slain,
 Full many a hero lay.

The falling back, the night retreat across the Rappahannock—and Fredericksburg was fought and lost!

For victory fled our banner bright
 Upon that dreadful day;
 Oh! let me call the shades of night,
 To drown in black the morning light,
 And shield forever from your sight,
 The horrors of that fray.

Then followed the winter of defeat, discontent, and discouragement, which wrung from us at last, willingly or unwillingly,

Let the oppressed go free;

and the white May blossoms of '63 fell over the glad

faces, the swarthy brows, the toil-worn hands of 4,000,000 of liberated slaves. Unconsciously, America had freed a race! It was *then* she "builided better than she knew."

Shall we go on? Aye! ye are only in the middle of that march so gaily taken up in '61. The tide of battle rolls to the west—the bombardment of Port Hudson and the seige of Vicksburgh always; Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Fort Donaldson, Lookout Mountain, "Fighting Joe" above the clouds, and the two great captains challenging the admiration of the world!

"All quiet along the Potomac" becomes a mock-word. Charleston sits like a haughty queen, with Sumter, Moultrie, Wagner, Gregg—the watch dogs that growl before her door—and the siege goes on. Morris Island, bare and shelterless as "lone Tybee," fills her hot, drifting sands with soldiers' graves. Ever the growl of the forts, ever the answer of the fleet, as it wheels and circles into line and sends its broadsides. The deep toned thunder of Old Ironsides as she leads in, the quick, sharp crack of the Paul Jones, and the ready music of the graceful Pawnee, with the ringing shot on her armour of chain.

Comrades, it is a comfort to me that your eyes have seen, your ears heard, and your lips can testify to the things whereof I speak.

But the quiet on the Potomac! what does it signify? To the foe it signifies much, and he creeps ever northward and northward, until we who sent armies out to meet him on distant fields, at length receive him on our own, and for three days the tide of destruction

and the engines of Death and Hell rolled over the peaceful valleys of the Old Key State. The green, fertile slopes of Gettysburgh, ploughed with cannon, mowed with fire, watered with blood, and planted with the bodies of 6,000 slain !

What shall the harvest be ?

Mr. President, what shall it be ?

Another winter of discontent and gloom, ever the lessening ranks, ever the recruiting forces ; and the May blossoms of '64 fell on a world-renowned army of veterans—hard brown faces, sinews of steel, tread of iron—and hearts as soldierly, true, and brave as the “ Old Guard of Napoleon.” Uniforms still bright ? Uniforms ! Heaven knows if you had any—it were well if you had shoes.

But the weary spring brought the great captain to the east, to “ fight it out on that line if it took all summer.” Aye, and all winter, too. The country lost its little pet refrain of “ All quiet on the Potomac ; ” it perished in the flames of the Wilderness ; was buried on the bloody fields of Chancellorsville, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbour, Deep Bottom, front of Petersburg, the trenches of Richmond, the mine, the Valley of the Cumberland, Winchester, Cedar Creek, “ with Sheridan twenty miles away.” Southward lay Atlanta, bare and terrible, with not one stone left upon another that had not been thrown down, and its vanished army the mystery of the world. But the armies of the Potomac, Cumberland and James, and the old 9th corps that lost itself many times over, but never lost its flag, are no mysteries. Pressing on, pressing on, through mud and

blood, through shot and shell, nearer and nearer, shorter and shorter, that "All summer line,"—when lo! on the 9th of March, 1865, there falls indeed a "quiet on the Potomac;" and the flame-tipped pen of history writes high upon the scroll of fame a single word—"Appomattox!" Appomattox, and the surrender of Lee; for Grant has marched to Richmond, and Sherman has marched to the sea.

The white spring blossoms fall again, and still on marching armies; but with steps reversed, arms at rest, and faces no longer toward the foe. And they fell again on the bowed heads and sorrowing hearts of the widows and orphans in the old northern homes. On an army of worn out, sick, and wounded men, from hospital and barrack; on an army of skeletons dragged from prisons of which it shames humanity to tell; on the graves of an army of martyrs, and on one solitary bier, flag draped, borne reverently through the land with a mourning nation weeping in its train. *Let us pray!*

Yes, it is over. The calls are answered, the marches are ended, the nation saved, and with the glory of gladness in her eyes, the shekinah of victory on her brow, she covers her tear-stained face, and with grief bowed head, sits humbly down in the ashes of her woe to mourn her loss—to weep her dead.

Victory! yes, but oh! the cost, the desolation, the woe, and the want that spread over our whole land. I recall an incident which might serve as a type of all those days, if you will kindly permit me to relate it. Having occasion to pass through a somewhat western

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city during the winter of '65-'66, my attention was one day attracted by the figure of a singularly attired, weird looking little boy with a basket on his arm, standing in front of a bakery—a soldier's cap, and pantaloons, in which his tiny form seemed nearly lost, and the faded light blue cape of a storm-beaten overcoat, with the once bright buttons still striving to adorn its tattered edge, reaching to his knees, completed the uniform of the shivering little hero. He stood perfectly motionless, evidently unconscious of any presence, save the large, warm, nut brown loaves within the window. As I could not pass such a picture, I stopped and asked if he was hungry. "Not very," he said, hesitatingly, "Not very, but Annie is." "Who is Annie?" I asked. "My little sister." Have you no father and mother? "Father was killed at Chattanooga and ma's sick." (His voice trembled a little). "No brothers?" I asked. "I *had* three brothers," (and his little voice grew smaller and trembled more) "but they all went to the war. Willie was shot in the woods when they were all on fire" (he meant the wilderness), "and Charlie he starved to death in Andersonville, and Jamie, he was next to me, and he went for a drummer boy and died in hospital, and then, there was only ma and I and Annie. Annie was a baby when they went away, and ma's grown sick and Annie's often hungry and cold, for I can't always get enough for her. I pick up chips and wood, but ma doesn't like me to ask for food; she says it's a bad habit for little boys to learn." And the tears slid gently down the child's cheeks, wan and careworn.

I went home with him, far on the outskirts of the city, long beyond the reach of side walks, through alternate frost and mud—a cheerless room, and as we entered, a thin, hectic woman partly rose from her bed to greet me. Her story was only a confirmation of what I had heard. Her boys had enlisted first and early, and the father, partly to try to be near them, and partly through dread of the draft, which he could not meet, followed them.

One by one they had met their fate,
One by one her idols broken,
One by one her hopes had fled;

Till, with bleeding feet and breaking heart, she had trodden the winepress alone. As she talked on, quietly and tearfully, baby Annie stole out of her hiding place and was peering wistfully into the basket, and the little military guardian drew up to my side with simple childlike confidence as he said, "This was Jamie's cap and cloak. They sent them home from the hospital when he was dead, but they didn't send Jamie home." "Nor Willie, nor Charlie?" I said. "No, nor papa; there's only ma, and I, and Annie, that's all." And these were more than there would be long, poor child, for already the pale messenger waits at the gate, and his weird shadow falleth ever nearer.

Decorated graves—white May blossoms of '79.
Who lays a flower on those little lost graves to-day;
who on the thousands and thousands like them all
through the land?

Far down by the yellow rivers,
In their oozy graves they rot;

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Far down by the yellow rivers,
In their oozy graves they rot;

Strange vines and strange flowers grow o'er them,
And their far homes know them not.

Thirteen thousand dead in one prison. *Three hundred thousand* dead in one war. Dead everywhere—on every battlefield they lie. In the crowded yards of every prison ground; in the dark ravines of the tangled forest; in the miry poison swamps where the slimy serpent crawls by day and the will o' the wisp dances vigils at night; "in the beds of the mighty rivers—under the waves of the salt sea;" in the drifting sands of the desert islands; "On the lonely picket line, and by the wayside, where the weary soldier laid down with his knapsack and his gun, and his march of life was ended." There on their strange beds they sleep, till the "morning of the great reveillé." They sleep, and you remember.

Mourners:—they are the *dead* martyrs, you are the *living*, and alike should ye be honoured. Mothers, wives, and maidens! Would there were some testimonial grand enough for you; some tablet that could show to the world the sacrifices of American womanhood, and American motherhood in that war; sacrifices so nobly, so firmly, but so gently and so beautifully made. If, like the Spartan mother, she did not send her son defiantly to the field, bidding him "return only with his shield, or on it;" if, like the Roman matron, she did not take him by the hand, and lead him proudly to the standard of the republic; like the true Anglo-Saxon, loyal and loving, tender and brave, she hid her tears with one hand, while with the other she wrung her fond farewell and passed him to the State;

then smothering her sighs in her own crushed heart, baring her brow to the storm and the task—God only knows, history only faintly tells, how she toiled and suffered to sustain him in the holy cause to which she had consecrated him.

American women: how proud I am of you: how proud I have always been since those days to have been a woman. Abraham Lincoln said that without the help of the women the rebellion could not have been put down, nor the country saved. Since that time I have counted all women citizens.

Soldiers, comrades: what shall I say to you? Your sacrifices are known, your testimonials are given, your tablets of renown are already set; you stand in the foremost ranks of the armies of the world, you bear the respect of foreign nations, and the love and gratitude of your own. What more can be than to pray the Great Giver and Protector of all to watch over, guard, and sustain you in the peerless position you have already attained? But to accomplish this, you have more to do than other men. With you in no ordinary degree rests the future welfare of the nation you have saved, the preservation of the liberties you have secured. You are not to forget that the "price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Not only are you the men of history, but to a great extent you are the men of the present generation. Through the dark days of '61-2-3 and 4 my hope for the preservation of this nation, and the rights and liberties of its people, rested where it rests to-day—in the truth, patriotism, loyalty, and fidelity of the men who bled under her banners, who,

when the holy charge was entrusted to their keeping, proved equal to the trust. You went to the war citizen-soldiers, you returned soldier-citizens ; and that you are to day, and your duties extend not only to your country, but to each other. No disbanded army on the face of the earth ever did so noble, generous and beautiful a thing as you did, when you re-organized and established your Grand Army of the Republic. What charity, wisdom, and delicacy it combined. How well you foresaw that only a soldier could properly appreciate a soldier's necessities. I have honoured that organization with a great honour and loved it with a great love. And soldiers of Livingston, Dansville, I regret the circumstances, whatever they may have been, which here caused the suspension of your organization. Let us hope that it is only a suspension, that it is to resume ; and if in any way, one so weak as I can aid or strengthen, command me, and I serve. If I am proud of the women of my country, I am also proud of you ; and I would have the course of every soldier one to command the confidence and admiration of every beholder ; honour and truth his passwords ; pledged to sustain the right, to oppose the wrong ; to protect the weak : gallant and kind ; knightly, like King Arthur's knights, brave and courteous like "Lancelot," gentle and christian like "Sir Galahad."

Mourners, my last word is to you : Be comforted ; your dead are no longer dead, they are risen, and in the bright realms of the just and the glorified they await you.

When the faithful had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended ;

Its riders were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness;
A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.
On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly bright spirits, the prize is before you,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

* * * *

Miss Barton spoke in clear, well modulated tones, and in a spirited manner, and but for the open windows and cross currents of air, could have been heard distinctly by every person present. She was frequently interrupted by applause, but more often the moist eye and the tear-stained face told of the power and pathos of words which revived the scenes and experiences of the war, and the memories of those brave martyrs who never returned.

After the audience was dismissed, Miss Barton came down from the platform, and each veteran soldier had the honour of shaking her hand.

THE RED CROSS.

MISS BARTON'S ADDRESS AT THE UNION PRESS
CONVENTION AT CAPE MAY.

AT the union banquet of the press associations of New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, held

at the Stockton House, Cape May, on Wednesday evening, June 25, 1879, a toast was proposed in honour of "Miss Clara Barton, of Dansville, N. Y., the soldiers' friend and nurse during the American civil war and the Franco-German war," to which Miss Barton thus eloquently responded:—

Mr. President, Gentlemen, and Ladies:—

If I could feel that the kindly sentiments with which you have honoured me were all fully deserved, I do not know that it could make them more precious or welcome to me, for their expression brings to me opportunities so long waited for, that my gratitude cannot be measured.

First—an opportunity to thank the Press of my country for its unwavering and generous kindness through all the years it has dealt with my name. Our war was but one year old when the American press commenced to speak of me to the people, and the people to listen and respond; and through all these seventeen years, that press and that people have given me only words of approval, kindness, and unstinted praise—never a word of blame, never a criticism from those whose right and whose business it is to discriminate and criticise, if need be; but always the gentle, aye, tender respect that a sister might look for at the hands of noble, proud, and loving brothers. And this, to one often occupying unaccustomed ground for a woman, and a personal stranger to all. And through all these years my heart has waited and longed for an opportunity to express its gratitude and appreciation. But if Utopia itself had planned it, how *could* an

opportunity more rich, more abundant, more satisfying than this have been devised? And if at last, in the fulfilment of my answered prayer, remembering all, the grateful thoughts crowd the words, and the words struggle with tears, you will not wonder. What has caused all this kindness on the part of my countrymen and women is the thing I cannot understand. I can comprehend that it *is*, I can see *how* it is done, but I cannot understand *why*. If it be the little I was enabled to do in our first great days of national peril and woe, then, God be praised for giving me the will and the strength to do it. But how little, and how poor it was! And even this little they said was too much for me, for I fell in the ranks before my march was ended, or my work done. And I was ordered to the rear, like other worn-out, broken soldiers, to camp and hospital. Aye, more than this. I was "retired" out of the country, to rest in the quiet vales of France and Switzerland. But scarcely was I there, and hardly had my rest commenced, when the bugle-call to arms again sounded in my war-trained ear, the bayonets gleamed, the sabres clashed, and the Prussian helmets and the eagles of France stood face to face on the borders of the Rhine. Did I go? You will hardly ask me that, and you will not blame me that I did. That the horrors and sufferings of Wissenberg, Woerth, and Hagernau, Strasbourg, Metz, Sedan, and Paris—poor twice-shattered Paris—and every besieged and desolated city of France fell under my observation, and shared the labour of my hands through eighteen hard and dreadful months. I remembered our own

armies, my own war-stricken country and its dead, its widows and its orphans, and it nerved me to action for which the physical strength had long ceased to exist, and on the borrowed force of love and memory, I strove with might and main.

But I found here a help from a systematic organization which was not in our own country, which so enriched labours by facilitating them, that they no longer seemed so fruitless and so poor. A few wise, great hearted men of Geneva, Switzerland, shocked and pained by the ever attendant horrors of war, had counselled, devised a plan for international action and aid, and called a convention, the delegates to which should represent each and every civilized nation in the world. Each was represented by two or more delegates, a constitution and laws were drafted, a plan of action adopted, a name chosen, and a badge or symbol by which it should be known, selected. This organization was named the "International Convention of Geneva, for the succour of the sick and wounded in war," and its symbol was the "*Red Cross*." The delegates were requested to present this constitution to the heads of their respective governments, and ask their signature to the compact or treaty. They were faithful men, for at the end of only seven years, when I first knew of it, twenty-five nations had signed the treaty, and were in the compact, each with its own national head, and generally its people organized, and working under the wise system of this great national and international charity. I found in this compact the signatures of every civilized nation on the face of the

globe, except the United States of America! She, with her great war record of matchless charities—the leader and the organizer—the home and the birthplace of the “Sanitary and Christian Commissions,” she alone had declined—the place for her “hand and seal” alone was vacant. She alone stood outside the pale of civilization in the eyes of the christian world, side by side with the heathen and the savage. And this, wholly unintentional on her part. As a people she did not know she had refused, or had even been asked. It had been officially declined for her without her knowledge, and this, not because anything was known *against* it, but simply because nothing was known *of* it. Its language and literature were in another tongue than ours, and could not reach us.

During all these eighteen months of European experience I worked with that cross upon my arm, and under its wise discipline and perfect organization saw labours performed and results secured which never had and never could have been under any system of charity the world had before known. And when in '73, after four years of exile, I left old Europe for my own land, it was with the firm pledge to the members of that convention, that I would present it to our government in its true significance, ask its consideration and signature, if approved, or learn its reasons for withholding, and that I would do my best to make the American people understand it, for by its constitution and amendments it is not confined to sufferings by war, but is equally applicable to, and available in, calamities of any nature, whether by war, pestilence,

famine, fire, or flood, the magnitude of which is great enough to be regarded as national.

But I returned home worse broken than I had left. This committee of noble men waited for, and watched me from far-off central Europe, through three years of helpless illness, and when at length I stood once more upon my feet, it renewed its request, and made me the bearer of its despatches to Government. I took up the work, and have consumed as much time in attempts to reach and inform the official heads of our Government upon this subject, as in all my work in Europe. And yet they are not reached. And how shall I reach them or the people at large, but through the great national leaders and teachers? And at last they sit before me here to-night in hundreds, aye, thousands, and listen to my poor words. Their quick intelligence will take the subject in, they are wise and will judge it well; they are all-powerful, and will speak in their own good time; they are gentle and generous, kind like brothers, and will forgive me if I have spoken amiss.

But, ladies, noble women of America, my sisters, it is to *you* more than all others, that this subject appeals and belongs. It is you, who more largely rule and dispense the charities of this nation. It is you who organized relief societies and filled the storehouses of the great commissions, and it is you who will establish and wear the Red Cross of Geneva in this country if ever it be done. I wish I had time and opportunity to explain it more fully to you, and show you the great advantage and mercy it may be to a great and calamitous people like ourselves. But I am speaking

AN ISOLATED RECEIVER.

The following poem was given by Clara Barton at the farewell Reception and Banquet by the ladies of the Potomac Corps, at Willard's Hotel, Washington, D.C., on Friday evening, November 18th, 1892, in response to the toast,

"THE WOMEN WHO WENT TO THE FIELD."

THE women who went to the field, you say,
The women who went to the field ; and pray
What did they go for?—just to be in the way?
They'd not know the difference betwixt work and play.
And what did they know about war, anyway?
What could they do?—of what use could they be?
They would scream at the sight of a gun, don't you see.
Just fancy them round where the bugle-notes play,
And the long roll is bidding us on to the fray.
Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels,
And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the fields
When the charge is rammed home and the fire belches
hot ;
They never will wait for the answering shot.
They would faint at the first drop of blood in their sight.
What fun for us boys, (ere we enter the fight) ;
They might pick some lint, and tear up some sheets,
And make us some jellies, and send on their sweets,
And knit some soft socks for uncle Sam's shoes,
And write us some letters, and tell us the news.
And thus it was settled, by common consent,
That husbands, or brothers, or whoever went,
That the place for the women was in their own homes,
There to patiently wait until victory comes.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF

But later it chanced—just how, no one knew—
That the lines slipped a bit, and some 'gan to crowd
through ;
And they went, where did they go ? Ah ! where did
they not ?
Show us the battle, the field, or the spot,
Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air,
That her ear caught it not, and her hand was not there ;
Who wiped the death sweat from the cold, clammy brow,
And sent home the message : "'Tis well with him now."
Who watched in the tents whilst the fever fires burned,
And the pain-tossing limbs in agony turned,
And wet the parched tongue, calmed delirium's strife,
Till the dying lips murmured, " My mother, my wife."
And who were they all ? They were many, my men :
Their records were kept by no tabular pen :
They exist in traditions from father to son,
Who recalls in dim memory, now here and there one.
A few names were writ, and by chance live to-day ;
But 'tis a perishing record, fast fading away.
Of those we recall, there are scarcely a score,
Dix, Dame, Bickerdyke, Edson, Harvey, and Moore,
Fales, Wittenmeyer, Gilson, Safford, and Lee,
And poor Cutter dead in the sands of the sea ;
And Frances D. Gage, our " Aunt Fanny " of old,
Whose voice rang for freedom when freedom was sold.
And Husband, and Etheridge, and Harlan, and Case,
Livermore, Alcott, Hancock, and Chase,
And Turner, and Hawley, and Potter, and Hall.
Ah ! the list grows apace, as they come at the call :
Did these women quail at the sight of a gun ?

AN ISOLATED RECEIVER.

Will some soldier tell us of one he saw run ?
Will he glance at the boats on the great western flood,
At Pittsburg and Shiloh, did they faint at the blood ?
And the brave wife of Grant stood there with them then,
And her calm stately presence gave strength to his men.
And Marie of Logan : she went with them too ;
A bride, scarcely more than a sweetheart, 'tis true.
Her young cheek grows pale when the bold troopers
ride ;
Where the " Black Eagle " soars, she is close at his side ;
She staunches his blood, cools the fever-burnt breath,
And the wave of her hand stays the Angel of Death ;
She nurses him back, and restores once again
To both army and state the great leader of men.
She has smoothed his black plumes and laid them to
sleep,
Whilst the angels above them their high vigils keep :
And she sits here alone, with the snow on her brow—
Your cheers for her, comrades ! three cheers for her now.

[At this point, as by one impulse, every man in the room sprang to his feet, led by Gen. W. W. Dudley, gave three rousing cheers, while Mrs. Logan, with her beautiful white head bent low, vainly sought to staunch the fast falling tears ; the air was white with the sympathetic 'kerchiefs of the ladies, and the imposing figure of Clara Barton, standing with uplifted arm, as if in signal for the cheers, so grandly given, completed the historic and never-to-be-forgotten scene.]

And these were the women who went to the war :
The women of question ; what did they go for ?
Because in their hearts God had planted the seed
Of pity for woe, and help for it's need ;
They saw, in high purpose, a duty to do,
And the armour of right broke the barriers through.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF

Uninvited, unaided, unsanctioned ofttimes,
With pass, or without it, they pressed on the lines ;
They pressed, they implored, till they ran the lines
through,

And that was the "running," the men saw them do.
'Twas a hampered work, its worth largely lost ;
'Twas hindrance, and pain, and effort, and cost :
But through these came knowledge—knowledge is
power—

And never again in the deadliest hour
Of war or of peace shall we be so beset
To accomplish the purpose our spirits have met.
And what would they do if war came again ?
The scarlet cross floats where all was blank then.
They would bind on their " brassards " * and march to
the fray.

And the man liveth not who could say to them nay ;
They would stand with you now, as they stood with
you then—

The nurses, consolers, and saviours of men.

CLARA BARTON.

*The insignia and arm-band of the Red Cross worn on the field.

too long ; and thankful for the opportunity afforded me, wishing God's blessing on the press and the people of my country, I bid you good-night and good-bye.

Dansville,

28th December, 1881.

HOW thankful I was when the paper came, and soon after the postal order. Indeed I am interested in the New-Church building. Please tell me about its location. Main street must be the one up from your house. Oh ! for one day to be with you ; to talk to you, instead of writing ! I actually do not know where to begin ; although my beauty of a pen does its duty well, and is willing to run fast ; as fast as I can let it go. You see, when I saw your name printed in the paper, I felt 4,000 miles nearer you, and it seemed to me I must be able to reach you. Don't you feel sometimes my presence near you ? But, alas ! you tell me my precious friend is ill again ; more anxious watching. May the dear, good Lord restore her health for our Christmas or New Year's gift, and add to all the many blessings and benefits bestowed already upon us this boon ! That He blesses you and fills you with His Holy Spirit, your works show. Oh ! what a beautiful mansion she builds up in heaven, and what a blessed mother in Israel my Mrs. H * * * is. The meeting in the *hope-garden* was indeed the dawn of a new day for me ; blessed be the Name of our Lord God.

I am so thankful that the year 1881 has come to an

end. The dreadful visitations upon the children of men made my heart ache. The fearful fire in Michigan seemed so near us, although several hundred miles off; but the heat was so intense, and the atmosphere so thick with smoke, that we might have fancied the fire to be a few miles off. This summer a society of the Red Cross has been organized through Miss Barton's agency; it was hardly organized when the cry for help came from Michigan. Our little town has sent ten large boxes of clothing and bedding, and I, as custodian of the society, have packed them all. A sum of money was sent; it was a good, active beginning, yet may the good Lord spare His people from such calamities!

I will send you a pamphlet Miss Barton has written this summer, and published for the purpose of sending it into all the States, so as to make the intention and the work of the Red Cross known, and to induce the people to form societies in every state, city, and town. She has been working on this benevolent undertaking for these last four years. There is a treaty to be adopted and signed by the Government and Congress, for which purpose she spent last winter in Washington, and has gone again last week, and will most likely stay until spring. The President has made a favourable mention of the Red Cross Convention in his message to Congress, and we have great hope that it will pass without any further difficulties; for there were not a few, which Miss Barton, however, conquered. I have been helping her this summer; working for the cause of humanity; keeping only two small classes in the seminary, so as to be able to pay my current expenses.

Clara Barton has already given hundreds of dollars for this cause; these five thousand pamphlets just issued will cost her near 300 dollars, not including the envelopes and stamps to send them off. The printer put the price of twelve cents on each copy; but Miss Barton says the only way to circulate them is to send them gratis. Miss Barton going away, left me alone in this big house, with twelve rooms, and winter time, too; long evenings and nights. Last winter, when she was away, I was in the seminary; but it is all very different there now, and I did not want to move, when I can have such grand accommodation here; besides our kitty, a big, fat Tommy, is not happy in the seminary; he is scared by the noise of the boys. I should have liked to rent a room; but everybody was not acceptable, nor suitable, and we had no time to make inquiries. Indeed, I had no more time to read the Bible and to say my prayers; but I lifted up my heart in silent prayer over my work; and behold eight days before Clara Barton left, a Quaker lady came, who is here for treatment and rest, but does not want to reside in the "Cure." Well, she asked if she could not have a room in this big house? She heard the lady was going away, but that someone would stay in it, etc. I immediately saw it was the Lord's doing. He sent her; He heard my prayer. I led her to Miss Barton, and the result was that in three days after she was settled in a front, sunny room, with four windows. I furnished it with my own furniture, and charged a very low price, so that she can pay it. Miss Barton lets me have that, as I have to keep myself and bear all the

expenses. I had been pondering in my mind who the Lord would send me, as Miss Barton was not willing to take every person into the house ; nor would I ; but He always knows a way and a means.

This lady is Mrs. C——, well known as having worked for the last years amongst the emigrant negroes in Kansas. These poor, coloured people suffer beyond description ; the Southerners are so cruel to them ; they hang the men of age to rot on trees, and let them hang until they fall to pieces ; they mask themselves in doing that ; but there is a searching All-seeing Eye, before the presence of whom the masks will not avail anything. The day of vengeance will come ! Thousands of the women, frightened almost to death, snatch up their children and undertake a long, painful march through a wilderness ; for the country is not thickly settled there : many sicken and die on the road ; many starve ; many freeze to death ; many arrive naked and haggard in Kansas, where they want to settle. Mrs. C. tells such fearful stories, that my tears stream down, and their sufferings start up before my eyes again and again. England has already done a great deal for them. The "Friends" there have sent money and clothing ; but there was a heavy duty on the wares to be paid. Mrs. C. paid as long as she could ; but finally had to leave the last envoy in the Custom-house until she obtained from Congress an Act to let the supplies enter the country free from duty. Her health failing, she cannot go to Washington herself, but another Quaker lady in that city will be her representative, and she asked Miss Barton to help her in it.

Mrs. C. has a little grandchild with her; a pretty, lady-like little girl of four years. The mother of the child. Mrs. C.'s daughter, is in the "Cure" too—a young widow already for the second time. The mother tells me her daughter had a very tragic life; left with four children, two are with her first husband's parents; the other two are with her.

We have had so far a very open winter. On Christmas Day we had the most beautiful weather; then followed two rainy, foggy days; very unusual for this region: to-day it is fine, but muddy. But after the dreadful heat was spent, which lasted, I believe, during the whole of September, we had a month, or longer, of stormy, windy, rainy weather; it also snowed several times. Since then hurricanes have become so general. I feel afraid of a wind storm. Last spring, when Miss Barton was in Washington, they had a hurricane; four hundred houses were unroofed; the rain pouring down through the houses in torrents; the trees of whole avenues were uprooted. How violent the elements have become! Everything goes to extremes.

Now, before I forget, let us look up to the starry heavens: there is one of the evening stars which they call here the Bethlehem star; nobody knows anything more about it; do you? You see, if the astronomers take this star to be the one that appeared to the wise men in the East, and it appears now at the Lord's second coming, it is most interesting and wonderful before our eyes. I do not know how it started, but someone asked me weeks ago, "Did you see yesterday evening the Bethlehem star, what a halo it had

around it!" I said, "No! which is the Bethlehem star?" It was pointed out to me, and that night it was so beautiful, so large and sparkling, that rightly or wrongly, I exclaimed, "You beautiful star, be thou to me the star of Bethlehem!" I lost sight of it through all the rainy, dark nights.

I have not written yet one letter to any of my friends in Europe for Christmas or New Year, as I generally do; this is my first. I am going to write them all during my short vacation, but I have still much to do to get settled downstairs. I came down to a lower room so as to be near Mrs. C., and to avoid going up and downstairs. I have three classes this term in the seminary—thirteen scholars,—and then I shall have a few private lessons at home. With the little housekeeping and cooking, my time will be filled up. I trust to find a little leisure to spend in reading and studying; there was nothing but work, work, for all the years passed. Perhaps it will not be necessary for Clara Barton to stay so long in Washington, and if so she will come back, and in that case the work, work will go on again.

I had a very quiet Christmas Day, but I was happy. I carried my presents to a few families, and called upon an afflicted young lady, Grace Hawthorne, who lost a dearly beloved brother this summer, and lately her mother, who was taken away from her in the night, suddenly. The poor girl, herself a very delicate, frail flower, seemed crushed under the blow. The mother had quite a New-Church idea of heaven; having buried four children, she would often say she expected them all to meet her when her summons came. She often

said she would like to go well to bed and awake the next morning in the other world. One Monday, Miss Barton met her—no, it was on a Saturday when she met her—in town, cheerful as usual, talking of the Red Cross work. Gracey, her daughter, happened to sleep with her mother that night. A little before three in the morning Gracey found her mother breathing differently; she asked her if she was in pain: she said, “Not much; give me something to drink.” She was more easy after it, but a short time after, she said, “Gracey, dear, wake up the girl, and send her to the doctor.” Gracey was not out of the room two minutes, when, coming back, her mother breathed her last. The angel had come quickly: she was ready. She had said to several persons on different days, “I believe I have put my house in order; I am ready, if the summons should come slowly or suddenly.” Her husband was away. Gracey is a very well-educated young lady, of sound judgment, and a good French scholar—well read. She clings to me; she had been my scholar in French; we generally conversed in that language, and her mother took a great fancy to me. There was a standing invitation for me to any meal; I was always received with a warm embrace. We were afraid that Grace would sink under the weight of her sorrow, but on Christmas Day I got a glimpse of hope; she asked me if I would come in, and sit down at their table, as I used to do, as often as I could, and she burst into tears. I promised, and trust I shall find time to do so.

I told you, I believe, that my dear brother has lost his

wife. I have had no letter from him since. She died in April. A few lines accompanied my niece's letters: after that I will write to them. I have come to the end of the third sheet without stopping, but I must now say good-bye.

I enclose a heart brimful of affection and love and kind wishes for my most precious and dearest friends, your beloved mother, and also for each one of you. I love you all, and I love you all more than I can tell. The dear Lord bless you with His richest blessings, and may He take this letter under His care and bring it safe to Esnoiland. I am—here I was interrupted, I forget what I wanted to say. It is time to make my dinner. I dine at five. I am going to town afterwards; shall post the letter.

How kind your Queen was during our national affliction!

Dansville,

January 22nd, 1882.

My very dear friends,

YOUR sorrowful letter reached me on the 10th inst. I generally go to the Post Office myself. When the deep-bordered letter was handed me, I felt as if my heart fell down from its place, and I went home, the tears trickling down my cheeks all the way. I could not read it immediately, as I had a private lesson to give, and I was afraid I should not be able to give it, after knowing for certain that she whom I love has gone away from us.

Oh ! how can I express my deep, heartfelt sympathy for the bereavement of your angel-mother, and my faithful, true, loving, precious friend ? My letter, if you received it, will have proved to you how little I had thought of a separation ; how little I knew that the pamphlet I addressed to her could no more reach her in her beautiful home at Esnoiland.

I appreciate your kindness exceedingly in giving me the account of your darling mother's last illness ; and all the beautiful testimonies, and of Mr. ——'s call at that solemn time. It was the dear Lord who sent him, so that you should have one drop of consolation in your cup of sorrow. I remember him very well, and meant sometime inquiring for him. Your loss and our loss is indeed her gain. What a beautiful home she has been building up in the heavenly world ; her foundation stone being the only firm rock that will stand to all eternity, our most glorious, all-loving, all-merciful Lord Jesus Christ ! He bid her come up higher, not to give sorrow upon sorrow to your bereaved hearts ; but to give joy to His faithful child, who has used her talents so well, that she no longer needed the preparatory earth life ; her work here was done ; the foundation for a new Church laid, her last act. Oh blessed, thrice blessed, are those who, like her, die in the Lord, for they immediately rise to enter into glory and joy and full possession of their being, surrounded by their beloved ones gone before them, and other angelic beings who rejoice that *one* more of the children of men is born for heaven ; *one* more safe in her and their Father's kingdom.

My dear friends, for hours I think of her entrance there, of the work she will be doing, of her radiant, beautiful appearance, of the tender, loving influence she will exercise over you ; so you should follow in her footsteps, and finish your work which she began, and which she showed you so well how to do. Gently, lovingly, she draws you up to her ; until perfected by patiently waiting, trusting, hoping, doing, you will triumphantly join her in her glory. I feel heaven nearer, and my angel-friend seems nearer me when my thoughts rise up.

I understand perfectly that the Comforter could not yet enter your desolated home, nor will the good Lord find fault with it. Has he not wept with the sorrowing sisters of Lazarus ? and yet He knew He could and would raise him into life again ; but I know, also, that the loving Lord will sanctify this sorrow in you ; you will feel and be conscious of her presence, her loving words of approval, her example ; and that will help you to bear and do your work during your sojourn here below. I was thinking that it must be twenty-seven years since my acquaintance with your family began. For twenty-seven years I have had the privilege of calling the dear departed one my friend. The good Lord knows how grateful I feel all through my life for bringing us together, for providing for me such a noble and unselfish, kind, true, and faithful friend on the weary road of my pilgrimage. Shall this silken cord of friendship, which held us together for twenty-seven years, becoming stronger and stronger, although the sea rolled between us, be severed now ? She is not

dead, she liveth ! Let me, therefore, ask you, my very dear friends, to continue our correspondence ; it would grieve me to stop here, and I am sure your angel-mother would not wish it ; let me hear from you as hitherto. Our journey to heaven leads us the same way, although we may have different work to do. Let us cheer each other on our way by words of hope, love, and sympathy. I hope and trust that you will respond to this sincere wish of mine ; we do not write so often to each other as to make it a burden to you. I am thankful to hear that Miss D. is still with you ; and although she, too, participates in your loss, and finds it almost impossible to get used to that empty place in the family circle, at the table, and, in fact, everywhere ; yet you have someone in the house to whom you can speak of her, who can fully understand you, and in sharing your grief can lift up somewhat the burden of it. Please give my kind love to her ; I need not tell that my sympathy also extends for her loss.

I wrote to you on the 28th of December, 1881, and sent a pamphlet on the Red Cross on the 8th of January. I suppose that has only just reached you. Since the New Year the weather has been mostly very stormy and changeable. To-day there is a little snow on the ground, but the wind is very high and cold. Miss Barton being in Washington, I am much alone : I have always plenty to do. I have three private scholars, who take each, separately, two lessons a week in the afternoon ; that fills up the time. In the morning I give three lessons in the seminary. I think I gave you a full account of myself in my letter.

When you write next time, please tell me how your brother is and his wife. How old is their daughter now?

My dear E., my dear M., and my dear A., allow me to call you by your names, to call the Lord's blessing upon you. May He be with you and bless you, and help you in all you do and undertake; may He make you feel His sanctifying presence in you; may you feel His pitying love, His whispers of hope and trust. Good Lord Jesus, hear me, and bring these words of loving sympathy and affection to my sorrowing friends. Amen! This letter is so full of my feelings, that I almost feel to have put a part of my heart in it.

Your most affectionate friend,

MINNA.

Signed and sealed with my tears.

Dansville,

July 16th, 1882.

I HAD intended to write to you last Sunday, but was hindered from doing it; and now it is already so late, that I shall have hardly time enough to write all I have to say. The card of the consecration of your church has come to me. It is so extremely prettily made up, I admire it exceedingly, and I thank you for it; also for the paper that came soon after.

I hope and trust the 27th of June was a day of great blessing to you all, my dearly beloved friends. This dear church is such a link between heaven and earth for you, as your angel-mother entered her heavenly,

glorious home when the foundation-stone was laid, or, at least, soon after.

My dear friends, I took the liberty to give your address to a young lady who went three weeks ago to England with her old father, who had a great wish to see the place of his birth once more before he died. Just about the time when I received your letter which announced to me your bereavement, the mother of my young friend died suddenly, leaving husband, and son, and one daughter. A few months before they had buried a well-beloved son and brother, who had died of heart disease. The frail body of the sister clung so much the more to her mother, who seemed then her whole consolation; but when she was taken away there was nothing to hold her up. I tried again and again to speak to her of the future life and the love of God. I spoke to her about you, your bereavements, how you were able to bear it, and how you went on working for the Lord, and trying to bring His blessing upon all around you. I spoke of the New Church, and gave her the papers to read. She would weep as if her heart would burst, and she would beg me to come and see her again. Now, I thought it would be a great blessing to her if she could see you. Who knows what comfort she might derive from it, and who knows but she might come back to her home a new creature, with hope and joy in her heart? She would see so much that is good and noble, her heart might be opened to the heavenly dew; so I told her I would write to tell you that you would receive a note from Miss Grace Hawthorne, to inquire if you are at home or

at the seaside at the time she could call on you. Will you kindly answer her inquiry, and, if possible, to give her an opportunity to hear a New-Church sermon? She has seen the photograph of the New Church. She would tell you so much about me; she was my French scholar more than a year ago. Out of it sprang up a warm friendship. I had a standing invitation from her family; her mother was very kind to me.

We have a very pleasant summer here; it was in no such hurry to come as other years; and then we had the much-needed rain, the luxury of which we had not had for the last two years. The valley looks so fresh and beautiful; the birds are so happy and busy, and we were busy too; and we have been busy ever since Miss Barton's return, which occurred in the beginning of June, and now we have a family from Washington on a visit for the summer. As I wanted to have a rest, and have, anyhow, two invitations, I accepted the nearest one, and expect to be absent for about a fortnight; and then I will write again and tell you the way the good Lord leads me. I believe I told you that I meant to give up the seminary. I, therefore, when I was alone in the house, asked my most precious Saviour what I should do next, and as He opened three doors to me, I did not want to choose myself, but put the case again before the Lord, asking Him most earnestly to show me plainly, so that I could not be mistaken, which of the three positions to choose? Next time I will tell you the result of my prayer.

I have one more item to tell you, our Cure (Water),

of which I sent you a picture, has become the prey of the flames. The main building was burned to the ground, on Monday, the 26th of June, at half-past ten in the night. All the patients were asleep when the cry of fire was heard. Everybody was saved, not one even hurt, and yet the fire spread with such fearful rapidity, that in one hour and a half that large building fell into one mass of flames. Not much could be saved, as the doctors turned their whole attention to save the invalids. You would think all these nervous invalids would be ill after such a fright, and there would be a great lamentation over their losses; but no, doctors, patients, and "helpers" (instead of servants and attendants), showed the greatest fortitude, and two days afterwards a temporary kitchen was built to the chapel which, although attached to the main building, was saved by pulling down the communication corridor. Of course the good Lord tempered the wind and changed its course at the right time, else all the cottages and houses on the hillside would have been destroyed. With a high wind even our house would not have been in safety. They are going to rebuild. Most of the patients remain with the accommodation they can get.

Love to all my dearest friends, I am, as always, your devoted friend.

Chicago,

January 11th, 1883.

MANY, many thanks for your good, kind letter of October last, with all the kind wishes it carried

to me. It was so kind of you not to wait for my new address. I could not find the time to write the numerous letters which were expected from me, but all the kind messages addressed to the care of Miss Barton from friends, far and near, were duly forwarded to me. I knew my marriage could but be surprising news to you, and, in fact, to all my friends; and, indeed, I was the first to be astonished at such an event. It is the fifth act of my life's history, and, perhaps, the one that showed me in the most wonderful way the dealings of the dear Lord on my behalf. When I received last winter the letter with the proposal from Monsieur Goulaye I had so little inclination to marry him, or any one else, that I rejected the very idea at once, and wrote back to that effect; but the correspondence continued, and the subject was not dropped by any means. I, therefore, laid it before the Lord in prayer, asking Him, with singleness of heart, to give me a sign if the thing came from Him or from the man only, and this should be the sign, that my Heavenly Father might hinder the marriage from coming to pass if it was not from Him. You know I used this very same prayer in behalf of my dear sister, and she died a few days before the wedding. Feeling all safe in praying thus daily, I accepted the offer. The summer vacation had then begun, and Clara Barton had come back from Washington, to whom, of course, I told the whole proceeding. Finally, M. Goulaye fixed the day for his coming to Dansville, asking me to fix the wedding-day, which would at the same time be our departure from dear little Dansville, and from my dear

friend. My heart failed me, yet the day was fixed; my prayer continued more fervently; I did not want to have an atom of my own will in it; besides, I never wanted to go to Chicago; never wished to live in the west; I was afraid of it, and the nearer the time approached, the less I had inclination for it. I learned precious lessons during that time from my most loving Saviour. In regard to fear, three confirmations I had about it. Mons. Goulaye arrived, he could only stay eight days. On the 11th September the wedding took place in Miss Clara Barton's parlour. Only a few friends were present, who had decorated the room with flowers, which friends and neighbours had sent. Everything went on harmoniously, pleasantly; nothing hindered, nothing crossed. It must have been very painful for my newly-wedded husband to carry me off with a swollen, tearful face; the separation from my friend Clara was quite a heartrending scene; but he was very kind and considerate. We made our journey to Chicago in four days; stopping in Buffalo, State of New York, and in Cleveland (Ohio). Of course, once in Chicago I had plenty to do; that is, after my furniture came. I immediately fell into housekeeping, and doing my own work as if I had been married twenty-five years and had celebrated my silver wedding. André was a widower for many years; he never meant to marry again, but he is happy to have a home again.

He has only one daughter, who is married in Geneva, and has one child and a little step-daughter of about twelve years old. How wonderful are the ways of

Providence! As you have seen in the article in the *Advertiser*, it was at Geneva that I made the acquaintance of Clara Barton. We called once at Mons. Goulaye's home, where I saw two ladies, one was his sister, the other his daughter, then a young lady: he was not there. Some time afterwards I came to America, to nurse Clara Barton. After two years she was able to take the journey to Dansville to the "Water Cure." I accepted the position as matron in the private insane asylum in Somerville, near Boston. After one year I began to be very nervous from seeing so much of these unfortunate creatures. I left and went to Dansville; rescued an unhappy lady from the asylum. I rented a house and made a home for us both, but everything turned against me, until I humbled myself before the Lord, confessing that I had not been praying according to His will, in His name; then deliverance came. I had a little German school of nice children, whose parents were patients in the "Cure." Then I was engaged in the seminary, where I continued to teach for three years, and was asked to continue there still.

Mons. Goulaye lost his wife after the birth of the first child. He was then a handsome, strong, and social gentleman; well-educated, of polite manners, and, in fact, everything in his favour to make him a successful man of business; but his wife gone, his good spirits left him. His daughter writes me, begging me to be kind to her dear father, and to love him truly, to make up in some measure for the many years of mental suffering and loneliness and wanderings. He happened to be in very bad health in New York, when Clara

Barton invited him to come to Dansville. I happened to be there when he arrived, and thus our acquaintance came about through Clara. You know already that she nursed his brother, younger than André, and very handsome, during the war. He died here in Chicago over a year ago, leaving a widow and three girls under age. My husband has been in this city over three years, having obtained a good situation, boarding himself; spending a great deal of money without having a home, for which he had a great longing, and thus it came about that I became his wife, to walk together the rest of our journey towards our heavenly home. He belongs to no church, yet believes in the necessity of having a Saviour; and I hope and trust, sooner or later, that he will find pleasure and comfort in reading New-Church books; but I must not be too eager to show him the new way, but wait patiently on the Lord. He knows best the right time. Who knows if we did not come together for this very purpose? I am convinced there is a mission for me to do in this last stage of my life. I thank the Lord every day for His loving-kindness and His tender care over His children. Oh, how much I have reason to thank Him!

The New Jerusalem Temple is three miles from our home, so I cannot attend Divine service regularly. I partook of the Holy Communion the day before Christmas; had a short interview with Mr. Mercer, whose name you often see in the *Messenger*. I am in correspondence with Mr. S.; he is very kind and helpful. Chicago is a very large city, over 600,000 inhabitants;

it is growing with every year. I thank you for what you tell me about dear Grace Hawthorne. I had a loving letter from her before she left for Paris, but have never found time to answer it; she is most likely in Italy now, until the weather gets more congenial for travelling. In coming home I know she will be very happy to call on you and make your personal acquaintance. Her father has come back in better health and in better spirits, and I believe she will. But one thing is needful, if she but find that precious pearl, her happiness indeed would be secured. Clara Barton is for the present in New Haven, Connecticut; from there she will go to Boston, and then to Worcester, where she lived when I first went to her; and finally she will proceed to Washington, where she will most likely remain until June. We have a faint hope that she will come and see us before returning to Dansville, if all goes well, and her health will allow. Of course she is still busy in the Red Cross work, and for that purpose undertakes all these journeys.

And now, my very dear friends, I want to tell you that my whole heart was with you on your sorrowful anniversary. It seemed to me almost that you must feel my presence with you, and then my thoughts followed the direction of my heart upward, where your sainted mother dwells in glory, an angel amongst angels. Oh, good Lord, I thank Thee for the knowledge of what heaven is! No more a mystery, no more a word of myth, with a gloomy shadow hanging about it. Oh, no, a blessed reality, a world of bliss, a home; or, rather, homes in our heavenly Father's

kingdom. Every day brings us nearer home ; it seems so far, and yet how near it is. May the dear, loving Lord bless you all with His continual presence, for where He is, there is peace. The stormy waves of life are calmed, and comfort enters into the sorrowful heart ; for you all know Him and love Him and work in His vineyard ; and may I too be faithful in what the Lord gives me to do. I cannot do much, no great things, but if I do the little in His name He will accept it ; and I am so thankful that He knows how much, how intensely I love Him, my precious, loving Lord and Saviour ! I must close my letter, the day is waning, not that it is so late, but it is a cold, blustering, stormy day, with no sun visible ; however, it is there. Give my thanks to dear Miss D. for her kind wishes, and give a great deal of love to her. To you, my dear, dear friends I send my heart full of affection. Remember me, please, to your brother and his wife, who, I hope, are well. You tell me that some of your friends remember me, thank you ; at the first opportunity remember me kindly to them.

Good-bye for the present, and for some time ; I have still many letters to write. My new address is :

“Mrs. M. A. Goulaye, . . . Chicago, Illinois.”
Monday, 15th.

P.S.—I wanted to add a few words to my letter. My marriage is a marriage of faith. My husband has a good position in a big iron business, but that is all he has. His health is no more so good ; he looks older than myself, although he is three years younger ; he has lost most of his curly hair, and what is left is

mingled with grey, and so is the beard. But then if he were still young and handsome he would not have married me, and I could not be the comfort to him as is the case now.

He has given up smoking for my sake; he used to smoke constantly, but, thank God, from the day of our wedding he has not smoked a single cigar or pipe. He never mentions the subject, nor do I; it belongs to the sad past, and there it remains. You see now why the Lord brought us together; there lies a mission in this faith marriage. We do not fear the future, for we have only to do with the present, and the good, dear Lord takes care of us, we are contented, and, therefore, happy. We enjoy all we have and are thankful for it. I manage my housekeeping with a wise economy, and yet we do not seem to deny ourselves anything we want and need, because our desires never go beyond our means. We have a nice house where the sun shines into every room during the day, and it sinks also into our hearts and makes them glad. I am glad to know you still take the *Messenger*; it was a great blessing to me last year.

Now, farewell. I speak all three languages during the day.

Chicago,

March 23rd, 1883.

WHEN the beautiful presents were displayed on the table, and the photo of the church was looked at and admired, I was so touched by your never-failing kindness and friendship, that I felt such a longing to run to England straight up to your house, and kiss you,

my dear, dear friends, all round, and thank you from the inmost of my heart for all the past and present love I have received, and still continue to receive from you. As I cannot run over the big ocean, except in thought, I must beg you to be content with the expression of my gratitude on paper, and I wish to tell it to each one, how much I appreciate the tokens of your precious friendship. My husband too joins me in thanking you very sincerely. The photographs give me much pleasure ; the sermon I have not yet had time to peruse ; I will send one to Mr. Sewell : perhaps you have already done so, since he wrote me that he had received a photograph of your new Church.

There is however one fear I have, that our quiet, simple way of living will give us but seldom the opportunity to use such handsome articles on our table as you have sent us. At present we are in uncertainty if we can remain in our rooms ; the proprietor wants to build another storey to the house ; if that is coming to pass, it would be too unpleasant to remain during that time, and I went yesterday to find rooms ; but they are so intensely dear, we cannot afford such prices ; we give already for our present dwelling as much as our means will allow ; it is opposite the park, and has the sun from morning to night alternately in the different rooms. You can well understand how sorry we feel to leave it ; but then we must not forget, the Lord who brought and directed us here will give us again what we need. If the building of the second floor is given up until autumn, we shall most gladly remain the summer here and enjoy the vicinity of the park.

My husband listens with more pleasure and interest to our New-Church readings on Sunday evenings. It will be slow work to make him see and understand that the doctrines of the New-Church are not on the same plane as those of other Churches with only a different way of expounding the Holy Scriptures, the more so as I avoid controversy. When his eyes really begin to be opened, then he will no more be satisfied with his own vagaries, with no real foundation on which to build his faith ; it will be all in God's own good time ; I strive to live out my blessed religion, so as to put no stumbling-block in his way.

I am not employed in any useful work for the good of others, my home duties have taken up all my time, and if we have to move, I shall have plenty of work before me for a long time.

Two Sundays ago my husband accompanied me to church in Van Buren Street, three miles from our house. Mr. Mercer gave a sermon on the different dispensations, dwelling more largely on the New-Church. My husband could not understand him always ; he has a way of lowering his voice at times, otherwise he was pleased with what he heard. I enjoyed it beyond measure. Mr. Mercer is quite young, but very earnest.

[This letter bears no date, the first portion having been lost ; but evidently it begins with Madame Goulaye's description of an accident to one of her eyes.]

DURING that time of suspense, many prayers went up to the throne of grace ; how I prayed for my sight to be preserved, and the good Lord

answered my petition. The oculist on examining my eye found the vitriol had dissolved and spared the sight. Although the eye had to be bandaged and was sore for a long time, yet my heart was full of thanksgiving from morning to night. All work was suspended until the bandage could be taken off; when I was proceeding in the sewing of carpets, etc., again I had an accident. The thumb of the right hand came between the gate and bruised it so badly that for five weeks longer we had to remain in that unsettled state; having to nurse the hand, which was wrongly treated, making it so much worse. In July, at last, my husband got pretty well over his rheumatism. Although not cured of it, yet he could sleep and began to feel better, and I could at last see to the laying of the carpets, and the final settlement and cleaning. Although I could not work with a sore hand, yet I could read. I read at the time Dr. John Ellis' "Reply to the Academy's Review of the Wine Question in the Light of the New Dispensation." It had been sent to me by Mr. Sewell some time before, but the right time had not come for me to read it. I was not interested in it, I never wanted to take the pledge, much less now when my husband and self enjoyed so much our beer with our dinner. The water here comes from the lake, but is filtered. It is tasteless, and in summer not good to drink. I was about half through the book, when one day my thoughts wandered off, leaving the book open on my lap. I was reviewing in my mind how the good Lord had helped me in restoring my injured eye, and how He was now helping me again in not allowing

the ill-treatment of my thumb to have any worse consequences; and then I felt that I wanted to do something more than to give an offering to the Mission as I did before. I told the Lord to let me know what I could do; to give up something I like much, to deny myself something I am too fond of, etc. It came to me as in answer, "Do not let this book be read unheeded." I was so struck with this that I went down on my knees and made a solemn vow to the dear Lord—there was no one near—never to taste fermented liquor again in whatever form it may be; asking Him to help me to be true and faithful in my promise. I began to read the book in another spirit and got interested in it, and before I got through I was convinced Mr. Sewell was moved to send it to me, as he did once before with the *Messenger*, in which I found exactly what I wanted. When I told my husband he was very sorry, saying I had acted rashly and he thought it foolish; still he was very kind, bringing me lemons to make lemonade; he never alludes to it otherwise. During that forced idleness, I had many thorough self-examinations, and I know the precious Saviour has helped me to root out some deep-rooted weeds, and to kill some little foxes that come constantly to destroy the flowers of my mental garden. Thank the dear Lord, the time of suffering and doing nothing was not lost on me. Of the many fearful catastrophes which have occurred all over the world, I will not speak, my heart aches, the *Messenger* again put me right in that, showing me that even in allowing such heartrending events the Lord is good to all and His tender mercies

are over all His works. How often have I occasion to say with David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" etc.!

Some cousins of mine had a factory, which last May was blown up; setting fire to it. The mother was instantly killed, her daughter, with her husband, lingered several days in dreadful suffering, then were released; a son had to suffer several days longer. The father with six grand-children escaped. Eight days after the funeral of the last-named, another cousin of mine, with whom I was in correspondence, died suddenly. She wanted to adopt one of the orphan children, and had made that afternoon the final arrangements, then took tea with the rest of the family. She was not married. Before they retired to their respective rooms, her spirit had left her earthly tabernacle; the good Lord had sent an angel to lead her home. She had lived entirely for others, doing good wherever she could in her quiet, humble way. My mother had loved her dearly, I know she met her in the spiritual world, and how happy my cousin must have been to see that she rose in a perfect human form immediately after death, and she will be ready to be instructed in the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem; for here below she had no chance, and she would have been afraid of anything new and unknown to her. Miss Barton has, on entreaty, accepted the position of Superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for women, in South Framingham, Massachusetts. She is so busy that she has no time to write to her numerous friends. I trust my husband is going to have two weeks' vacation, the latter part of this

month. He needs a rest very much; he wanted it at the beginning of September, but he could not be spared from the office.

We shall not go anywhere, that would only fatigue him; but stay at home, and if the Lord grants us good weather we mean to be as much in the open air as we can; in the beautiful park and along the lake shore. Everybody who sees the beautiful table set admires it, we concluded the dish was meant for butter, and friends agree with us. I am sorry Clara Barton could not visit us this summer; her coming will be indefinitely put off to a future time. Oh, how it would do my eyes good to look upon that beautiful lawn of yours, where the grass is so smooth and even, so velvety. I come to an end of my call, hoping you will soon pay it back to me in the form of a letter. I enclose ever so much sincere and heartfelt love for all of you, my very dear precious friends, trusting that no serious illness has prevented you from enjoying the sea-breezes.

My husband commissioned me that whenever I wrote to my friends at Esnoiland, always to send "*ses compliments respectueux*," which I do now.

The dear Lord be with you and bless you, and may He protect this letter, so that it comes safely into your hands.

Maywood, Cook County,
Illinois, U.S.A.

January 8th, 1886.

ALTHOUGH the sky is laden with snow which makes it dark in our sitting-room, where it is

generally so bright and cheerful, yet I will not put off writing to you any longer. I trust you received my letter in due time, which told you of the safe arrival of the welcome letter, cards, and little box, which were forwarded to us by the Postmaster in Chicago. We moved to Maywood in the beginning of September. I was so busy (having no help) for three or four months, that I had to neglect my correspondence and everything that could wait. In December I had so many letters to write to send my new address, at the same time that I suffered very much from headaches, so I had to stop again for a while. But let me first thank you, my dear, for all you sent me; the token of your friendship is very precious to me. The very pretty brooch has a great deal to tell me; it tells me of the affection, kindness, friendship, and sympathy I received for so many years from your angel-mother and her daughters. Oh, what a blessed gift friendship is, and how the good Lord has blessed me with such rare, precious friends on my pilgrimage to the heavenly Fatherland. My heart is overflowing with gratitude.

The most costly, the most precious pearl, your sainted mother caused me to find in our most glorious, heavenly doctrines, which I prize more and more. Sometimes I seemed awe-struck with the stupendous wisdom and providence of the most high God, but when I came to think of our dear, loving Saviour, who from His majestic height came down to clothe Himself with our poor, fallen nature to save us from the powers of evil and darkness, my heart melts within me, and I adore and love Him more than ever.

These were my thoughts at the blessed Christmas time, yet not only then, but they are with me always. Do you still take the "New-Church Messenger?" There was a great deal said about faith-healing. I can see clearer why New-Church people should not use this means for recovering lost health, and yet it cannot be wrong at one time and right at another, else one might say we ought not to rely and pray to be helped in little every-day occurrences, for the Lord knows what we need. If it were wrong the Lord would not hear such petitions. I could fill pages to prove that the Lord Jesus hears and answers prayers, yet always remembering that we, not being able to discern what is good for us, should add from the heart, "Not mine, but Thy will be done;" and if the prayer is not granted, we should be convinced that the thing asked for would not have been for our spiritual good, and be resigned.

Now let me tell you what my husband says about the brooch.* I think I told you his father had a jeweller's store. I was with Mrs. K—— when she ordered her diamond cross to be made there. In his early years my husband was with his father, so he is very expert in anything of that line. He says the wheels are those that covered the spiral or spring to protect it, and it was made (*à jour*) or open-worked, that one could see through if anything is the matter with the spring; they were never made of solid gold, so all the jeweller had to do was to make that little

*A specimen of the Cock jewellery, then a craze, which was made out of the works of a gold watch.

border to face in the wheel and make it stronger, to be able to put the pin on; of course those who do not know how easily that was done would think it a great curiosity; that is so. I showed it to a lady and she was admiring it exceedingly and thought it ingenious, and so do I. There is Christopher Columbus, again, with the egg: when he showed how the egg could stand, everybody exclaimed they could do it in that way. Some time ago a new issue of 5 cent pieces came out, the Roman V. was without the word *cent*; immediately some jeweller gilded them over and made brooches of them; they were recalled by the government for fear they might circulate as 5 dollar pieces. About the cards, the one with the little girl on the swing: this kind was very much in vogue here two years ago; they made them large, all kinds of simple, rural subjects, and cut them out to place them on the windows, so that they could be seen on the outside. I do not much admire the motto of the red card, and I do not think the old English a pleasant addition to it. That is only my opinion, and it is not worth anything: a great many might prefer it.

Wednesday, 13th January,

I could not finish my letter. Since I began it, we have had a very cold spell, that keeps one busy with the fires, and in barring the windows and doors, and to save preserves and provisions, etc. Our freezing point is at 32 degrees, and we have had 20 below zero; that makes 52 degrees below freezing point. What a pity the States should have such sudden changes; it

makes it very hard for Europeans to get used to it, and to bear it.

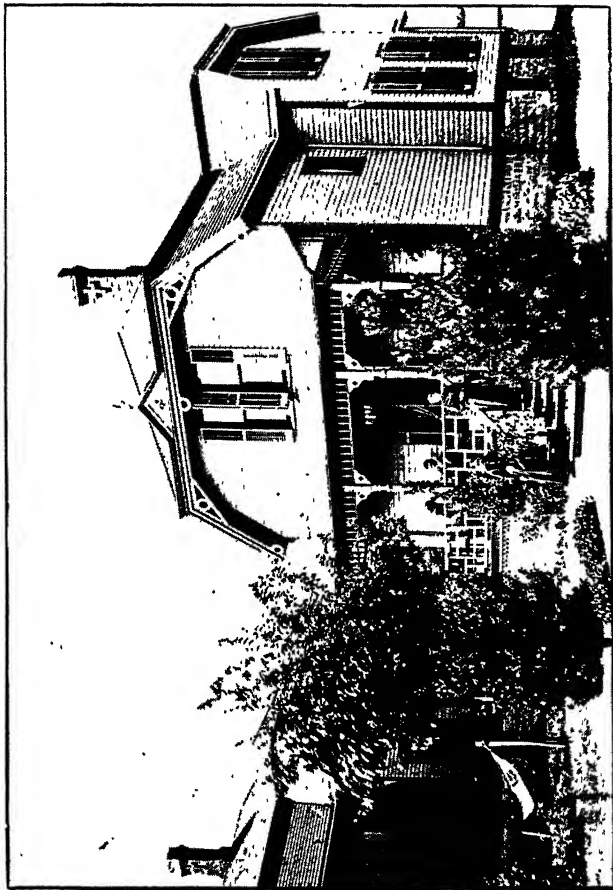
I wanted very much to send you some pretty card, but I dislike so much to go into the city, the moving of the people in the crowded streets, cable cars, street cars, waggons of all descriptions, pedlars, pick-pockets, tramps, policemen, are enough to make one dizzy. Last time I went shopping I came home with a dreadful headache. I asked therefore a lady who went to purchase the Christmas presents for her family to get me some cards. This was about the prettiest, but of course it will not be new to you. I enclose also the photograph of Miss Clara Barton. I have sent you from time to time a slip of a newspaper which had an article about her. If Providence permits she will pay us a visit some time this year ; I long to see her, and shall be very happy when she comes.

Now I must tell you about our leaving Chicago to make our home at Maywood, a pretty village ten miles from the city ; it lies on the Chicago and North Western Railroad. Last year my husband was looking round in the suburbs of the city for a convenient house to buy. The building companies put up whole streets of houses and sell or rent them. We looked at a great many, most of them were so slightly built that they were not worth the money ; the lots near the city are immensely dear, and a badly-built house could not accommodate us ; constant repairing and cold in winter, and in a few years it would not be worth anything. One Sunday he came to Maywood and found here several new

houses for sale ; he went to see the proprietor, who showed him over the one my husband thought he would like ; he came home, saying, I have found exactly what we need, a well-built house with a basement with a good solid foundation of large square stones, the rest of wood ; 6 rooms, a large kitchen, etc., etc. André wanted me to go and see it ; yes, indeed, it pleased me too ; still I was rather fearful about going into a contract, as it is rather dear, but André found so many good reasons for leaving the city entirely, to have the sun all to ourselves, to have pure air and good water, and to be alone in the house without being isolated, for there are plenty of houses all around, to have nice neighbours ; the village is laid out in streets, and will make a town of it little by little. Then the lots will increase in value in case we should want to sell it, etc.

Still, until the day my husband went to make the final arrangement, I prayed with all my heart to ask the Lord to hinder the purchase if it were not for our best ; and so it came to pass that the contract was made. The house stands in a plot of 60 feet by 120 ; it is a corner house ; the price 2,500 dollars. 1,000 to be paid on the first of November, '85 ; 1000 two years after, and the third year the remaining 500 dollars ; but there is yet the interest to be added of the 1,500 dollars ; and then come the taxes—how many I don't know. As no hindrance came in the way, I began to feel more confident, and we moved out the beginning of September, had a beautiful day and everything went well ; the sun welcomed us ; my husband hurried into the

house to receive me in due form at the front door with a hearty kiss and welcome. "Our home, Minna," he said, "a sunny home where you will be well, and where I can enjoy my Sundays and summer evenings." When the waggons were unloaded we fixed up our bedroom, I brought provisions with me. After that the kitchen was put in shape. Little by little the rooms were arranged, and we got settled ; André only having the Sunday to help me. The village being a temperance village affords no conveniences for men or women as helpers ; a few German washerwomen are all that one could get. It took me three months to get ready for the six months' winter season ; all that has to be done yet I leave until spring. There are about 4,000 inhabitants, and eight to ten stores ; also an hotel mostly for summer boarders from the city. I gave my savings, which I kept in a savings bank in Worcester, Massachusetts, to make up, with what my husband had, the first 1,000 dollars, and now we both earnestly economize for the next payment. We are able to rent our Burling floor to a family, but for considerably less than what we had to pay. André is not obliged to pay what is wanted for the rent until May, when our lease will be out. I never wanted to settle in the West, and least of all to own a home in the Prairies ; but we must never say, "*Fontaine je ne boirai pas de ton eau !*" How strange that I should be here ! The house has a verandah in front towards the east ; there was none, but my husband had it immediately built ; it is such a protection to the front door and windows. Three bedrooms are upstairs, which we do not need when we are



RESIDENCE IN MAYWOOD

alone, as there is a parlour and dining-room, of which I make a sitting-room; a bedroom, kitchen, etc., and pantry on the first floor, about six feet from the ground. From the kitchen is a stair to the basement, where I put a stove to make it into a laundry. There is a little barn.

Thank God, my blessed Saviour, I have been well so far, the sun is a blessing to me. The prairie winds are frequent and strong, yet they do not come from the lake and they do not hurt me. André has been well, too, and he is happy to be in the country. You see the depression in business is general in the States; in the east it is still worse, so, having a good position, André said it is best to stick to it as long as he can stay; later, if the Lord grants us life, we can sell out and go to a more genial climate and live according to circumstances. *Mon mari me charge de faire à vous et à vos sœurs ses complimens respectueux.* He goes to the city every morning at six o'clock, comes home at a quarter to seven p.m. Accept many affectionate greetings all of you from your true and sincere friend.

Please let me know soon of the safe arrival of the little parcel of cards and letters: there are so many shipwrecks, accidents, and fires. God bless you!

Maywood, Cook County,

Illinois, U.S.A.,

December 15th, 1886.

A YEAR has gone its round again, and is hurrying to take its departure, but before it leaves us I greatly

desire to make you a call in your beautiful home. What a pity it can only be in the spirit and in thoughts, when I have so much to talk about, so many questions to ask about yourselves. I take it for granted that you have been to the seashore ; and now you must be busy with the decoration of your church. If I am not mistaken, it must have been on the 20th November, five years since, that your angel-mother went to dwell in heaven. What thoughts crowd into one's brain when one looks back a series of years ; it is well to do so and follow the leadings of Providence and of our own progress towards our heavenly home.

How I wish to know how you all are. May the blessed Christmas-tide find you well, and may it shower upon you the Lord's choicest blessings, so you may go on rejoicing, strong to do your labour of love, and to follow in the footsteps of your blessed angel-mother ! I shall think of you on Christmas Day, as I shall not be able to go to church ; the service will be long, and if I miss my church-train, I have no chance to get home except late in the evening. When I wrote you last I little thought what this year had in store for us ; it is well we do not know. My dear husband was sick, began with an inflammation in the left eye in July ; he would not give up, but worked for a long time with one eye, having the sick one bandaged ; but his general health gave way, and finally he had to give up his situation, stay at home, have the doctor, and be taken care of. He is still at home, his health is in its normal state again, but the eye is recovering much more slowly. It is, however,

much better, and we hope, with the Lord's blessing and help, that by January he will not only be quite well again, but that He will find a suitable occupation for him.

This is a time where I must show my trust and faith in the dear Lord by my conduct ; also I ask Him to strengthen me, to supply me with a firm, unwavering faith every day, so as not to show any anxiety for our future support, and especially not to fret and lament, as it would dishonour my dear Saviour and make my husband miserable. It gives one often an opportunity to speak of the Lord's dealings with His children, and especially how I was led and helped all through life. We have come to a standstill, or rather to a going back, as we have to use the money we ought to have laid aside for the house, to live on. I told you all about the purchase of the house, so you can understand our position.

I feel so thankful to be able to trust my precious Saviour. True, I did not expect a trial of this kind, as I firmly believe the Lord directed us in the buying of the house. Before it was settled, I earnestly asked the Lord to hinder our plan if it should not be His will, and therefore not for our best. All went on smoothly, and I think that is the reason I feel so calm in my heart. How could I doubt my precious, dear Lord and Saviour ? I thank Him, too, that André feels the same about it ; he is hopeful and trusts Him.

We had also some very sad news from our family at Geneva. Louise, my husband's daughter, had to give up the younger of her children, a dear little loving,

intelligent child of three years, after such a cruel illness. The seat of it lay in the marrow of the spine, which caused a general paralysis. Only the head of the poor little sufferer was alive, which he could not even turn ; his large black eyes fixed on his parents, he would repeat in the most plaintive voice: "Papa, guéris moi, j'ai mal ; maman, aide moi, je souffre, je ne puis pas bouger," and there was no help, no relief that the doctor or parents could bestow ; what they must have suffered one can imagine ! The little one did not suffer so much from pain as from anxiety and suffocation. On the sixth day an angel came and carried him up to heaven. At first it must have been a relief to the parents that their darling's sufferings were ended ; but when the mother realized her loss, she was inconsolable. The little girl left is from five to six years old, and has always been a delicate child, whilst little Cyril was a healthy baby from his birth. I used all my sympathy, and our beautiful doctrine on the death of little children, to bring a few drops of comfort into the sorrowing heart of the bereaved mother, but she has not come into a state yet where she can receive any consolation or submission. My husband wrote to her so tenderly, reminding her of her duties as wife and mother, to submit to the will of God, who had given and taken the child ; that if she nourished this excessive sorrow, she would make herself ill and bring anxiety and care upon her husband.

Now, to come back to ourselves. My health has been good all the summer ; I was out of doors a great deal, attending to my flowers. We had a profusion of

all colours on the east side, which is the front of the house ; on the south side, and even a little square on the west, with sweet herbs and daisies. We had also a bed of violets, which we transplanted from our lot, and wild roses ; we planted also a few trees, from which we hope to get a good deal of comfort, as they will shade the path on the south side, as also the windows and the verandah. I have made new acquaintances of different denominations, being asked to join a religious meeting in the house of a Quaker lady once a week. I did so, and as they wished each one to take part in it, I saw an opportunity to let my little light shine. I had often to excuse myself for taking up too much time ; my heart flowed over with many a precious truth and correspondence. Sometimes, after the meeting, some ladies would come and shake hands with me, asking me to call on them, or they would call on me.

Our New-Church doctrines are no more a subject of abhorrence ; they are sure to ask to what Church I belong, and to want to know more about it ; to ask questions, etc. A short time ago a lady said, "But Swedenborgians do not believe in Jesus Christ." I quickly undeceived her ; I had to promise her to see her as often as I could. These are very small beginnings, small seeds by the wayside ; yet I am thankful I can do as much.

Now, my dearest friends, receive my sincere love and best wishes for a blessed New Year.

Maywood,

Cook County, Illinois,

March 2nd, 1887.

ON the 24th of February I received a very nice present in the shape of the New-Church birthday book. It just came a few days before my own birthday, and as it was the only present I received it was doubly appreciated. The text of Scripture, "Trust in the Lord," and the quotation from the Writings, "The Divine Providence," are the theme of my daily meditation.

If I did not acknowledge the receipt of the book immediately, I hoped to get a letter, the long-looked-for letter, which I missed so much at Christmas-tide, for the absence of it filled me with apprehension that there must be sickness in your family.

But now let me thank you, my dear, kind friend, for this new token of your friendship. My heart feels so tender, and is filled with gratitude when I think, however far away, and how many years have come and gone since I left my country, yet my friends at Esnoiland remember me. In my mind your angel-mother is still with you, and I feel as if she suggested to you to send me that gift, or to write to me. It is, perhaps, as I grow older, heaven comes nearer to me, and the loved ones that are there do not seem to be absent, though I cannot see them.

The winter, I believe, was severe in the old country as well as here; the two last months, especially, were destructive in their violence; although, thank God, nothing occurred here in comparison with what the

more western and northern States had to suffer from snow, ice, water, and almost an unheard-of amount of calamities; considering the vastness of the country it is no more than what other countries have to pass through. These earthquakes are so terrible; there is no safety from them on land or water, mountain or valley, and yet I know they are under the control of our loving Lord and Saviour. He holds the reins of the universe, and without His knowledge and permission the earth cannot shake. A wonder is that these awful visitations do not bring the people to their senses to seek the Lord while there is time, while *He* may be found; but how soon they are forgotten!

My husband has suffered greatly from rheumatism this winter. I had a very bad cough which settled on my chest, and made me quite an invalid for several weeks, although I did my work all the time. Very soon the spring sun will carry off all the winter's havoc.

Have you read *Footprints of the Saviour*, by the Rev. J. K. Smyth? It is exceedingly sweet and soothing, tender and touching. Perhaps before you get this I shall hear from you, my dear friend. Give my love, warm from the heart, to your dear sisters. The Lord bless you all!

Maywood,

December 9th, 1887.

IT seems such a long time since I had the pleasure of writing to you, although I kept in my mind the good long letter received in May last.

The summer brought me pleasure, and also some cares. I believe I mentioned in my last the pain I had in my right arm; it grew very much worse later on, I could neither dress nor undress; there was no other way but to stay in bed, and trust and wait, which I had not long to do. A kind neighbour came at intervals to take care of me: I doubly appreciated it, as she was just doing up her fruit, and had no servant. Other ladies brought cooked provisions for my husband, who was invited out to dinner, but who would not go.

The doctor of Maywood came twice, and, fortunately, relieved me of the sharpest pain. He was sick himself, and could not come any more.

I was about again and doing my work, when a friend came whom I expected to come alone, but who brought her sister and a little girl with her; they stayed a week. Fortunately the little girl was such a darling, six years old, so reasonable and loving, that she won our hearts. I was pleased to see how my husband took to her. The summer was so dry that only by assiduous watering could we make the flowers grow; three large trees dried up, although we gave them a pail of water almost every day. I am so sorry; I calculated on their shade, as they were full of leaves early in spring, and now we have to begin to plant again next spring, and have an extra expense. My husband has to pay 1,000 dollars the 1st of January, 1888; that leaves us one more year, at the end of which we have to pay 500 dollars. The interest on the money due makes the amount so much more. Shall we live to find the house free and all our own? The

good Lord alone knows ; I know, however, that He has blessed us. I economized 100 dollars during one year for the house from my weekly allowance. Now, my dear friends, I have to tell you another event which gave me great pleasure. I believe I mentioned to you about the probable coming of my niece. When she came back from Greece last spring, I kept on thinking in what way I could ask her to come, as I knew it was impossible to have her in our family, and give her a salary, till the house is paid up. One day it came into my mind to see if I could place her in an English family ; I mentioned it to a neighbour, who said she would take her. Soon after a lady friend came from Chicago, to whom I mentioned it, and she immediately said she would be glad to have her in her family. I told my husband, who approved of the first family, as there only English was spoken, which she would have an opportunity to learn: the other family is German. I wrote to my brother to propose such an arrangement, but nothing could be decided until Minette's return. The result was that on the 8th of September the dear child arrived. I had not seen her for fourteen years, when a child of ten years old, but we had corresponded, and I could, of course, judge somewhat of her character. She soon won not only my heart, but also my husband's ; such a sensible, kind-hearted, loving girl she is.

She immediately set to work and relieved me of most of the housework. After a stay of six weeks I was willing that she should go to our neighbour's, but she would not leave me, and decided, if her uncle was

willing, that she would like to stay all winter with us, even if we could give her no payment. That, of course, my husband would not accede to, but promised her a small salary, thinking I could help her with warm clothing, which she did not bring with her.

Ever since she has been with us she has seen to the cooking and all the housework; I help a little in the morning. Under such circumstances I recovered from my cold much more quickly than I should have done if I had had to do the work. It is so pleasant to have her with me these winter days. We work, write, read together, and I give her English lessons; thus the time passes very quickly. This pleasure, however, will fall rather heavily on my husband, as I cannot now put any money aside for the house. The Lord has helped us hitherto; He will help us all our journey through.

How kind it was of you to write me such a long letter. I felt quite grateful to see that there are other friends besides your own dear selves who remember me, or who know me by name at least! I am sorry to say that my dear, good husband had a bad attack of rheumatism this fall; but the worst of it did not last very long. However, both his arms retain enough pain in them to remind him constantly that his enemy can come back at any time.

There were no meetings this summer, and I could not go to church. I am a member of the Western Union Reading Circle, but can, of course, never attend the meetings, held in Chicago, under the supervision of the Rev. L. P. Mercer. I continue having the *Messenger*, which gave an account of Dr. Bayley's

removal to the spiritual world. I did not say, my dear friend, that I took the oath and was an avowed member in the temperance cause. The promise was made between my God and my conscience. We never see any drunkenness here, as Maywood is a temperance village.

Miss Barton has been in Europe ever since September. The Red Cross Convention was held in Carlsruhe, and she was a delegate from the Government in Washington. She paid us a visit in the summer of 1886.

Last summer we were surprised by a visit from the Swiss Consul: his daughter Gertrude is married and lives in Boston.

Will you accept my best wishes for a blessed Christmas and New Year, with a heart full of love and grateful remembrance of your precious friendship? The Lord bless you all!

Clara Barton is in Washington, very busy in her Red Cross work. She passed through Chicago last summer; I saw her there for a few hours. I am sorry to say I have not been to church for a very long time; I naturally like to go on Communion Sundays. On that day they always have baptisms, confirmation, receiving new members, and that makes the service very long; so I am always afraid of losing my train, in which case I could not go home until six p.m.; I also miss the sermon. I sometimes go to the Episcopal Church here, and sometimes to the Congregational. The minister of the latter church cannot possibly enlighten his congregation; he calls everything a

mystery. Life is a mystery and death is a mystery to him ; angels were created such ; and as long as you believe in Jesus you are all right : it does not matter to what church you go. Now my dear, dear friends, I long to hear from you. Is the dear little church progressing? We do not know yet if Chicago will be chosen for the site of the World's Fair in 1892. The matter is before Congress ; New York behaves badly, kicks, and wants to frustrate the decision. Chicago is willing to give it up : what they ask is a decision and certainty ; suspense is always trying, and the precious time is lost in vain words and bad feeling.

Have you been at the seashore this last summer? I shall count the days when I may have a letter from you, my own dear friend. Don't think if you cannot give me cheerful news, you had better not write at all—tell me about yourselves just as you are. What prevented you from writing? I think your angel-mother would like us to continue our correspondence, so let us do it.

My dear friends, I will leave you now and say good-bye, and the good Lord bless you. I know you are blessed, and Jesus our adorable Saviour is with you always.

M. A. G.

Autumn of 1890.

[7 Years after Marriage.]

“PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” Those who love the dear Saviour need not fear the judgment. “I will greatly rejoice in the Lord ; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He

hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." I am sorry to hear that your pretty little church does not increase in numbers; but, my dear friend, you need not be discouraged or anxious, except perhaps about engaging the proper clergyman. The small growth is the general complaint of the New Church; and yet we notice that all over the States, and in fact all over the globe, new Societies are founded, and isolated believers in the heavenly doctrines are found everywhere. It is a gradual work, just like the regeneration of a single individual; but there is an awakening, a shaking up of the dry bones, a demand for a revision of old, worn-out creeds, a cry for more light. Of course the members of the New Church have to present the new truths whenever an occasion offers, for the understanding has to be supplied first, before any fruit in the life of a man appears. It is very slow work, and yet the Lord is patient above measure. He remembers our frailty, our shortcomings. He tells us: "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

I think the argument on the wine question is not of such great importance. If the use of the unfermented wine were so essential to our salvation at the Holy Communion table, Jesus would have told His disciples so; nor did the apostles make any mention of it in their epistles.

Here let me mention that last Sunday, the 5th inst., notwithstanding a leaden sky which threatened rain every minute, I went to Chicago to the New-Church Temple and partook of the Holy Supper. I was

moved to go, so my soul had a choice spiritual feast. Our minister, the Rev. L. P. Mercer, gave us such a lucid, clear, beautiful explanation of the institution of the last Supper. Such a deep thankfulness and a fervent love for my Saviour entered my heart with the peace of God which passes all understanding. It was truly a fortaste of heaven ; oh, what a blessed Sabbath it was ! I want to think of it often, so as never to forget all the beautiful truths symbolized by the narrative in Luke xxii. I suppose you read in the last *Messenger* of September, the notice that the Rev. Dr. Hibbard and the Rev. Jabez Fox seem to be inclined to exchange America for England. When I was on my way to Virginia I stayed a short time at the Swiss Consul's in Washington, where I frequented the little New Church which has lately been burnt down ; Mr. Fox was then the pastor of it, and I saw him several times at the house of the Consul.

I must confess that I, too, find in the people here a great indifference for the new truths. In one of our Maywood missionary socials, at the luncheon table I asked the Congregational minister who was present, if he thought that angels were created beings, or the saved ones from the human race ? He answered, "They were created angels, and above us." "Oh but," said I, "then they are really below us ; for being deprived of the free will to choose good or evil, they are mere automatons," to which he replied, "It did not matter what we believed, as long as we believe in the sacrifice of our Saviour ;" and there the conversation stopped, as no one had anything to say, or questions to ask.

A great many of the clergymen have received Iungerich's gift-books of Swedenborg; they bring out a great many New-Church truths in their sermons, without telling their congregations where they came from; for a minister is expelled from his Church if it is known that he preaches Swedenborgianism. Is that right?

I will tell you now my doings since last winter. The *grippe* had taken possession of me on the 2nd of January, and never released its hold until really warm weather set in. Spring set in late. As soon as the weather was more settled I undertook a thorough house-cleaning; carpets were taken off, the rooms were papered, the kitchen painted, everything was taken out and aired. Of course I had a man and a woman to help me, but still I had to direct and help, and do a great deal myself. Then came the seed-sowing and planting, and lots of outside work. A second spare room had to be fitted out, as I expected more than one visitor at a time. My niece Minette was the first to come, in the middle of June; in July came Antoinette Goulaye, a niece of my husband; she had made us short visits before, now she was going to stay two weeks. She is twenty-two, was brought up in a fashionable boarding-school in Chicago, where she learnt the higher branches of education. She lost her mother when an infant, and her father about eight years ago; she is a tall, slender, stylish, pale, fine-looking young lady, with a very pleasant voice, and a silvery, ringing laugh, which is never loud; she is witty and entertaining, and exceedingly polite; she

has a great fluency of words in conversation in English ; she also speaks fluently French, and a little German too. But now with all these fine accomplishments she has no idea of being practical, nor is she provident ; she would do very well for a lady of fortune, she would know how to spend money freely, to go to concerts and operas, and lead a life of ease ; yet the poor child is teaching mathematics and French, etc., in a boarding-school in Tennessee. What a contrast to my niece who is practical, energetic, a good worker, a good housekeeper, who will never be at a loss to get along in the world ! She did the housekeeping for me the seven weeks she was with us this summer. In my estimation the first one is an ornament, the second a substantial help at all times. But we had more visitors : at one time a little girl of twelve summers, a mother and one of her little girls at another time, who stayed with me after Minette left, who is in the same family where she was last year. It was September when I found myself alone again ; then I found lots to do, and thus time passes rapidly. The 11th of September was the 7th anniversary of our marriage : we reviewed the past seven years in our minds, and we were very grateful for past blessings. We only peeped a little way into the future, then we said, " No, the future does not belong to us ; let us live as we have done from one day to another," and " let us prepare and be ready for the call to go up higher," I added. My husband never seems to take any interest in my reading, and yet I do not feel uneasy about his salvation. I think he is one of those who will readily

accept the truths presented to him in the other world. He is always very kind to me, and never speaks unkindly of others, even if wrong is done to him.

The summer was exceedingly hot ; a continuous heat for six weeks ; every day the flowers needed sprinkling. Maywood is growing, yet improvements are progressing very slowly ; it is very difficult to have anything done round the house. It is a village of city citizens, and being a temperance one, the working class settle in preference in some neighbouring village. My husband has been and is free of rheumatism, although he is not strong. Now and then he feels indisposed, although he has not kept away from business for three years, nor has he taken any vacation. We have a lively correspondence with his family in Geneva ; his daughter has a great longing to see her father ; she, of course, would not care to come to America without her husband and her now only child, and the travelling for three is a great expense. Antoinette, who visited her relations in Geneva a year ago, says Hélène the grandchild is beautiful ; her health is much better than it used to be, and she is talented, that is, smart, as they call it here. But if I want this letter to start on its journey to-morrow morning I shall have to add a full stop to it.

You will please give my kindest love to your sisters, and to Miss D. Will you present my kind regards and congratulations for his recovery to your brother E——, and to his wife, although she will not remember me. I gave to my niece the mottoes, "All for the best," and "the Lord will provide." When we were alone I read to her or made her read English ; now she goes to an evening school.

Maywood,

February 19th, 1890.

MANY months have come and passed since I wrote to you last, and in vain did I hope to receive a letter from you. My thoughts will wander off to Esnoiland again and again; then I ask myself why did you stop writing to me, and all the mental questions I ask remain unanswered. It is true I might have written again, and I do it now in giving you a little sketch of my doings for the last year.

Seven weeks in midsummer I was in Michigan, in a little town, Whitehall, for a vacation. I was staying with some friends—they were the same friends with whom I stayed in Marquette, Upper Michigan, on Lake Superior, four or five years ago. My niece stayed with her uncle and kept house for him during my absence, so I had no anxiety about my husband not being cared for; and yet how he longed for my return, and how glad he was when everything fell back to its usual routine, although he told me Minette was a good little housekeeper. Soon after my return my niece went back to the same family where she was last year, although she had left it, as she wanted to take a situation in an American family, so that she could more readily learn the English language, but both Mr. and Mrs. Z—— pleaded so hard for her return that she has been there ever since. They speak German in the family. I do not know how to take her away without offending my friends. I hope and trust that the good Lord will bring about a change without my meddling with it. Both my husband and myself have reason to

be very grateful for all the blessings we enjoyed last year; we remained in good health, and our little home gives us pleasure and satisfaction. My husband is always happy to spend Sunday at home, and how he enjoys the summer evenings! There are no mountains, no beautiful scenery to look at, only just a prairie-home, and yet it is a sweet home, where happiness and contentment dwell; the dear Lord is here too; He chose this home for us, I know it, I see *His* unfailing loving-kindness and *His* Providence in everything. I began the year '90 by being sick with the influenza; although not sick enough to be in bed. I rose every morning and did my usual work, and I thank my dear Saviour that I was able to do it for three weeks. The disease was not so bad in Maywood as it was in the city; the mortality there was astounding, as was the case in every country, I believe, all over the globe. It was very bad in Switzerland, although our families were spared to us.

Maywood,

September 7th, 1890.

YOUR welcome letter of last spring was thankfully received, and as usual I meant to answer it much sooner, but you will see presently the many hindrances that prevented me from communicating all the summer long with my dear friends in Esnoiland. Last Thursday was a most beautiful day: I had my charwoman to help me in house-cleaning. I do not generally miss going to the post office, even if there is no marketing to be done; that day, however, I could

hardly find time to go out, but still I went and was recompensed by receiving at the office a parcel in the form of a book, light as a feather, and my address hanging to it in your hand-writing. I was puzzled: how could that come over the sea so lightly covered and yet in good condition? There was no post-mark on it, yet the American stamps told the secret.* I need not tell you how eagerly it was opened; and there sure enough was exposed a precious token of remembrance from my dearly loved correspondent. Oh! thank you a thousand times for that nice album, for your own dear photograph which brought you, your angel-mother, your dear sisters, and Miss D., so livingly before my mental vision that I should have liked to quietly enjoy the strain of my thoughts and to let memory bring before me all the pleasant, blessed days passed in your happy, peaceful home. I thank you too for the pretty feathery boa, and for the accompanying note. Whenever you see your friend who took charge of the parcel, please express my gratitude for the kindness. I truly sympathize with dear Miss D. in the loss of her beloved sisters. There is one thing certain, "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment;" yet it is as certain that in the darkest hours our merciful kind Saviour God is nearest to us. Anna Shipton or Emily Goss says to a great sufferer: "How God must love you to let you suffer so," and yet once in the beautiful home of the blessed we shall thank the good Lord for letting us pass through all the tests that seem so grievous to us here below in our

*Sent by a friend going to America, and posted there.

earthly tabernacle. We have to pass through the perfecting process in order to win the crown of life. The reward is a precious one.

I do not know if I ever told you, that for many years I was persecuted with a frightful fear of being buried alive. For a very long time I prayed to be preserved from such a death, but lately I suddenly changed my petition, not so much to be preserved from such a death, as to take away from me that fear and to look forward to the dissolution of the body as a happy event; and thanks to the all-merciful God, all dread is leaving me. I go even further, I ask the Lord, if He pleases, to send my dear mother to meet me; and I ask Him, too, that I might not for one second lose sight of Him, who has become my All-in-all. Heaven is always in sight; it is my home, my country, my eternal dwelling-place to which I am hastening. I am building up my house there, I trust of good solid stones that will last, although I cannot do a great deal, only follow day by day the Lord's directions; doing faithfully my daily duties, looking always to the Lord for help and being guided by Him. I am surprised to hear you still find opposition to the New-Church views; here they are spreading more and more. It strikes me sometimes how entirely the antagonistic spirit has died out. I believe the distribution of some of Swedenborg's works amongst the clergy of all denominations has wrought a great change. Other Churches are getting new truths through their ministers; the Churches by that means get little by little purified and reformed from their old errors.

Washington City,

February 6th, 1891.

IN vain I have tried since Christmas to acknowledge the receipt of your photograph, and to thank you for it. Knowing it could not be either of your sisters, I readily recognized it as being yours. I thank you very much for your thoughtful kindness in sending it to me. How it brought me back to your home where I first learnt to know you, and then to dear Esnoiland where I always received such a warm, affectionate welcome!

I read in the papers that Europe was visited by an exceptionally severe winter, England not excepted, whilst we had an unusually open and fine winter, at least so far, but we may have all kinds of weather yet. You see where I am; not in my Maywood home, but in Washington, visiting Miss Barton, during the absence of my husband, who has gone on business to Europe. If all goes well, he will land in England to-morrow, Saturday, the 7th. After his business is accomplished, he will take a trip to Switzerland and visit our family there; his daughter has expressed for a long time an ardent desire to see her father; the year begins with the fulfilment of that wish. My husband has not yet seen his little grand-daughter, who is now in her tenth year; her little brother in his third year was promoted to a heavenly school. The mother is not yet reconciled to that long separation; her thoughts dwell still on the grave where that beautiful baby lies, although she knows that the spirit cannot be kept there. If circumstances had allowed it, I should have gone with my husband. Only one day was given

us to get ready, and I had many things to attend to before leaving ; besides that, my health has been sadly again since Christmas. That bronchitis cough got hold of me, and I was afraid I should be a burden to André, so I wanted him to be free to travel as he liked, and to enjoy his visit home entirely free from care. Of course he will see my family. So he wanted me to go to Washington, and have a good time with our friend until his return, when he will call for me to make the journey from here together.

I did not subscribe to the *Messenger* this year, and I am glad now I did not ; I should have no chance to read it here. I found that there was a great deal of controversy ; the difficulties with the General Church of Pennsylvania and the Convention was not a subject for edification. I stopped reading about that, and about the wine question ; it did not do me any good. Then one clergyman would write an article, and another would take him up for it ; several other things displeased me. Here is the dinner-bell, I must say good-bye, with kind love and best wishes. I am almost 900 miles from Maywood.

Maywood,

May 13th, 1891.

My very dear friends,

GONE away to his eternal home, where father, mother, and brother welcomed him with a heavenly joy ! Could they know the deep grief and sorrow his departure caused to his family ; or was it hid from their knowledge, so as not to

sadden their happy re-union? We cannot tell. It belongs to us while still in this mortal body, to sympathize with our friends who shed sorrowful tears over the remains of one who was a short time ago the loving husband, the affectionate father, the tender brother, the kind citizen. The still beautiful form is laid away, never to be seen any more in his earthly home and at the familiar places where he was wont to meet his friends. There is something inexpressibly sad in looking at this side of the picture, but even in that deepest sorrow, a ministering angel lifts gently the veil that hides from our tearful eyes the other side, and we are permitted with the eyes of faith to behold the beloved one enter through the pearly gates into the golden city of the King of kings, our most adorable and precious Saviour; and we on our knees thank Him for the blessed assurance that Jesus Himself has placed a palm, emblem of victory won, in the hands of the departed one. Thank you for having communicated to me the departure of your beloved brother from this earthly life. Though he was in the prime of his manhood, I shall always remember him as a happy boy, and then as a young husband and father. You were indeed blessed beyond measure to have possessed two such heavenly-minded brothers, whose names are written in the book of life, who never died, but entered into the joy of their Lord, and now live for ever in everlasting blessedness. The little poem expresses such beautiful thoughts suggested by Palm Sunday, and it is put up and printed in such exquisite style: I prize it very much, as also the newspaper account of the funeral.

My thoughts dwell on the sorrowing widow and her daughter. How lonely their home will seem to them now; may the Lord Jesus comfort their sorrowful hearts!

I should have a great deal to tell you of my stay in Washington, but I do not feel as if I could do it this time; if Providence permits, it will be the subject of my next letter. My husband arrived in Washington on the 12th of April: we left this most beautiful city on the 15th, and were home again on the 17th, where I found everything as I left it, with a great amount of work before me.

There is one question I should like to ask you. In one of the unmounted photographs you once sent me, representing one side of your house, there are houses opposite to yours, and, as I remember, there was your large garden, and beyond it your brother's house. In the distance the church seen there looks likely to be your church: about how far from your house is it?

My husband is going to have the photos mounted on cardboard; he brought some from Switzerland, and I have received a beautiful embroidered portfolio from our daughter to keep them together and have them handy to show to visitors.

The influenza has made great havoc in Chicago this winter, and in fact, I believe it passed through all the States. I soon lost my cough in Washington, and was well all the time. I only heard through the paper that the *grippe* was there too, and how it made ravages in the old country, especially, according to the papers, in England. How much and often I have thought of my friends there!

Will you kindly express my heartfelt sympathy to your sister-in-law and her daughter in their bereavement? May the dear Lord bless the sorrow to you all, and fill your hearts with the hope of a happy re-union. You know that your own dear sisters, as well as yourself, have my heart overflowing with affection and sympathy.

I seem to hear your angel-mother still saying, "God bless you, my dear!"

Your most affectionate friend,

M. G.

Maywood,

October 30th, 1891.

IN vain have I waited ever since my visitors left in September to find an hour of leisure when the mind shall be disengaged and the body not too tired to write. I meant it to be a long letter, but though I can only write a short one to-day, I will not put it off any longer.

In due time I received the report of the British Schools, for which accept my thanks.

I very often ponder on the ways of Providence, how one member of a family circle is taken, when, according to natural laws, he or she might have outlived all the rest. I have many instances of that kind even here in our midst. It is generally the departure of a loved one that makes the mourner long to find out something of the spiritual world; also I have occasion to distribute more tracts and

pamphlets on that subject than on any other. I have now to send for a new supply of *Our Children in Heaven*. What do you think of that tract, *Heaven Opened*, through the mediumship of F. J. T.? I never feel inclined to lend it, because many persons are against Spiritualism, and yet the description of heaven given in that tract is entirely according to the teachings of our doctrine. I send you with this a package of photographs; mine you will recognize easily enough; I am sorry I have not one of cabinet size of my husband. The house we had taken from two sides—(here comes a lady friend whom I had invited yesterday to lunch). My visitor has left, and as there are two hours of daylight left I will finish my letter. I was saying that the house was taken from two sides; but the amateur photographer chose to give us only three of each, which were very soon distributed around to my friends.

My heart aches to read about the inundations, the catastrophes of all descriptions; the collisions at sea and on land in all countries all over the world. It is sad to think of the loss of life. Switzerland has had its share of calamities this year; and the National Festival, the 600th anniversary of the foundation of the Swiss Confederacy, which took place last summer in all the cantons, must have made a very sad impression on the partakers of the joyous patriotism, by the falling in of a railroad bridge with a train full of pleasure-seekers, in one dreadful moment hurled into the other world, without warning, without being prepared. It needs, indeed, a strong belief in an all-loving God who

permits such calamities. Then, again, the poor persecuted starving Jews in Russia : it is a dreadful ordeal which they brought upon themselves—"His blood be on us and on our children"—the curse fulfilled.

In our own peaceful home we enjoy the blessings of our most precious Saviour ; humbly trying to do our daily duties and serve Him in singleness of heart. The sun shines over the evening of our lives, so we can see the path that leads us to the Heavenly Jerusalem. Oh ! what a blessing to know the Lord Jesus, to believe in Him, to trust Him implicitly, to own Him as our own precious Friend.

My dear husband does not express himself in that way ; but I know and believe that he feels as I do, and I have never any fear about his future.

In August I had a lady and her little daughter staying with me, both in poor health. The little girl soon grew stronger, enjoying the country very much, but the mother's cheeks remained pale, though she felt better when she left.

We have had a very dry autumn. I think no rain of any consequence fell for two months, but generally a southern wind blew, which made clouds of dust fly. I have not set up the stove in the sitting-room yet, for the few chilly days were rather agreeable than otherwise. A great many families are out of water of either kind, well and rain-water ; that is a source of great trouble ; some have to haul the water from the river, which itself is very low. May the good Lord now break the spell, and supply us with water before the winter sets in.

I think of you so, so often. Although the family circle is getting so small, yet I hope that serene, joyful peace still abides with you; for it cannot be taken away from you, if it is in you.

My dear friends, at times I feel my heart full of gratitude for having known you. How well I remember when I first, poor ignorant me, listened to the teaching of the heavenly doctrines from the lips of your angel-mother. The first impression I received and accepted was to pray to Jesus alone. It seemed so natural after I began to do so.

But I must stop; the Lord bless you with His richest blessing. Good-bye.

My husband always wants me to send his kind regards to my friends.

[Part of letter during 1890 or 1891.]

I TAKE a little paper, called the *Reading Circle*; I had quite a number of the *New Christianity*; I did not subscribe to it, as I have plenty to read without, and I could not afford it. I read a great deal of the "wine" question. According to the correspondence of the fermented wine it seems all right not to use it at the Communion Table; yet the Lord did not give any special command on that point to His apostles; which again makes it appear that it was not of any vital importance. How positive Dr. Ellis is about it! I suppose you read the question, "Is Judas Iscariot saved?" and the editor's answer, "He thought he was." Will not many wonder and say, "How is it

possible," considering the saying of the Lord Jesus calling him "the son of perdition; it would have been better for him never to have been born?" I cannot find just now the passage, but I have it so in my mind. The other day, in my reading, I found quoted from the Writings: "Amongst others those who have remorse for what they had done will be instructed in the Spiritual World, and they will turn and accept the truth and be saved, because the good that is in them will unfit them for hell, where only the evils and the falses are loved, and where there cannot be any remorse or repentance." I suppose that was in the editor's mind when he gave his answer about Judas.

I come now to tell you of our welfare and our doings. First of all, we have reason to be thankful for the continued health of last year; neither of us was troubled with rheumatism or any other illness; in the fall I had an attack of my bronchial trouble. I had heard of a Christian Scientist being in the village. I inquired where she lived, and found she resided not far from us in the same street. The lady, however, had gone East. Her daughter wished to give me treatment. She was not so experienced in the science as her mother, although she was successful in different cases. She came to give me treatment on her way to town, as they call it here, and we had many a delightful talk. They take a good deal from Swedenborg. We compared our views, and she is very anxious to get more light. Her, or their, view of the Lord's Providence is beautiful, and the Lord Jesus is to her the one and only God. She says this

science has made a new woman of her. She feels happy and cheerful, and can leave everything in the hands of God; for all things must turn out to be for our best. In the meanwhile I was cured, and have been well ever since so far. She comes now occasionally for a friendly call. I, in my turn, learnt a great many good things from her. She gave me some numbers of the *Christian Metaphysician*, "a guide to health and happiness," to read, in which I found quotations from Swedenborg, and other good suggestions.

The 2nd of January found us free of our debt on the house; it is indeed ours now. My husband has been working hard and conscientiously for these three years, and I have done my part. I do not think anyone can out-do me in economy without avarice: anything really needed was purchased. The old year closed without owing a cent to anyone in the village. My husband had always an abundant wardrobe; our table, though simple, was good and nourishing, and on certain occasions we allowed ourselves some luxuries, and were thankful for the extra. As for my own person, in the last six years I had bought one new dress and one bonnet; my wardrobe was so well supplied when I married, that I really did not need anything new. But now I do; my wardrobe must be replenished; Christmas has already done something towards it, and what is still needed, I will do little by little. You can understand, my dear, how my heart overflows with gratitude for such a good winter as we have. The first snow to speak of came to us yesterday; to-day is bright sunshine, with a cold wave, as the paper calls it. My

niece has been with a family in Chicago ever since the beginning of last April. Feeling myself strong enough to do my work, I wanted her to get a situation for her own sake as well as mine. It is a German family. I am sorry Minette has no opportunity to learn English, but at the first opportunity we want to place her in an English family; she comes now and then to spend a few hours with us. We had a happy day together on the Sunday after Christmas, which we celebrated instead of Christmas, as she could not come on that day, for she has plenty to do and is very useful; there are four children.

I had laid out the presents on the centre table in the parlour, and Minette brought her present, destined for us both, with her. She is very generous; we made her promise to begin to lay up money, and with what her uncle gave her, she began the New Year with fifteen dollars in the bank. May the Lord bless this little sum, and may He give us all a blessed New Year; faith, hope, and charity in our hearts. Give a heart full of love to your dear sisters, and not forget Miss D.

Maywood,

February 15th, 1892.

WHAT must you think of me in having delayed my thanks for the good long letter and the sweet poem in the pretty cover? Very long ago in thought I wrote to you, a great many times; but to sit down, take the pen, and write my thoughts down seems a very different thing, which I cannot so easily accomplish. In summer I always make plans for doing so much in winter, but when it comes round

I find myself hemmed in by duties I had no idea of doing. In that way my correspondence is put off again and again ; will you please take this as an excuse for not writing you before ?

About the photograph of the house ; I should have sent you at once both views, but I only had a few to send to my friends, and our family in Geneva always claim one for each member. Now, if I knew which side you have, I might ask the photographer to make me one more of the other side. Is it the side where you see the verandah and the front door, which is on the south side, that you have ? The south side represents me sitting on the side walk, looking exactly like an old coloured auntie, with her negro husband lying flat on the grass in his shirt sleeves. The photographer showed no taste whatever in letting us take such positions ; my niece looks tolerably good in both views. Now we have bought another house, and my husband had it photographed especially for our families. It is a newer house than ours, and has not much to show round the house ; in fact, it is quite bare, being winter, so I asked the neighbours on both sides to stand with us on the lawn. I have one of those left, and will send it to you, unless you prefer the other. We do not want to change, being used to our dear little home, and having toiled so much to make it attractive outside ; so we rented the new one. I asked my husband if he could have found time to make you a call when in England last winter. He said he could at Easter, when he went for a few days to London ; but, of course, he had not your address, and as you are so

much away from home, I did not dare to risk it, else I might have sent him the address.

I remember very well the open verandah in front of your drawing-room windows. You have a fine view of the flowers in the conservatory from those windows; how pretty it must be, with the rosary and the beautiful smooth lawn.

It seems really strange that our loved ones in the other world should never manifest themselves in any way; but is it not because the spirits in the spiritual world manifest themselves more to their friends than do the angels in heaven? They know that you need not to be convinced of their nearness to you, and of the glorious heavenly mansion they inhabit; for you have the assurance of it through the doctrines, which is through your earth life a great comfort and a source of great joy. What has become of Mr. J. (I think that was his name), who could see the angels? So Mr. Marsden has gone up higher. What a momentous, important question it is at all times, but in this case almost startling, "Brother, are you prepared?" Happy are those who can answer without hesitation, as he did, "It is what I lived for."*

My dear friends, we all feel at times sadly perplexed,

* This was an allusion to the following particulars of the last days of the Rev. T. L. Marsden. While staying at Buxton for the benefit of his health, he held an impromptu New-Church service on the Sunday, having met with a few minds receptive of the truths it was always his delight to introduce and impart; but the following day, not feeling so well, he and his wife determined to return home. On the journey, a fellow-traveller, doubtless seeing the change coming which his friends little thought so near at hand, turned to him with the solemn remark quoted above, "Brother, are you prepared?" The answer was ready; and it was only a few days later that the messenger summoned him above.

not knowing what is the right thing to do ; how to act according to the Lord's will. As for myself, I find out the blunders I make by the consequences, and *that* even after I have prayed to be guided aright. Yet the dear Lord can turn our errors into a blessing for us in making us more watchful, more useful in our intercourse with the world. You, of course, have a much greater responsibility in your position than I have in my simple household duties ; still, my husband being never at home except Sundays, I have the whole arrangement of the two houses now, to order workmen, and to over-look their work.

I read all that our papers published about the Prince of Wales' eldest son, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale ; his illness and his death. And the popular preacher of the Tabernacle has gone too. Surely it can be said of him, "It is what I lived for ;" for this final call. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

In the solitary hours of the day I muse on the journey of life from its beginning as an infant, through all the stages to extreme old age. How long life seems before us when a child ; then time seems to go faster ; later on it fairly flies ; and at last it seems nothing more than a dream ; a tale that is told, yet our works do follow us ! Coming out of the school of childhood, we enter the more serious, severe, and all-important school of life, under the superintendence of the King of kings Himself.

I am so sorry that you have so much sickness in your family. Fortunately your home is so beautiful that you cannot feel so very sorry not to be able to go about more. We have a good winter here, more evenly cold than usual. We both are well; I feel so thankful not to be troubled with the dreadful cough that generally pulls me down so in winter.

Good-bye, my dear, precious friends, the Lord bless you and be with you! I will go out in the sunshine and carry the letter to the post office, and say to it "God-speed!"

Maywood,

March 28th, 1892.

En route pour la patrie!

THE dear Lord be near you and comfort you! He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, He also sympathizes with you. So soon after the bereavement of your beloved brother, you are called upon to give up that dearest of sisters, with whom you have lived all your life in the most affectionate union. He who called her away knows how the beloved departed one will be missed in the now so little family circle; her place cannot be filled by anyone else, but my dear friends, can you, through your sorrow and your tears, hear our heavenly Friend whisper to you, "It was expedient for her to go up higher, her angel-mother was expecting her, her brothers were waiting to welcome her, and I, the Lord who am with you alway, I know it is best she should now continue her loving work, done so faithfully in this world, in the heavenly kingdom." The loving care and tender nursing you

bestowed upon her, you will greatly miss; but, my precious friends, my heart overflows with gratitude for the teaching we derive from our heavenly doctrines on death and the resurrection. There can be no fear, no misgivings in our sorrow; for we can follow in thought our dear departed ones to their heavenly home with assurance.

It was very thoughtful and kind of you to let me know through a friend of your sad bereavement. How sorrowful Miss D. must feel to see one member after another leave the family circle in which she has lived so many years!

When I saw the deep border of the letter I felt my heart sinking within me, for I said to myself, "Someone has been called away." Your letter I received in due time; and thank you very much for writing to me: how little you thought that a short month later you would be only two sisters left. The good Lord will give you strength and grace to bear submissively the heavy cross, for He is with you alway. You tell me of the loss of some long-standing friends, mother and daughter, entering the new Jerusalem above together. In the midst of life we are witnessing death all around us. It is often the subject of my conversation with my husband; for each day, each hour, each moment, brings us nearer to our heavenly Fatherland: one will be taken and the other left for a little while longer.

Maywood,

July 9th, 1892.

IT seems strange to think of your dear, sainted sister having joined your angel-mother in heaven, as I

always had you three sisters in my mind, whenever I wrote to you. How much you must miss her gentle, patient spirit in your home; but what comfort in your bereavement to know that not her ailments, but her kind deeds followed her to her heavenly home. Indeed, we never know when our summons may come. While you were mourning over the departure of some dear friends, the heavenly messenger was sent to your own home in order to translate the well-fitted spirit of your sister to one of the beautiful mansions in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father. What a solemn moment it is for the departed one, as well as for the mourners!

Will you kindly send me a photograph of her. I never had one, so I shall prize it very much.

I feel very much grieved to hear of the weak state of health of Miss D.; she was in your family when I first knew you, at my first visit. Must she, too, leave you? In the long years she has lived with you, has she accepted the heavenly doctrines of our glorious Church? Please give her my love and sympathy.

I hope the one photo I posted to-day is the other view of our home. In the distance you can see our second house, which is rented; but that you may have an idea of it, I send it separately in large size. You will perceive the slip of paper which covers the then muddy road from our home to the other house; my husband had that road cut off, and then had the photo framed, which made a very pretty picture. The road had to be included on account of the other house being taken at the same time; but it looks very ugly. Please, dear,

let me know if the views arrived in good shape. My niece has left her situation; she needed a long rest. I also invited the same lady, with her little daughter, both very delicate, who for two years have passed several weeks with us during the summer vacation. My husband wants very much his family to come next year; daughter, her husband, and their little daughter, eleven or twelve years old, and his only sister, who is not married. Of course it is too soon for them to decide yet, but the attraction here will be very strong. Should they not come, some other friends might come from abroad, or from the States. At any rate I shall be prepared.

Who knows, my dear friends, that in the future you may cross the ocean and pay us a visit? The sea-voyage may be beneficial to you both. You know that even castles in the air may sometimes be realized!

The winter has been exceedingly mild and fine; we had no snow and very few storms, and yet the papers reported so many storms at sea, and so many shipwrecks and floods, and fires, and disasters of every kind.

How we need to be assured and feel that an all-wise and merciful Father holds the reins of the government of this and all other worlds in His hands. He permits and He withholds, and never does He make a mistake; although to our poor, mortal eyes, it seems as if the trials were too severe, too heartrending; and our poor hearts ache for the sufferers.

I saw in the *Messenger* of August, '89, that the Rev. Jabez Fox has visited England, and your neighbour-

hood, amongst a number of other places. You have seen him, I presume. Do you still take the *Messenger*? There is a small beginning of the New Church in Switzerland. In speaking of the Swiss New-Church Union, mention is sometimes made of Lady de Struve. She is upwards of eighty years now. I knew her in Berne. She it was who lent my mother books about the other world. My mother always liked to read about heaven, and she wrote to me about it when I was in England, just at the time I made your acquaintance, and at the same time that of the New Church; and what a blessing it has been to me; how I love it! It taught me to love my loving, adorable Saviour with all my heart and soul and mind, and it has every day precious truths to teach me. We have now a little weekly pamphlet containing one sermon and the International Sunday School lesson. Its name is *The Helper*, and so it is; and being small it will be more easily and readily read by neighbours. People here are so much more interested in the outward Church. I ask myself sometimes, how many or how few carry their religion into their daily life? The good Lord alone knows. He would most likely tell us that He reserved to Himself a great army who do not bow their knees before idols. There is a great stir in all the denominations at the Convention of the Presbyterians; the majority wanted their creed revised; the old Church is fading away, slowly but surely. There are such interesting accounts of some of the inhabitants in the interior of Africa. What a pity it is that as soon as Europeans or Americans remain there for a time

they wickedly introduce that infernal whisky among the natives.

How promising Christianity looks in Japan. Oh, for the pure Word of God, without the admixture of human traditions and errors and whisky.

Maywood is growing in size ; twenty houses on the north side were built last year, and they are making some improvements all the time.

Monday, July 11th, 1892.

YOU must have read in the papers what kind of weather we had in this region for the three months of April, May, and June: heavy rains, high winds, with a cold and damp atmosphere. June brought us great heat, with dreadful thunder-storms, which caused the rivers to overflow in the Prairie States; inundations were almost general. Some of the suburban towns of Chicago stood in from four to five feet of water, and a great deal of property was destroyed. We were not as badly treated by the floods, although the Desplaine river overflowed, and the road beyond our bridge was four feet under water. Maywood stands twenty-five feet higher than the villages before us ; but the rain-water, finding no other outlet, ran into our basements. It kept me busy for a long time, as I did not want to let the water stand there, not knowing how long the pouring rain would continue. The thunder-storms would last sometimes the whole day and through the night. I think it was Thursday, 23rd June, during a continuous thunder-storm it grew

very dark at three p.m. I was alone in the house and felt very timid, not knowing what might happen. I feared our frame-houses, though with stone foundations, could not resist a cyclone. These whirlwinds are so terrific that they sweep everything before them, trees, houses, and churches, and leave only desolation behind them. However, we were spared; the good Lord protected us, while in many localities the elements sought out their victims, and made great havoc. How very uncertain life seems to be in such times; I was thinking how welcome heaven will be after the storms of life are ended for each of us. July brought us more congenial weather. Three whole days the sky was cloudless, which never happened in the three foregoing months. I had occasion to see how strong in the mind of the people is the belief of the destruction and end of the world. I could hear such remarks as: "Surely the beginning of the end is approaching," and people would wonder when and how it would happen. Farmers have a bad time; no corn and no potato crops in the inundated district, consequently the price of the products will be raised; not a very desirable prospect for next year to provide food for an extra great multitude of people. My husband, although as well as usual, is not strong. I had an attack of bronchitis during the cold, rainy month of April, and my niece came to take care of me. I feel well now, yet after each attack I feel a little less strong. I am not grieving at that; my heart is full of gratitude that the evening of my life has been such a pleasant one. However, heaven is my home, and the dear Lord Jesus

Christ my Heavenly Father; so I am getting more and more detached from the earth-life, and feel more at home in the spirit world, where my thoughts love to dwell.

I here include my best love for you both, my very dear friends. May the dear Lord, our most adorable Saviour, be with you alway, and bless you!

For Christmas, 1892.

HOW gladly would I write you a long, good Christmas letter, but I have to put off that pleasure until after the Holy days, when my mind will be more at rest and my hands less busy. I have not had any news from you for so long a time, nor have I written, so that I do not like to let Christmas go by without sending you at least a greeting, with a little token of remembrance.

Please put the little signet in the family Bible, as I have only one to send.

Accept, my beloved friends, my best and kindest wishes for a blessed Christmas, and may our precious Saviour keep you in good health in the coming New Year.

May everything combine to keep you in a calm state of mind, so you can feel the peaceful influence of your dear departed ones!

Oh, the blessing of having a sure hope and an increasing longing for a happy future life, with all the material part of our earth-life left behind! I am needed in household duties; please excuse my hastily-

written lines ; I trust you are both well. I suppose that you will spend Christmas-tide elsewhere than in Esnoiland, but trust that this will be forwarded to you.

The dear Lord bless you and keep you alway. My thoughts are very often with you, and I shall be very happy to hear from you.

Tuesday Morning, 22nd January.

I WANT to add to my yesterday's letter a few ideas which came into my mind. How true the proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way," proves to be as we advance in life. For the last three years, since we came to Maywood, I have never missed one week to lay aside two dollars from my weekly allowance towards the payment of the house, except the six weeks when André was sick ; then I could not ; the will had no power then. While Minette was with us I had a little class for German ; that money was used to buy a carpet and the Christmas presents for two years. But enough of that ; I do not want to praise myself ; I ascribe it all to the Lord's blessing, without which I could not have accomplished so much. About our trees, they all died from the hot dry summer two years ago, so we had to plant new ones, which had very little foliage last summer. Two pines, however, survived, which have grown since, and we hope that nothing will happen to them. Have you a tree called "Catalpa" in England ? We have two of those ; they have very large leaves and grow tall. We succeeded with our flower-beds ; the pansies were large and beautiful. The most noted flowers we had were the

gladioli ; the admiration of everybody who saw them. They inspired me with heavenly thoughts and gratitude towards the Creator of so much beauty to please our sight for a few weeks. My husband watched their growth, their buds and their blooming with great interest and pleasure. We have very much improved the soil in mixing sand with it and manure, the natural soil is very clayey. (I want the adjective of clay).

I must say good-bye now, my dear friend. I have to write to Minette before going to the post-office, and I have no time to spare. Sunshine, blue sky above, and beautiful snow below.

Maywood,

February 25th, 1893.

IN vain did I look out for a letter from dear Esnoiland in January and February ; no missive gave me any clue to that long silence of my dear friends there. I wrote a Christmas greeting, sending with it a little token of my affection : that was on the 15th of December, 1892. Although myself down with bronchitis for these last four weeks, I profit by this beautiful sunshiny day, and of being all alone, to trace a few lines to inquire about your welfare. I have had a very severe attack of my old enemy, from which I can hardly call myself convalescent ; I am still a close prisoner in my room, the nights are especially bad, a wonder is that weakness and age can stem the ravages of such a violent cough. Our friend Clara Barton, on hearing of my illness, wrote back advising me to try the milder climate of Washington again ; that the doors of her house were wide open to receive me. I recognize

all the kind friendship of Miss Barton, but, strange to say, I have no inclination to undertake that long journey and be away from home a month or two.

We had a long, cold, severe winter. In turn we had snow, hoar-frost, ice, and now and then a thaw, which made it even worse.

My husband was the first to get sick in the New Year, then came myself and my niece Minette, and yet I could not but help acknowledging the kind providence of the Lord Jesus. I was not left alone at the mercy of a chance visitor, for my niece was here; and although she had to go out a few hours during the day to give her lessons, yet it was such a comfort to expect her home.

So now this is the World's Exhibition year! Will it be a success? To quote only one person amongst many others, my husband doubts it. The winter was very unfavourable for the construction of the many different buildings; snow and ice and water made havoc. After long debates and wrangling about the question, "Should the grounds of the Fair be open on Sunday, or not?" Congress at last voted that they should be closed. The nation at large finds this Sunday closing very unjust; only to satisfy some bigoted church-going people; and there is much truth in that. The working people complain that they are debarred from visiting the Exhibition, as Sunday is the only day free from their weekly labour, and they are indignant, and so are many others, as every friend of the hard-working people will be.

The new stamps on the envelope will tell their own tale; they are prettily designed and fitted for the

Columbian Fair. I suppose only during this year will they be in use; they are rather too long or wide for ordinary use.

Did you read the *African and the True Christian Religion*, which occupies, now especially, the New Church? Our pastor, the Rev. L. P. Mercer, sent me a little pamphlet written by himself. It is a review, with extracts from an address of Dr. E. W. Blyden: it is very interesting. I wish I had more than one of these little tracts, so I could send you one. Clara Barton sent me a book, which she said I could understand better than she could: its title is *The Dream Child*. It is a wonderful story; all about the spiritual life, its laws, the world of spirit. How I should like to question a clergyman of our Faith, if the author meant only to write a fiction, with the help of the knowledge of the laws of the spiritual world, or if it is founded on truth. I am quite at a loss what to think, and can therefore give no satisfactory explanation to Miss Barton. If you should have read it please give me your opinion about it.

A lady lent me another book—*Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever*, by Edward Henry Bickersteth: a poem in twelve books. It reminds me of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, by Milton: is it? The literal sense of the Bible is so blended with the spiritual that it does not fascinate me so very much, except for its beautiful language.

We do not know yet if M. Goulaye's family are coming this summer; it depends on so many circumstances, that it is too early to decide.

March 17th.

Three weeks have passed since I wrote the first part of my letter. I have been very ill and I am only just recovering; hardly able to hold my pen, my hands tremble so. It is not possible to recover from bronchitis during a severe winter, unless one changes climate. This month has not brought any change in the weather; winter still reigns, and even when the sun shines it is cold. I have not been out for seven weeks.

No letter from you yet. I feel quite alarmed and uneasy; do please let me know how and where you are. I suppose you have read in the *Messenger* the publication of the "World's Congress Auxiliary"? What an immense gathering that will be of all religions of the globe, and where the New Church will have a wonderful opportunity to bring before the people the treasures of our glorious Church, and to think that all the manifold so widely opposing different religious bodies have responded to that call without hesitation: a wonderful sign of the Lord's Second Coming with power and great glory. I enclose the invitation paper, and also a poem, "The Women who went to the Field," written by Clara Barton. I hope it will interest you. The Red Cross is going to be represented at the Exposition, which will bring Miss Barton very soon to Chicago. I must stop writing now, so good-bye, my precious friends. The least exertion brings on a cold faintness; but the dear Lord has been with me on my bed of sickness.

I know too, and it makes me happy to think, that He is with you and blesses you.

Maywood,

September 21st, 1893.

HOW many times I said during the summer, "To-day I want to write to Esnoiland"; then a hindrance made me lay aside my wish again, and now September almost gone, and finding myself alone this morning, I come to converse with you, if only for an hour, although I have much to say. My sympathy was very much aroused for your latest bereavement of your sister-in-law, and especially for your niece who has lost both parents as it seems before the allotted time given to the children of men. As the family circle becomes smaller and smaller in this valley of tears, it widens and increases in the blessed world above, whence the silken cords are lowered to draw up your thoughts and your yearnings to meet your beloved ones in one of the beautiful mansions they inhabit now; yet the still house and the empty places will always remind you of the sad moment when one member after another was called away. And you, my dear friends, have you spent your summer months at the sea-shore; and if not, where? I have sent you a Columbian postal card; did it reach you? I do not know if the Congress of Religion interests you enough to read the proceedings of it; I sent some papers, perhaps you will find some discourses which you will like to read.

My summer has been an eventful one. My husband went to Montreal, Canada, at the beginning of July; I at the time paid a visit to Clara Barton, who was then herself on a visit with friends at Bedford, in the State

of Indiana. I had not then recovered quite from the severe attack of bronchitis which afflicted me last winter. We were both home a few days only, when my husband fell suddenly ill. For three weeks I did not know if I should have to give him up. His recovery was very slow; two months he was at home to try to recover strength. During that time he gave in his resignation; however, it was not accepted.

As soon as he was able (and that is only lately) he took his seat again in the office, where he has been for thirteen years. During all the care and anxiety for my husband, my niece Minette was preparing her trousseau for her marriage. She was married on the twenty-ninth of August, to a German pastor of the Congregational Church, Paul Quarler. The wedding took place in a German church in Chicago, and the family where she used to be before coming to us took upon themselves the festivities that followed, which was a great relief to me, for the summer had quite exhausted my strength. I am thankful to say, however, that we were both able to be present at the wedding. In the meanwhile Minette did not like to leave me alone again, so she wrote to her youngest sister proposing to her to come and take her place with her uncle and aunt, so that she should not feel uneasy to leave them. Amélie came ten days before the wedding, and the two sisters enjoyed each other's society for the short time, visiting the Exposition and some friends in Chicago. The newly-married couple left the same evening for Nebraska, and they are now five hundred miles separated from us. Her husband

officiates in two churches, one in Hastings, a town, the other in Luland, a village where they live. A new country, a new sphere, new occupations; and yet I think my niece is adapted to all of it, as she is energetic, practical, a good housekeeper, and of a loving disposition. Though losing such a valuable help I have been provided with a gentle, sweet, affectionate girl, the youngest of my three nieces, who does not know much about housekeeping, but who is willing to learn everything; she not only begins to understand the English language, but also to speak it; she has two of her sister's scholars for French, and I give her something for helping me in the housework; so it is not a bad beginning.

I have only been once to the Exposition; it is beautiful, grand; the exhibits are magnificent. I do not think, with the most sanguine expectations, visitors could possibly be disappointed in seeing it. I am sorry my chance of visiting it once more is very small, as Mr. Goulaye can no more dispose of his time, and one needs to go with some one who knows exactly how to make the best use of the time, as there are a great many buildings together which are called the "White City."

It is a pity, though, that the Columbian World's Fair could not have taken place last year, as it was the proper time for it; for, unfortunately, politicians have brought on a serious crisis which embraces the whole country, causing numerous failures: hardly a bank anywhere that has not been obliged to close its doors; factories, mills, business houses, are becoming bank-

rupt; thousands of working men finding themselves without work, their families almost starving, the honest ones suffering most, the lawless joining other ruffians to go about stealing, plundering, and killing where they cannot get money without. These are sad times, and my husband is apprehensive for this winter. There will be a great deal of suffering, everything is dear already, on account of the Exposition, as also on account of the great drought that spreads over a great part of the States. For four months we had no regular rain; a few drops now and then, with a hot sun drying up everything; a great many families in our village have no water. No wonder people expect diseases of all kinds. To-day a hot, violent south wind is blowing. That is all very bad, if one adds the numerous catastrophes which occur daily by all the elements—water, fire, cyclones, railways; they destroy scores of human lives.

The people in prosperity worship the almighty dollar; it is their god; but there comes a day of reckoning, and the dollars cannot help them out of trouble; but God Almighty can always be found. Oh, that the nations would humble themselves, confess their sins, and call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!

Our family at Geneva could not come to visit us and the Exposition, but it was just as well: it would have been an additional care for me with my sick husband, and they would have endured a great anxiety and much suffering from the heat. The mosquitoes also were very troublesome; with the greatest difficulty

were they kept out of the houses, although each window and outside door are provided with screens. I cannot say that we are in particular very anxious about the issue of the present troubles. "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble!" "His mercy endureth for ever!"

With that I will close my letter; hoping that you, my precious friends, are well and living on the Lord's promises. I send you some stamps; they are all new. The used ones are generally blurred, and we cannot get the different values. There are some others, but I could not get them at the post-office.

[COMPILER'S NOTE.—Between this letter and the next one several post-cards were exchanged, those from Madame Goulaye being pictorial ones of the Chicago exhibition.]

Maywood,

December 28th, 1893.

YESTERDAY I received a soft package. By the stamps I saw it came from England. It has not received any damage, the envelope being lined; but the pretty card with the sweet words was sadly bent. The letter I received too, and was very glad to hear from you; it seemed such a long time ago, that I began to fear that sickness was the cause of your long silence. How strange it would seem if I visited you now, only to find you two sisters left of that happy, cheerful, loving family. What a peaceful atmosphere one felt all around in your blessed home; and blessed be the memory of

that lady cousin of yours who introduced me in the Kentish *Hope*-garden to your angel mother! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" For it was my own precious Saviour who brought me from my wanderings in the wilderness into that haven of peace, in order to learn and know Him, to love Him, and to be introduced to the heavenly truths. It must be twelve years now since your darling mother became a resident in the heavenly kingdom; by this time she must be a most beautiful angel, having risen higher and higher, as her knowledge in spiritual truths and her love to her Saviour increased. I also think of your angel-brother; how the Lord had need of him in the heavenly kingdom, to take him away before the allotted time from a life of uses, and from his sorrowing family; but in this your loss was his gain! And so your kind younger brother, and your sweet sister, have in their turn answered to the call, "Come up higher." My dear, dear friends, be of good courage, you will see your loved ones again. I feel how every year brings me nearer home, and so must you feel, although so many years younger than I. We spent a very quiet Christmas, as usual, although by no means dull. I was a little afraid that my niece would feel lonely without her dear father and sister, but she is a sensible and good girl; she knows she cannot see them, and therefore does not pine and cry for an impossibility. She was made happy by receiving letters and packages from home.

From my married niece we had good news until lately, when she writes that her husband is not at all well, although not sick in bed. I suppose she will

learn that a married life will bring its tribulations, cares, and anxieties just as much as a single life, and more so ; but I trust she will also learn more and more to put her trust in the all-powerful and loving Saviour. To whom else could we go when in trouble ?

It is a very dark, gloomy day ; I am all alone ; my niece went to the city yesterday to visit a friend, and has not come back yet. My thanks to you both for your precious friendship, which I value for your own dear selves' sake, as well as for the dear departed ones. Thank you for your kind wishes ; may the good Lord keep you in good health through the coming year !

The Lord bless you and keep you ! I know He will !

Genève, Suisse.

MONTHS have passed since my last letter to you, and you see by the above address where we are. Yes, indeed, we have left our dear little home in Maywood in order to return to our Fatherland, where we expect to end our pilgrimage. Although we arrived in Geneva the 17th of May, yet I have not found it possible to write to you about this great change in our life. There are several reasons for it : first, my health. The second half of the winter I was again ill with bronchitis, from which I seemed not to be able to recover ; some hitherto unknown pains troubled me. Second reason : you know in what financial and commercial trouble Chicago was. All the great business houses failed,

amongst them the firm where my husband was ; after which he left his situation where he had been fifteen years. The firm wanted to keep him and dismiss some less important clerks ; but he felt he needed an entire change, as he had been very ill the summer before, and he thought, too, that my state of health could no more bear the Illinois winters ; so he took the resolution to sell our household goods and to rent our two houses, leaving them in the hands of an agent. Fortunately it was given to me from above not to say anything against that plan, although it had been in my mind never to leave our adopted country. Indeed, man proposes and God disposes. My husband sent me to Washington to Miss Clara Barton, our friend, a week before he left, to save me the annoyance of the packing and selling ; being afraid of another illness, and hoping the week of rest would restore my strength to bear the voyage. When all was over in Maywood, my husband and my niece came to Washington, where we stayed a few days together. On the 4th of May we sailed on the *Bourgogne* from New York. Our crossing was a long one, through a dense fog, though the sea was fortunately calm ; still the dampness prevented me from being much on deck. None of us were sea-sick. On the 14th we landed at Havre ; a bright sun saluting us as we promenaded through the town waiting for our train to start. We remained two days in Paris sight-seeing, and would have enjoyed ourselves if I had not had such a strange feeling : I felt as if my heart was at times standing still, and then again it would beat very fast. I thought for certain that my time had

come; that as soon as we arrived at Geneva, I should lay me down and take my flight upwards. But my blessed Saviour meant it otherwise. It was not surprising that a long illness followed. For two months we stayed with our family. Louisa, my husband's daughter, nursed me with great solicitude. It was heart disease that had troubled me so much. I had a very good doctor, and I acknowledge that his treatment did a great deal towards my recovery. As soon as I could write, I wrote to a deaconess, a friend of mine, who is doing a great deal of good in a hospital which a benevolent lady founded in Grand-Champ, Canton of Neuchâtel. These ladies do not admit any doctors, but cure their sick by praying and laying on of hands, in imitation of the late Dorothea Trudell. As soon as they knew of my illness they began to pray for my recovery, although I told them there was little chance for me, not only on account of my disease, but especially on account of my age. I should have liked to stay with them for some weeks, but it was not the Lord's will. They had no room, and my husband did not want me to be away from him. In the meantime, my husband had rented an apartment. On the 11th of July, I could be moved to our new home; my niece had previously unpacked the trunks and boxes, the furniture had been bought a month before, and my kind husband did all he could to make the house comfortable and pleasing, and he was so happy when I expressed my satisfaction.

One fine morning I went for a walk, leaning on my husband's arm. A sharp pain moving constantly from

one side to the other caused me to walk very slowly. We were going to shorten our walk to reach home as soon as possible. All of a sudden I felt that pain going out of my body: I could walk faster and straighten up, so we prolonged the walk. I knew it was an answer to the prayers offered for me. I told my family so, but they cannot understand; it seems all too marvellous to them. I kept on repeating the words of the Psalmist, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name! Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Since, I have had to stay once more a few days in bed. I took cold on a little excursion on the lake and overtired myself in walking. I ask myself, will it last? I have since taken long walks and helped in the housework. We do not live in the heart of the city. There are a great many nice walks in the vicinity, and as long as the weather remains good I go out. The climate of Geneva is not moderate. The north wind, called the *bise*, coming from the snow mountains, is dangerous for those who suffer with weak lungs; but we hope with great care to avoid an attack of bronchitis. My brother and my third niece, Bertha, came to see us, staying a week. I had not seen them for nearly twenty years.

I am sorry there is not one member of our Church in Geneva, and I cannot get any French tracts. Louisa lost a beautiful, gifted little boy, three years old, eight years ago, and she cannot get over it. It seemed to her so cruel of God to have taken him away from her. There is a New-Church Society in Zurich, but they have no literature in French. Do you know if

there is a possibility of getting some tracts in Paris? She would not read books. The booksellers here offered to get some of Swedenborg's works, but that frightened her. She has one child left, a girl twelve years old. I must stop writing. Most likely you have been staying at the seashore the summer through. I trust and hope that you have returned home in good health. You will be kind enough to write to me soon. It seems to me as if we were quite near to each other now.

Another time I shall tell you what I like here and what I miss. I know, though, that the good Lord, my precious Saviour, is here with us as He was with us in Maywood. Good-bye, my dear, dear friends. My husband wishes to be remembered to you. A bushel of my best love to you both.

November or December, 1894.

Genève, Switzerland.

WHEN I read what event you have been celebrating, I could understand why I had no letter from you in answer to my communication from Genève. The wedding of your niece, although, I have no doubt, a cheerful and happy one, could not but have been mixed with sadness and regret at the thought that both the parents of the young lady and your own dear departed ones were missing to share the festivities with you. For the young couple, of course, there can be only a joyful looking forward to a life-long, happy union. So may the good Lord bless them, and lead them gently through summer and winter, through sun-

shine and clouds, through joy and trouble, and finally land them safely in their heavenly home. May all their pleasant expectations be realized, and may their home be an abode where peace and love dwell, as was the case in your own blessed home.

I still owe you my thanks for the French book you so kindly sent me. I have "Nature of Spirit, and Man as a Spiritual Being" in English, and I like to read it over again, as I do all the writings of the Rev. Chauncey Giles; they are all inspired with the same spirit of love to God and love to his fellow-men. I handed the book to Madame H——, —Louisa, we call her. She was delighted at last to be able to read some account of the other world. On a later visit she told me she was troubled to understand how the author could with such accuracy describe the spiritual world. The same stumbling-block over and over again. People cannot believe any new revelation. What they have been taught from their childhood up, that seems the only true doctrine to them, however contradictory and absurd many of its articles of faith may be. I feel more isolated in my own country in regard to our heavenly doctrine than I was in America. Not only that almost everybody there I came in contact with knew something of the New Church, but they liked to converse on its teaching, and the other world was always a topic of delight to them. Those conversations were always a great pleasure to me and profitable to both parties. A number of ladies there wanted me to write to them, but as it would not do for an invalid to write too much and too often, I correspond with

those who first wrote to me. Amongst them is a lady, the president of the Temperance Society in Maywood. One of her grandchildren, a little girl six or seven years old, had been very ill with diphtheria. After her recovery, her grandma wrote to me, and little Ruth sent me forty loves and forty kisses. I thought that so pretty of the little girl, that in return I sent her a picture-book which, of course, was in French. My little friend was delighted with the present, and at once wanted her mamma or grandma to read it to her. It was a great surprise to her when she was told they could not read French; she simply said: "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, not to be able to read French when you are grown up so long ago. That is the first thing I am going to do when I go to school. I want to learn to read French." You recognise young America in that! This little one wrote me a little letter with the typewriter. I feel very thankful, though an invalid, that I am able to do some needlework, and to read and write. Now and then I am obliged to stay in bed for a few days, when the heart gets very tired and weary. I have almost all the time a pain in the chest and back. I suppose it is caused by weakness. Whenever the sun comes out a little, I take a walk to give me a better circulation. It seems to me old age has come upon me suddenly. Every day brings me nearer my heavenly home. Oh! how thankful I am that I know where I am going. I pray that my precious Saviour might send my mother to lead me to my future home, but especially may the dear Lord Jesus be near me at that solemn hour.

I must end my letter. May it bring before long one from you. My husband wishes to be kindly remembered to you. Please receive, my dear, faithful friends, my best love and kindest wishes for your welfare! The Lord bless you and be with you always. Your old friend never forgets the happy days she spent in your joyful, peaceful home.

[The following is the last letter we ever received from Madame Goulaye, and is given in full.]

March 30th, 1895,

Geneva.

My very dear friends,

AFTER having paid my tribute to the now passing severe winter, I thought I had done with it, and that I had nothing more to fear from its influence; but March does not bring spring weather with it; a few sunshiny days, with a chilly atmosphere, arising from the soil, still cold with the recent heap of snow, gave me a fresh cough, to which I had to give up my time and thought. Before I say anything else, I want to thank you heartily for your precious presents, for the photographs, and for your kind letters. How very kind and thoughtful of you to have sent me that specimen of your handiwork; it is beautifully embroidered. My husband, who is quite a connoisseur of fancy-work, said it was well done and tastefully finished off. Our daughter Louisa calls these large kind of tidies, "un

jeté de fauteuil." She is very fond of fancy-work, and has herself done all kinds of nice work.

I wish I could show you my gratitude and my thanks in a more tangible way than mere words, for your beautiful home, full of pretty things. I tried to fancy myself sitting in the parlour and looking out on the lawn, but memory would help me better than the photograph could do it. Seeing the bride among the wedding guests, my memory took me back many years, when I saw her a baby in a long white robe; at that time I also saw her mother and her father for the last time.

Yes, the dear old parish church seems to me* still familiar; it was always the first when coming to Esnoiland that nodded to me welcome. I should have liked to have found your own faces amongst the large wedding group. I thank you both, my dear friends, for the, to me, so precious assurance of your constant affection and friendship for your old friend Minna.

The account of your summer holidays I read with great interest. The conversation you had with some Americans of Chicago was especially of interest to me. Rev. L. P. Mercer was my pastor. I knew that his church in Van Buren Street had to be vacated, and I was glad to learn that it had been sold with advantage.

I am sorry that I am entirely disconnected with the Church now. If I only could find one New-Church member in Geneva with whom I could get acquainted,

* Among the photographs sent was one of the parish church of Esnoiland.

as I feel so isolated here, just like that friend of yours at W.

Have I ever written to you about the "Order of the Silver Cross," which has spread its branches to all the States in America and Canada? The members of the Order, mostly young people, are called "The King's Sons and Daughters," and their motto is "In His Name." They wear a badge, a small silver cross with the initials I.H.N. engraven on it. The different societies in every locality are called circles. There was one in Maywood, the leader of which is a friend of mine. My niece became a member of that circle; she subscribes to the magazine. Mrs. Margaret Bottome, a highly respected Christian widow lady, is the president of the whole Order. She writes for the circles in the *Silver Cross Magazine*, issued in New York. I read it aloud with my niece when well enough. The motive of the Order is to draw the young people into the service of the King of kings.

Every circle is allowed to organize their own work as they please, always having in view to further Christian love, and to build up one's own character and to do all in His name. They generally meet every fortnight. The secretary reports their progress and their work every year to head-quarters in New York, and it is then printed in the *Magazine*; so all the circles get more or less acquainted with each other.

A lady has written to our niece to induce her to organize a circle in Geneva, but we find many difficulties in our way.

Owing to my long illness, we have made very few ac-

quaintances. André could not do anything alone ; and we have no writing, no circular in French. Of course I could translate those they would send us from New York. Now, considering all together, I feel the undertaking too laborious for my present strength and health. There are a number of benevolent societies here ; one that is called the "Ants," in which children of all ages are engaged. The society is well organized, and is spread all over Switzerland. Each section has a certain number of children, with a lady manager, who has to receive from each child three new garments, well made, under the direction of the mother at home. The manager then delivers the garments to the president, who distributes them to the poor. The sections have no social meetings ; the reason given for it is that the children would expect to be entertained, which would diminish the profit.

You remark in your letter that the falling off in the attendance at the New Church is quite perceptible, as well as the increase of Roman Catholic churches. I had the same thought already in America ; yet we ought not to fear the shipwreck of the Lord's Church ; it must increase, and finally fill the whole world. The good Lord in His own wisdom and love will find the means to put a limit to the power of the Catholic Church. I read some time ago that in Germany there is a movement on foot to call back the banished Jesuits ; and that indeed would be a great calamity.

Did I ever tell you that I kept up a correspondence with Emma ? You know what a prejudice the sisters had against the New Church. In all these years

Emma never mentioned it ; nor did she ask any questions.

In her last letter she quotes 1 Thess. iv. chapter, 18th verse, and speaks beautifully about meeting the Lord in the clouds of heaven, etc. I did not answer this, but spoke of death in our own comforting way. I wonder if she and her sisters ever asked themselves whence I derived my comforting and beautiful views of death, for I never mentioned Swedenborg to them.

My kind friends, I think my letter ought to come to a close, although I have many more subjects to touch upon. Please accept the respectful compliments of my husband. He asked me how many inhabitants your village has ; you just answered that question in your letter.

Apropos, you ask me if we could not pay a visit to England this summer. To my great regret I have to say it is not possible for various reasons.

I must say good-bye, my dearest friends. With a heart full of affection and friendship,

I remain, your sincere old friend,

MINNA GOULAYE.

The good Lord bless you !

[The following announcement, received at Esnoiland, August 24th, 1895, closes our record of friendship, and the testimony to the truths of the New Dispensation by this devoted Isolated Receiver.—COMPILER'S NOTE].

M.

Monsieur A. Goulaye; Monsieur et Madame A. H. et leur fille Hélène; Monsieur Ad. Kaffery de B——, et ses filles Bertha, Mina, et Amélie; Mademoiselle Elisa Goulaye et Mesdemoiselles Antoinette, Cornélie, et Juliette Goulaye à B—— (Maine) ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte douloureuse qu'ils viennent de faire en la personne de Madame

ROSALIE
WILHELMINA GOULAYE,
née Kaffery,

leur épouse, belle-mère, sœur et belle-sœur, grand'mère et tante, entrée en son repos le dimanche 18 Août, 1895, à 11 heures au matin, à l'âge de 68 ans.

20 Août, 1895.

Route—

Acacias,

Suisse.

Appendix.

[NOTE.—The following letter is the one referred to by Mademoiselle Kaffery in the earlier part of her life in England, mentioned in one of her letters dated from Cantfield.]

To the Rev. J. Kennedy.

Sir,

NOT wishing to intrude on your time and patience again, I will tell you by writing what my feelings were after having read with great attention the book which you kindly lent me. I am well aware of what you will think of me—you will say that I resist to be convinced ; that I indulge in spiritual pride ; that I am very presumptuous to contradict a clergyman, etc.

I confess appearances are against me ; but surely you do not want me to give up a belief which has so entirely taken possession of my mind and heart ; and, in fact, of my whole being, without being convinced of my error ; and having the truth on my side, it is impossible to give it up. I believe in it with my whole heart ; I cling to it as my anchor in every state of my life ; I love the beautiful, the real, the heavenly doctrine of my Church. To leave it would be going back into darkness, after having been in the light ; it would be nourishing myself with milk, after having tasted angels' food. However, if I had any doubts on the

subject, I would have struggled through it, and, once convinced of my error, I certainly would have abandoned the doctrines of the New Church openly, as I accepted them publicly. But how could that ever happen? Our most beautiful religion, clear as crystal; to me the pearl of great price, the hidden treasure found—how could it be all sham? What would be to me all other creeds after ours? I might then just as well fulfil a vow, which I was once prevented from carrying out, of becoming a Roman Catholic, and doing penance in a convent for my past sins. I do not presume to argue with you; I know very well that I must appear in your eyes as blind, obstinate, even foolish; yet I must give you a reason why the proofs given on the Trinity in that little book could not convince me of any error.

It is because the Bible passages brought forward agree with our doctrine; not, however, as you explain them, but as they are explained by the science of correspondences.

Our explanation of the Trinity is so clear that one's mind and heart feel satisfied.

There is but One Divine Personal Being in whom there is a Divine Trinity. We discover in Deity three essential realities which involve all other things—all that can be loved, seen, or thought of.

These, which are *Love*, *Wisdom*, and *Operative Life*, make up the Divine fulness of God.

Love, the source of all creation, is named Father; Wisdom is the means by which all things were produced or brought into being, and is called the Son; the

Operative Life, the enlightener and preserver of all things, is called Holy Spirit. The Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, as God manifested in the flesh, is our only Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. Can any doctrine be more simple, more true, more beautiful than this one? Can anyone have an idea more worthy of the Divine Being than ours? However, this difference of interpretation of the Trinity of God changes the whole work of Redemption.

We have no angry God to appease through the sacrifice of an innocent second Divine Person; we need not pray through the intercession, or for the sake, or in the name of any other God or Person; we go boldly to the throne of God, having a just idea of His character. I repeat it, the Athanasian Creed is incomprehensible and erroneous. I do not mind telling everyone my opinion about it. I call it absurd.

I believe that the second glorious coming of the Lord Jesus has taken place, not in person, but in the manifestation of His Divine presence in His Word, the clouds being the literal truths of His Word; for in this sense Divine truth is such as it is in heaven, where as to its spirit it is for ever settled; while as to its letter here with us, it is the lamp to our feet and the light to our path.

I believe that baptism is the sacred representative rite of an entrance into the Church of God, in which we are to be further instructed in all things relating to doctrine, faith, and life, as well as in all that relates to our present and future good.

I believe that the bread and wine in the Communion

relates to the angels' food, "Good and Truth," in mercy given to men, which the Lord calls his flesh and blood, imparted to us for our spiritual sustenance and growth.

"All the good that comes down from heaven is shadowed forth by the bread of life; it is this that gives life unto the world." All the truth that nourishes and strengthens our understandings and gives heavenly vigour to our thoughts, we see represented by the wine, which the Lord did bless.

I believe that our earthly body is but a house to dwell in, in which man is to prepare for a higher and more glorious state of things. What is the soul—the very seat of all that is human, both in affection and thought—but the very man himself?

Death is a passing out of the world of matter into that spirit-world, where the risen man directly after his bodily death enters, and where everything is real and substantial, for he is in full possession of every sense, faculty, and power. Death and resurrection are so near together, that the moment the first happens, the other immediately follows. There is no chasm between them, no waiting in the grave, no anxious expectation of getting one's own bones; even that spiritual world which Swedenborg has so beautifully described to us, is as the soul of the natural universe, just as our spiritual man is covered with a natural body while in this world. All the angels are of the human race, as there were no angels created—reason hails such a revelation, because it is rational.

I believe that we write our own books of life, which denote the interiors of the life of man, upon which the

man himself inscribes all his affections, thoughts, and actions; and these show the quality of his life. These books are closed here, and only opened in the future world; and from this opening of the books all is disclosed—a just judgment is effected. I could say much more of the beautiful system of our belief, or the doctrines of our New Jerusalem. The spiritual stories or lessons which we derive from it cannot be exhausted; and there is not a single article of faith or passage in the Scriptures, or difficulty in the seeming contradictions, that cannot be satisfactorily answered and explained. But you will not believe that. Why should you? The errors cling to the old Church as ivy to the oak, and you were brought up in it and nourished with the shell of the Christian religion; whilst we, members of the New Church, have found the kernel.

I cannot help thinking when listening to your sermons, how a New-Churchman would bring to light wondrous things out of the same text. May I give you an example. He would say all the changes and vicissitudes of state through which we have to pass, may be compared to a year, and through each period of the year every person must pass in the great work of the regeneration. He has his spring, his summer, his autumn, and his winter.

Spring is the period when the understanding is prepared for the reception of the seeds of truth; and the spring-time of our existence is that period of youth, when line upon line, precept upon precept, like the shower upon shower on the herbage, is so necessary to

produce the after fruits. Summer, instead of being a state of sleep or rest in the grave, would be in our spiritual existence, a state representative of that period when the love of the Lord bears the supreme rule. The good is not fully matured, but it exists in union with the truth; the fruit is not fully ripe, but it gives promise of ultimately supplying the soul with all that is nourishing and heavenly. The state represented by autumn introduces all the plants of piety, charity, and holiness in their fulness; a state in which every thought and affection is hallowed and consecrated to the Lord.

Winter corresponds with a state of coldness and apathy, in which there appears little inclination to put forth the energies of the will in doing; therefore ought we to pray that our souls may not depart in the winter.

That will suffice; although I might add one beautiful illustration after another on the days of creation, which you know we do not understand literally, because it would be against reason. Why did the Lord give us reason if we may not use it?

I hope, Sir, you will forgive me to have spoken with so much liberty, which might perhaps seem rude to you; indeed, I did not mean to be disrespectful; truth is sometimes cutting like a two-edged sword. I have to defend my Church when it is attacked, and you see how I love it. It only seems strange to me that anyone can hear a description of it without adopting its heavenly doctrines.

I am fully aware, also, of your kindness to me;

thinking, as you did, that I was in error, you did what you could to make me see it and bring me out of it. I feel very grateful to you for having taken the trouble to converse with me.

I cannot but feel thankful that I have no doubts concerning my belief.

It would be a sad state indeed if I had to undo what I have acquired in these last ten years.

I conclude, by wishing you were a member of the New Church, as well as every one of your congregation.

Believe me, Sir, very respectfully yours,

M. K.

May 4th, 1868.